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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para, across the Andes and down the Amazon, undertaken with a view of ascertaining the Practicability of a Navigable Communication with the Atlantic, by the Rivers Pachitea, the Ayali, and Amazon.* By Lieut. W. Smyth, and Mr. F. Lowe. 8vo. London. 1836.
2. *Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Marañon, or Amazon.* By Henry Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. 8vo. London. 1829.

IT is at least something to be able to say—*non cuivis hominum contingit*, &c.—it does not fall to the lot of every one—to have climbed and traversed, if not the very loftiest, at least the second, and by far the most lengthened chain of mountains, and also to have navigated the largest river, in the world. It is likewise true that Mr. Maw, when he launched upon the Amazon, was right in supposing himself to be the first British officer that had ever embarked on the main trunk of this mighty stream; and that Mr. Smyth may take the credit of being the second. But many other travellers of different nations had long ago preceded both; and among, or rather above the rest, we must not omit the name of Orellana, one of those daring Spanish hidalgos that embarked for the New World with Pizarro, and who, in quest of adventures, but chiefly of gold, crossed the Cordilleras from Peru in 1539, descended the Napo to its confluence with the Amazon, and then proceeded down the gigantic main stream to Para, on the Atlantic. After him was Pedro de Ursoa, who, in 1568, was sent by the viceroy of Peru in search of the golden lake of Parima, and the city of *El Dorado*, but was cut off by the hand of the rebel assassin Aguirre, who continued his course of murder and rapine in the descent of the great river, and finished his career by being hanged and quartered. Pedro Texeira, in 1638, ascended the Amazon from Para, and also the Napo branch as far as it was navigable, and returned the same way in company with two Jesuits; and M. de la Condamine, in 1743, came back from Peru by the same route.

The merit of the discovery of a passage from the shores of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic, by means of this grand river, and one of its numerous affluents, belongs undoubtedly to Orellana, whose name ought, therefore, to have been conferred upon it; and so it undoubtedly would, had he not himself prevented it, by publishing an idle story of his having been attacked by a host of armed women, which his vivid imagination led him to proclaim to the world as the discovery of a new nation of Amazons. Such an unexpected adventure with a people, whose habits seemed to authorize the revival of a name celebrated in ancient lore, was quite enough, in those romantic times, teeming with new discovery, to transfer to this mighty river the appellation which it has borne ever since, though not without rival claims. The fact however is, that the first great branch, which takes its rise in the Andes, was the discovery of a Spanish captain of the name of Marañon, in the year 1513, and from him this name is also given to the whole river, indiscriminately with that of the Amazon. Lieutenant Maw's story, therefore, that the first discoverer had supposed it to be the ocean, but afterwards finding the water fresh, made use of the expression *Mare Non*, 'not the sea,' is equally correct with Swift's etymologies of *Archimedes*, *Alexander*, and the Roman God of War.

There is, however, another traveller in more recent times by this route, and a female too, the story of whose adventures and miraculous preservation is most extraordinary and romantic: and we shall not hesitate to give a concise sketch of it, as we believe it will be new to almost every English reader.* This lady was the wife of M. Godin des Odonais, the associate of Bouger and Condamine, in their operations of measuring a degree of the meridian, near the equator, in Peru. Family affairs having suddenly called M. Godin to Cayenne, his lady remained at Riobombo, in Peru, to take care of the property till his return. For many years, however, he applied in vain for passports from the Portuguese government:—such, indeed, was the jealousy existing at that time between the two crowns of Spain and Portugal, that it was not until he obtained, at the end of fifteen years, the intercession of the French minister, that the latter power was prevailed on to allow him to return to Quito by the route of the Amazon. It at length, however, granted him, apparently in a liberal spirit, an armed vessel to take him up the Amazon; but just at this time falling dangerously ill, he commissioned a person whom he

* It is narrated in a letter written by the husband of the lady to M. de la Condamine, at his particular request, and printed in an edition of his '*Relation d'un Voyage*,' &c. published at Maestricht.

thought trustworthy, to proceed in the vessel with a packet of letters for Madame Godin, acquainting her with the circumstances of the case, and desiring her to join him at Cayenne. The fellow, instead of proceeding to Quito, betrayed his trust, followed his own private affairs, turned over the packet to a reverend father Jesuit going to Quito, who gave it to another father Jesuit, who handed it over to a third—so that it never reached its owner.

Madame Godin, meanwhile, heard rumours of what was intended for her, and resolved at once to send a faithful negro in search of the man to whom the packet of letters had been originally intrusted. He found him, at a place on the river, trafficking on his own account. Having ascertained the fact, and that the Portuguese vessel was waiting at Tabatinga, the Portuguese frontier on the Amazon, she resolved at once to set out, attended by her two brothers and a nephew about ten years old, three female domestics, *mestees* or Indians, and a young student of medicine. She also took with her a French physician and his companion:—these were added to the party at the request of her brothers, who thought they might be useful on so long a journey, but the arrangement was in fact the main cause of all her misfortunes. The first proceeding was to cross the Cordilleras; and on arriving at Canelos, they embarked on the Borbonasa which falls into the Pastesa, as this does into the Amazon. The small-pox having visited Canelos, the whole population had fled, with the exception of two Indians, who undertook to navigate their canoe down the river;—but on the third morning they too had disappeared. The party, however, resolved to proceed, and the first day passed over without accident. On the second, they fell in with an Indian in a hovel made of branches, just recovering from a fit of illness, who consented to go with them, and to steer the canoe. On the third day, while trying to pick up the hat of the French doctor, the poor Indian followed the hat overboard and was drowned. The canoe, deprived of its helmsman, soon became unmanageable and was swamped, but the river being narrow the party all got on shore. Being only five or six days from Andoas, the Frenchman and his companion determined to make their way by land to that place, promising most faithfully that, in the course of a fortnight at farthest, a boat properly manned should be sent to bring the rest thither. Five-and-twenty days, however, having passed away without any tidings of release, they set about constructing a raft in the best manner they could—placed themselves, their effects, and what provisions had been saved from the canoe, upon it, and launched into the stream. The raft, being carried down it at random, soon struck against a sunken tree, upset, and all their

goods went to the bottom, themselves escaping with difficulty. Madame Godin twice sunk, but was saved by the exertions of her brothers.

Their whole property, with every article of provisions, being destroyed by this accident, nothing now remained for them but to traverse on foot the bank of the river, in the hope of reaching the missionary station of Andoas. The long coarse grass, the thick shrubbery, and the multitude of creeping plants greatly impeding their progress, and the banks, moreover, winding so as much to prolong the journey, they determined to strike into the wood, in the hope of thereby shortening the distance; but in this attempt they were soon completely bewildered. Excessively fatigued from forcing their way through a thick forest, barely pervious even to its natives, their feet torn by briars and thorns, no sustenance remaining, oppressed by hunger and thirst, their only resource consisted in some seeds, wild fruits, and the palm-cabbage. At length, utterly worn out and exhausted, the lady's companions laid themselves down on the ground, from whence they were doomed never to rise again. 'There,' says M. Godin, 'they were destined to wait for their last moments; and in the course of three or four days the men all expired, one after the other.' Madame Godin, stretched by the side of the dead bodies of her brothers and servants, remained eight-and-forty hours in a state of stupor and delirium. At length a merciful Providence, which decreed her preservation, gave her courage and strength to crawl along, and to seek for that safety which awaited her. She was almost naked; her clothes, torn in tatters by the thorns and briars, scarcely afforded her any covering; she had cut the shoes from her dead brother's feet, and attached their soles to her own.

It was on the ninth or tenth day (uncertain which) after this only surviving sufferer had quitted the place where she had beheld her brothers and domestics breathe their last, that she succeeded in reaching once more the shore of the Borbonasa. M. Godin says, what may well be believed—'The remembrance of the long and horrible spectacle of which she had been the witness, the horror of the solitude, increased by the darkness of the nights in the wilderness—the terror of death constantly before her eyes—a terror which every moment must have augmented—had made such an impression on her constitution, as to cause her hair to become grey.' In traversing the woods she had happily fallen in with a few wild fruits, and some fresh eggs, apparently of a species of partridge, but, owing to the long privation of food, it was with the greatest difficulty she could swallow.

Arriving on the bank of the Borbonasa, she saw two Indians launching

launching a canoe into the stream. She asked them to take her to Andoas ; they readily consented, received her with great kindness and conducted her in safety to that village. Here a poor Indian woman gave her a cotton petticoat, which, with the sandals made from her poor brother's shoes, her husband says, ' she preserves with great care—mournful tokens, rendered dear to me as they are to herself.' Having reached Laguna, Madame Godin's unfortunate situation received every attention, and this was unabated throughout the remainder of her long voyage to Cayenne.

It is now time we should revert to our two authors. Mr. Maw being about to return to England, from his majesty's ship *Menai*, of which he was one of the lieutenants, when on the coast of Lima in 1827, was informed that the Peruvian government and the British resident merchants were desirous of having the interior explored, more particularly that part of the Marañon which is contained within the limits of Peru ; and he asked and obtained leave from the senior officer in the Pacific to undertake a voyage down that river, conceiving that such an undertaking would suit himself better than a landsman, and that its accomplishment might essentially benefit his fortunes at a period when opportunities of obtaining distinction, or meriting promotion were rare.

A few years afterwards Lieutenant Smyth, having also obtained leave to return to England by the same route, was encouraged by the Peruvian government and the English merchants, to undertake the examination of a more specific and defined object than that of Lieut. Maw ; his scheme was to proceed, in the first instance, to Mayro, to ascertain if the river Pachitea, which rises near that place, was navigable to its confluence with the Ucayali, by which, if found to be so, the most direct communication would be obtained from Lima to the Marañon or Amazon, and by that river with Europe ; an object which the several Peruvian republics have considered of the first commercial importance. At present they have only the choice of two modes of conveyance for their produce, both of them objectionable ; the one is by the long, circuitous, and stormy voyage round Cape Horn—the other across the isthmus of Panama, requiring two transshipments of goods besides the land journey ; the produce of the mines, moreover, must cross the Cordilleras before it can be shipped. Mr. Smyth's attempt will enable us to estimate the probable advantages of this third measure, though he did not accomplish all that was intended.

We may here state that, in crossing the Andes from Lima or Truxillo, these mountains are split into three Cordilleras ; that the

the Marañon branch flows to the northward between the first and second chain; the river Huallaga, between the second and third, running parallel to the former; that beyond the third, the great river Ucayali sweeps through the immense plain of Santo Sacramento—and that all three in different places fall into the Amazon.

Mr. Maw and his companion departed from Truxillo on the 10th December, proceeded up the valley of the Chicoma, and having crossed the first cordillera, came to Caxamarca, celebrated for its hot springs, and for the residence of the Inca Atahualpa, who met the destructive Spaniards, carried on a throne of solid gold, which the Peruvians, to prevent its falling into the hands of the invaders, are said to have thrown into the crater of *the boiling springs*. The descendants of these invaders have in vain attempted to possess themselves of this and many other treasures, supposed to have been immersed in that boiling cauldron. From the summit of the cordillera, Mr. Maw got the first sight of that branch of the Amazon which gave to it the name of Marañon. 'I cannot,' says Mr. Maw, 'conceive anything on earth or water could exceed the grandeur of the scenery; nor do I believe any person capable of describing it justly. The rain was clearing off, whilst a perfect and brilliant rainbow was extended across the river, which, about sixty yards in breadth, rushed between the mountains, whose summits, on both sides, were hid in the clouds, on which the extremes of the rainbow rested.' Having crossed this river on a balsa or raft, Mr. Maw proceeded by land, for it is not navigable, to Toulea and Mayobamba, and embarking on the Cachi Yaco, which falls into the Guallaga, (or, as Mr. Smyth has it, Huallaga,) he descended this river to its mouth, where it joins the Amazon at Laguna; and here we will leave him until we have traced the route of Lieutenant Smyth, who, proceeding from Lima, passed the cordilleras of the Andes, in a part where their peaked summits would appear to rise to a height much exceeding that where Lieutenant Maw crossed.

Lieutenant Smyth and his companion quitted Lima on the 20th of September, 1834. On the former part of their route they passed Concon, a ruined town of the Incas, the walls of which, of the height of nine or ten feet, are still standing. They slept at a *tambo*, a miserable sort of inn, where they were accommodated with a stone bed, an old chair, a table, a candle, and a bowl of vegetable soup, called *chupé*. The next day brought them to Santa Rosa de Quibé, a solitary post, where travellers are obliged to put up with a shed, and the annoyance of swarms of mosquitos and sand-flies; this place is stated to be 3766 feet above the sea. Next to this is the small village of Yaso, of about

ten huts, a chapel, and a cemetery, at an elevation of 4803 feet. The road was now perilous—along the precipitous edge of deep ravines at one time, then at the bottom of defiles, with rapid streams working their way among large blocks of granite, and crossed here and there by bridges of logs. The next village was that of Obragillo, perched on an elevation of 8937 feet, containing about fifty families of Indians, with a slight mixture of Spanish blood, speaking a mixture of the Quichua (Peruvian) and Castilian languages; their houses built of mud, thatched, and without windows or chimneys. Here they were joined by three Peruvian officers, appointed by the government to accompany them as far as Mayro. Here also they made arrangements for six additional mules and their drivers, to transport their luggage to Cerro Pasco, on the eastern side of the Great or Second Cordillera, which they were about to cross.

The mountains now assumed a more rugged aspect, rising to stupendous heights; the ravines were rough and contracted, the air felt very cold; 'and though,' says Lieutenant Smyth, 'we had put on warmer clothing on leaving Obragillo, yet still we felt the change sharply, and experienced what is vulgarly called the *veta*, or *marea* (sea-sickness), which is an acute pain passing through the temples to the lower part of the back of the head, and which completely disables the person affected' Beyond this is the village of Culluay, with about three hundred and fifty inhabitants. It is stated to be 11,991 feet above the sea, and yet stands at the bottom of a basin, surrounded by lofty mountain-peaks. Emerging from this ravine, they got sight of the highest point of the Cordillera, at that part of it where they were to cross. The view was most magnificent, and as they mounted towards the lofty summit, the thermometer in a hail-storm descended to 39°.

'We crossed several streams, and worked our way up to the top by zigzag paths, covered with large blocks of granite. After an hour's hard toil for the mules, we, at a quarter before three, gained the top or pass, called the Portachuelo de la Viuda, at an elevation of about 15,500 feet above the sea, the highest part of the mountain being 15,968. Here we saw beneath us mountains surrounding a beautifully transparent lake, over which a violent wind was driving huge masses of cloud. The scene was inexpressibly grand, and the words of Campbell flashed across our minds, most beautifully verified,

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

Smyth, pp. 27, 28.

In descending they were overtaken by a heavy snow-storm, which sunk the mercury in the thermometer to 31°. The ground was so completely covered with snow, and the road

so execrable, that the mules could with difficulty keep their feet. They had a long and fatiguing ride, and wearied their eyes in looking out for a place called Casacancha, where they were to sleep; but instead of a village, as they had all along fancied it to be, it was neither more nor less than a single hut, perched on the side of a mountain, at the height of 14,381 feet above the level of the sea. They were now approaching the mines of Colquijilca, the first that were worked in the *Cerro*. 'The account of the discovery of the existence of silver in this district is something like the story told of the discovery of the Potosi mine: it is, that a shepherd who was attending his flocks upon the *Cerro* made a fire at night, and in the morning found that several small pieces of silver had by its action been run together.' This is a very old and oft-repeated story, and is something like that of the Phœnician discovery of glass; but we suspect that the heated embers of a few twigs are not equal to the melting of silver or the vitrification of sand. Not far from Pasco our travellers passed an establishment for the amalgamation of minerals, to which the ore is brought on llamas. The ancient Peruvians had neither mules nor horses, nor any other beasts of burden except the llama.

'We met several droves of llamas carrying the ore, and saw a great many more feeding on the plains: their load is 130 lbs., equal to half a mule load: they require very gentle treatment, and will not be driven by force, for when the animal becomes tired it will lie down, and nothing can move it; for this reason, on making long journeys, it is usual to take more than the number necessary for carrying the load, so as to be able to relieve the fatigued beasts.'—*Smyth*, pp. 36, 37.

Cerro Pasco, we have frequently been told, is the richest mineral district in Peru (that is, we presume, in silver); and the town of Pasco is situated on the western side of the second *Cor-dillera*, at the height, it is said, of 14,278 feet above the level of the sea. The population of the town varies according to the state of the mines: the average number may probably be from 12,000 to 16,000, but it is subject to great fluctuation. It has two squares, in one of which is a cathedral somewhat resembling an English barn; the streets are dirty and irregular; the suburbs a confused collection of mud cottages. 'The mouths of the mines are frequently in the middle of the streets, which makes walking in the night very dangerous. They are sometimes enclosed in the courts and yards of the houses.' The greater part of these, though perfectly useless and unproductive, are thus left unfilled up, to the nuisance and danger of the inhabitants. Lieutenant *Smyth* gives a dreadful account of the brutality of the miners, their riotous assemblages, fighting, and murders, which would appear from his description to be pretty much on a par with such like matters in Ireland—certainly not worse. The

The sources of the Marañon branch are to the westward, and on the opposite side of the Cordillera to that on which Cerro Pasco is situate. The sources also of the Huallaga are not far from Pasco, and being yet a mountain-torrent, the road of our travellers was along its banks, in proceeding northerly. Equally near to Pasco, and to the southward of it, is the lake Chinchay-cocha, which gives rise to the Jacua, one of the branches of the Ucayali. These three rivers, with their confluent streams, after watering some of the most fertile and luxuriant valleys and plains perhaps in the whole world, all swell the flood of the great Amazon towards the upper part of its course, but each of them at a distance from the others.

On the left bank of the Huallaga, and at some distance above it, stands the village of St. Rafael, at an elevation of 8764 feet above the sea. Ambo is another pretty little village, situated in the angle formed by the confluence of the Huacar with the Huallaga; it contains 400 or 500 inhabitants; the country about is well cultivated, enjoys a good climate, and produces most of the tropical fruits. The whole valley from hence to Huanuco is described as exceedingly beautiful, luxuriant in various kinds of vegetation, and abounding in fruit trees. This town, or city, as it is sometimes called, stands at an elevation of 6800 feet; it is an ancient Spanish town, having been founded in 1542, and the seat of a bishopric; it has one broad street of miserable-looking houses, with several cross-streets, containing mostly garden walls, with a few straggling houses intermixed. It contains, however, fourteen churches, including the cathedral, and a college, with two professors, and a foundation for thirty scholars—but that small number is not complete. The population, with that of Huascar and Vallé, is estimated only at 10,000, with 1000 occasional wandering Indians; it is said the population remained stationary for 250 years previous to the revolution, and that this had been caused principally by the small-pox and debauchery. The climate is described as dry and healthy, the heat being allayed by a constant breeze from the north. Mr. Smyth mentions by name thirty-six different sorts of fruit, all of which he says are of spontaneous growth—eighteen different sorts of vegetables, besides sugar-cane, coffee, and cocoa—wheat, barley, and Indian corn. The inhabitants are the descendants of Spaniards, Meztizos, and Indians. Under a settled government the valley of Huanaco might become an earthly paradise.

At Panao, it was necessary to change the mules and the Indians; but a panic had struck the latter on learning that the intention of the travellers was to proceed to Mayro; as far as Pozuzu

Pozuzu they had no objection to go, but beyond that place they all positively refused to accompany the party. They set out, however, and were tardily followed by the baggage mules. The road through the ravines and along the precipitous sides of the mountains was most difficult and dangerous. The mules were in many places up to their bellies in mud; sometimes they had to climb up huge rocks, piled on each other like some gigantic staircase, and the descent on the other side was still worse; in some places large trees had fallen across the path, and in others the road was nothing more than a narrow ledge, with a wall of rock on one side and a deep precipice on the other; and at one point a waterfall, rolling over the rim of rock, threatened to wash the traveller into the abyss below, not less than a thousand feet deep. In descending along a narrow pathway overlooking one of these horrid chasms, Major Beltran, a Peruvian officer, who had now joined the party, had a narrow escape for his life; his horse trod too near the brink; the earth gave way, and the poor animal fell about 1500 feet, bounding from rock to rock like a stone; the Major saved himself by an extraordinary exertion of dexterous activity. A print exhibits the horse falling head-foremost into the gulf, while the Major is suspended over the yawning chasm, having, however, caught hold of the stump of a tree by which he was saved. A mule would have managed better than the horse. We forget whether it is Head, or Miers, or Caldcleugh, who gives an account of a mule, which in passing one of these ledges (called *laderos*), slipped off, but having laid hold, in the fall, of the edge of the precipice *with its teeth*, was drawn up and thus rescued from destruction. But the loss of the Major's horse was not the only disaster that befell the party. A little beyond this spot the rest of the poor horses were reduced to such a pitiable state by fatigue and want of food, that three of them fell down the precipices, two of which were killed on the spot; the third fell among some small trees, and with great exertion was saved. We notice these accidents, to show the nature of the road which Mr. Smyth undertook to explore, in the view of opening a communication with the Ucayali, and of the conveyance of Peruvian produce down the great stream of the Amazon.

Arrived at Pozuzu, the party found that, so far from being able to prevail on the muleteers to accompany them to the port of Mayro, they had all deserted in the course of the night; and it was afterwards discovered that these deserters, having fallen in with fifteen Indians, which were sent by a Peruvian officer as a reinforcement, had prevailed on them likewise to turn back.

A third

A third set, to the number of twenty-five, had also been dispatched, but not one of them made his appearance. It seems they all took alarm from numerous ill omens that had been spread regarding the expedition; some believed they would all perish; others, that no bridge would be found on their return from Mayro, and all of them, without any knowledge of the people of Mayro, said they were cannibals. It now, therefore, became too clear that the expedition must end at Pozuzo, and that they had before them the disagreeable prospect of being obliged to return on foot to Panao, a distance twice as great as they were then from Mayro. They lost no time, therefore, in setting out on their return, and on the 23rd November, reached Huanaco, which place they had left on the 11th October.

They now determined to make the best of their way to the Amazon, by a more direct route, and for this purpose proceeded to Chinchao, where they embarked on the Huallaga in two small canoes. 'The stream,' says Mr. Smyth, 'according to our measurement, ran about six miles and a half in an hour; the impediments to navigation consisted in drift timber, trees growing in the stream, and numerous *snags*, as they are called in North America;' to which we may add, the great number of *malpasos*, 'bad passes,' or rapids, which, like those in the North American rivers, require the canoes to be unloaded and their contents carried over the several portages; some of these falls in the Huallaga are reported to be very dangerous. The length of this river from where it first becomes navigable, to its junction with the Amazon, cannot be less than 400 miles, of which 300 nearly abound with these evil passes; but the mountains that enclose it ending at Pongo, the river from thence is said to flow, without interruption, in an even stream to the Amazon.

A little above Pongo, the party entered the Chipurana, flowing from the eastward, and crossed over a narrow slip of land to the Catalina, which falls into the Ucayali at no great distance from Surayaco. Here they were desirous of communicating with Padre Plaza, who has long been at the head of the missions on that river; but here we must leave them for a moment to take a passing view of the supposed advantages of the route by the Pachitea, admitting it to be, as they were assured it was, navigable. It took our travellers twenty days from Lima to Huanaco, which Mr. Smyth estimates at 222 miles, over a continuous mountain country, rising from 3000 to 15,000 feet above the sea, encumbered and interrupted with every species of impediment, from rocks and precipices, ravines, torrents, and swamps;—from Huanaco, as far up the Huallaga, as it was expedient to strike off to the eastward, twenty-eight days;—and hence easterly to the mission

of Surayacu, nine days ; making the distance from Lima to Surayacu fifty-seven days. From this to the confluence of the Ucayali with the Amazon nine days, will make sixty-six days from Lima to this part of the great river ; and from hence to Para, it occupied seventy-five days of navigation, making the whole distance from Lima to Para one hundred and forty-one days. Now it appears that the mean of five passages made from Callao (the port of Lima) to Rio de Janeiro, gave fifty-six days. If we take Para, therefore, at eighteen days beyond Rio, we shall find that, by crossing the country from Lima and descending the Amazon, we exceed the passage round Cape Horn by sixty-seven days, or very nearly double it. Had the party accomplished their object by the Pachitea, by Padre Plaza's estimate, they would have gained only three days. So much for this 'new road to Peruvian commerce.' In point of shortness, that by Panama into the Atlantic is not one third even of that round Cape Horn. If we examine Mr. Maw's route from Truxillo by the Marañon branch, and part of the Guallaga to the Amazon, and thence to Para, we shall find it employed him one hundred and thirty days. So that the route from Truxillo would not much differ in point of time ; and the road pursued by Mr. Maw from thence to the Amazon is fully as bad, if not worse, as the following extract will show. Mr. Maw, after passing one of the bleak ridges of the Andes, and halting for the night in one of the uncultivated boggy valleys, says :—

'Here the muleteers gave us notice to prepare for worse roads. This at the time appeared to us scarcely possible ; but we had not gone much farther when we were convinced they were correct. Sitting upright even on the saddles of the country was out of the question ; ascending, we were obliged to lay ourselves along the mules' backs, and hold on ; descending, it was equally steep ; and what made it worse, the top of an ascent was scarcely gained, when the next step was jumping down again, consequently an instantaneous change of position was necessary. In getting up some of these places, and lying stretched along the mules' backs, we appeared to be nearly upright : nor was steepness the only obstacle ; some of these staircases were cut through cliffs, but so narrow, that in descending we repeatedly got jammed, and the sides so high that a person, when a few yards in advance, appeared rather to be going to the interior, than continuing along the surface of the earth. In other parts, branches of trees, particularly stout sogas (creepers), caught our heads and necks ; and it was necessary to keep a good look out to avoid being hanged by these growing ropes. Going down one of the steepest descents, a sogá stretching across the path caught me directly in the mouth, which it forced open : fortunately it was not a strong one, and my biting it hard, and the strength and weight of the mule, broke it. Between the ridges were bogs, in which the mules sunk up to their bellies. Bridges over the

the mountain-streams were made of one large tree, flanked by two smaller ones. If our mules had not understood their business, and been as active and sure-footed as goats, we certainly could not have ridden. Mine had no bit, not having been accustomed to one, but she climbed up and jumped down with most extraordinary agility and sagacity. Her business was to go, mine to hold on!—*Maw*, pp. 76, 77.

One other extract will suffice. After passing through the *Montaña*, or wooded country, they came to a part of the road called the *Ventana* (the window), the rock being nearly perpendicular, with a few narrow trenches cut in it for the mules' feet.

'We all dismounted, and scrambled down in the best manner we could. How the mules got down I am at this moment at a loss to conceive; the only one that I saw, for I got out of the way as quickly as possible, was my own. I had given her to one of the arrieros to hold until I was clear below, but he let her go rather too soon, and she tumbled past, still keeping her feet like a cat.

'I do not hesitate to say of this passage across the *Montaña*, that, had I not been a witness to the contrary, I could scarcely have believed it possible for any animal to have carried a human being over it alive; and I think any other person who had seen the track would be of the same opinion. The road appeared to me to be badly made, worse kept, and absurdly chosen, as it varied repeatedly in its direction, even as far as from north to south, whilst, as far as I could judge, it passed over every ridge in the country. This remark, though not to so great an extent, I conceive to be generally applicable to the roads throughout Peru. Instead of following valleys or levels that occasionally lead to the eastward, and afterwards making nothing along the summits of some of the most even ridges, they wind about in almost all directions, whilst scarcely a ridge is allowed to escape crossing. This I suppose to proceed from two causes—first, the true positions of the cities not being known; secondly, that the Incas, having no cattle but llamas, and being accustomed to, and living on the mountains, did not feel the inconvenience of these kind of roads; and the Indians, who were employed to make the roads in the time of the Spaniards, not being properly superintended, naturally kept much to their old system.'—*Maw*, pp. 79, 80.

We confess, therefore, we see nothing to be gained to the commerce or correspondence of *transalpine* Peru, by the very nearest approach they may ever be able to make to the great trunk of the Amazon—nay, not even for the valuable products of the mines on this side the Cordilleras, the conveyance of which by the rivers would only abridge the time from Lima by twenty days. But if the time by the mountainous and river route from Lima be nearly the double of that round Cape Horn, what must the return be to Lima, against the streams, and up the more precipitous sides of the Cordilleras? we suppose nearly quadruple.

We have said nothing yet of the state of society, of the character

and condition, the habits and manners of the dwellers of the mountains and valleys of the Cordilleras. The Peruvian peasantry of these wild and romantic parts, whether of pure Spanish blood, now rarely to be found, or the more numerous Meztizos, are generally poor, but kind and attentive to the wants of travellers and strangers, and always ready to supply them to the utmost of their power. Their only wealth is in mules and horses of a small breed, and a few sheep; cows are kept chiefly for the supply of animal food, and various articles of clothing; milk is very rarely to be had, and butter and cheese are almost unknown. The standing dish is *chupé*, being bits of flesh of beasts, birds, or fishes, stewed up with different vegetables. Indian corn or maize is in general use: and though wheat is grown, wheaten bread is rarely met with; manioca is a favourite vegetable, and prepared in various ways. Their dwellings are of the most humble kind, sometimes collected into small villages, or *pueblos*, frequently quite alone, or accompanied only by a miserable Indian hut or two, whose inmates assist the peasant in his occupations, with little if any remuneration beyond a morsel of food.

The character and manners of these descendants of the ancient Peruvians are not such as to inspire much respect. When collected in *pueblos*, where there is a *padré*, they are attentive enough to their religious formalities, though they comprehend little of the faith they profess; they are obedient to his instructions, and not difficult to manage; but when they assemble to celebrate one of the numerous holidays and festivals of the Romish church, they terminate the day by amusing themselves with dancing and buffoonery, which end almost always, by the whole party, men and women, getting beastly drunk, with a fermented liquor made from Indian corn, called *chica*, or with another kind, from the sugarcane, named *hurapo*. The leaves of the *yuca* supply them with another intoxicating beverage: these are first chewed by the women till reduced to a pulp; they then spit it out into a large jar, and leave it to ferment, and after two or three days drink it mixed with water, when it does its work, as Robinson Crusoe says of his glass of rum, 'to their exceeding refreshment.' 'Both sexes,' says Mr. Smyth, 'are very much addicted to intoxication; scarcely a day passes without a drinking-bout in some of the houses, the preparation for which employs the women for two or three days in chewing yuca, Indian corn, or plantains, from which the *masata* is to be made. They seat themselves round a trough, called a canoe, with a pile of the boiled vegetables between each two, and continue at their filthy work for hours together.' This nasty practice is common to many of the Pacific islands, where it is called *kiva*. The *coca* leaf (a species, we believe, of

pepper), chewed with lime, as the areca nut is in the East Indies, is almost in universal use. Mr. Smyth says:—

‘The Indians of Panao are generally short, stout made, and well proportioned; their complexion is swarthy, their cheek-bones high, and noses aquiline, with large black eyes, and fine teeth. They suffer their hair to grow long behind, and plait it in one or two long tails. Their dress is commonly an old white felt hat, of any shape, with a white cotton shirt without a collar; sometimes with a blue jacket, but more generally without; blue short trowsers or breeches, without stockings, and hide sandals, made in a very rough manner. They ornament their waist with a girdle of cotton of various colours, and very like those which are found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians: to this is suspended a bag for coca, and a small gourd containing lime. They are sullen and silent, except when under the influence of liquor, when they become loquacious in the extreme. They are deceitful, and have been taught by their forefathers to place no confidence in a white man; so that the more kind and indulgent he is, the more suspicious they are of his designs.’—*Smyth*, pp. 107, 108.

He adds,—

‘Their amusements are dancing, buffoonery, and gambling with cards and dice: in the latter they have an unfortunate example set them by their superiors. We were informed that a whimsical superstitious custom prevails, when a man is obliged to make a distant journey, and cannot take his wife with him. In order to ascertain her constancy during his absence, he places a quantity of a certain grass in a hole in the rock—unknown, of course, to the lady—when he sets out; and if, on his return, he finds it withered, the delinquency of the wife is considered as proved, and she is severely chastised. One of these curious tests of conjugal fidelity was pointed out to us.’—*ibid.* pp. 110, 111.

At one village the Indians were dancing and singing, and making a prodigious uproar:—

‘In the evening the noise of drums and pipes, the bawling of drunken Indians, the squalling of their children, and barking of their dogs, produced such an uproar, that we found rest would be hopeless, and entreated the alcalde to endeavour to disperse our kind friends; which, after some time, he consented to do, and we retired, but were soon disturbed by the news that our steersman had cut off half of one of his wife’s ears in a state of intoxication, she being as drunk as her husband. Mr. Lowe dressed the wound as well as he could, and the next day she was at her usual occupation, and neither party seemed to think that anything out of the common way had happened.’—*ibid.* pp. 138, 139.

With all their failings in this respect, which may well be pardoned, considering their position and circumstances, they are a friendly, well-disposed, and kind-hearted people. The meeting with Padre Plaza, the patriarch of Sarayacu, at Santa Catalina, is thus described:—

‘He is a rather short and fat person, between sixty and seventy years

of age, with a good-humoured countenance, and no sooner had we disengaged ourselves from his arms, than the Indian women began, but with more fervour, a similar welcome: not content with kissing and hugging, they dragged us, with their arms entwined about our persons, to their houses, expressing themselves all the time delighted to see us, in the only Spanish word they knew, "Amigo."—*Smyth*, p. 180.

The people themselves are next described :—

'The men were dressed in a long frock, like that worn by carters in England; the women wear a short petticoat, barely reaching to the knees, and a loose covering for the breast: none of them were handsome, but still there was something agreeable in their countenances, though their long flowing hair and painted faces and bodies gave an extravagant and savage wildness to their appearance.

'The symmetry of their figures, however, is exquisite; for, although of small stature, they are beautifully proportioned, and their arms, legs, ankles, and feet are most delicately formed. They wear ornaments of beads round their necks, wrists, and ankles; most of the women have a hole bored through the septum of the nose, whence a small piece of pearl-shell, or a large bead, is suspended. Both sexes stain the teeth black with a plant called "yanamuco," which they say preserves them from decay; but, from what we saw at this place, it seemed to have a contrary effect.'—*ibid.* pp. 182, 183.

It would seem, from the account given of this part of South America, that this immense plain of Santo Sacramento possesses all the advantages that contribute to make life desirable—save and except society.

'The vegetable kingdom, which has hitherto been unexplored by botanists, rivals in beauty and fragrance that of any other part of the world. The climate seems very much like that of the island of Madeira. During our stay at Sarayacu, we registered the thermometer three times a day, and its minimum and maximum were 75° and 85° of Fahrenheit, and the sun at this time passed over our zenith. Padre Plaza told us that, in the dry season—that is, in June, July, and August—the temperature is extremely even, and the heat by no means oppressive, as it is allayed by refreshing breezes, which generally blow in the contrary direction to the current of the river.'—*ibid.* p. 202.

The good father Plaza, who has so long presided over the missions of Sarayacu, complained much, and with great reason, of the abandoned state of these missions: for nine years, he said, he had endeavoured to rouse the attention of the republic, without any notice being taken of his representations, in which he strongly depicted the danger of a relapse, on the part of the native Indians, to their former state of barbarism; he said, that he himself, during the above interval, had not received any compensation whatever, and that, to support himself and the mission, he had been compelled to enter into a trade with Tabatinga, the frontier Brazilian town on the Amazon. He stated that the Pampa del Sacramento

Sacramento was neglected and abandoned to the unconverted Indians—though the two continents of America do not contain another country so fertile and so favourably situated as this extensive plain, whose dimensions are not less than 300 miles from north to south, and from 40 to 100 from east to west; that it lies between the four rivers, the Huallaga, the Ucayali, the Marañon, and the Pachitea—that two of these, the Marañon and Ucayali, are at all times navigable for vessels of large burden, and the other two for small craft and boats; that the indigenous productions of the Pampa are most valuable, the woods abounding with gums and resins of various kinds, balsam capivi, vanilla, cocoa, sarsaparilla; that they abound also with the tapir the wild hog, the cassowary, and many other beasts and birds, useful to man; and the rivers swarm with a great variety of fish, with the common seal, the manatee, and with turtle. Of the native tribes of Indians, consisting of the Panos, Setebos, Conibos, Shipobos, and Sencis, he has collected at his mission a mixture of about 2000 individuals.

But we are told of another *bos*, near the port of Mayro, on the Pachitea,—‘the cannibals called Cashibos,’—of whom we have a word or two to say. Mr. Smyth observes that these poor people have ‘the reputation of being cannibals, and that the fact seems to be well established;’ and how? First, all the neighbouring Indians who make war on them, agree in the assertion; and, secondly, the Padre told him that he once had a Cashibo boy, who, on some occasion, expressed a great desire to eat one of his companions; observing, when remonstrated with, ‘Why not? he is very good to eat.’ Mr. Maw too, gives a sort of countenance to the existence of the practice of cannibalism—and he clearly proves one of a not less atrocious character. On the banks of the Marañon, where it flows through the Brazilian dominions, there are scattered in the woods villages inhabited by a class of lawless ruffians, known under the denomination of *brancos* (whites), in which are included all those who claim connexion by birth or by descent with the blood of Europe. These fellows are stated to be in the constant practice of going into the woods to catch Indians and sell them into slavery. At Egas, Mr. Maw was told that, for this purpose, ‘two *brancos* were then away in the woods trying their fortune.’ In the event, he adds, of not being fortunate in the chase, they purchase these poor creatures for a trifle from such petty Indian chiefs as may have prisoners to dispose of, and who keep them in corals, or high uncovered enclosures, ‘to kill and eat, or to exchange for goods.’ And Mr. Maw further says, that, incredible as these accounts may appear, ‘we had them too

repeatedly confirmed to doubt them ;' and then he repeats the old story, that the Indians ' consider the palm of a white man's hand as the greatest delicacy ;' and says that it was a joke among the brancos at Egas, that he (Mr. Maw) ' being whiter than most people who had been there, would be more esteemed to cook by the Indians.' He adds,—

' We were told, that although the prisoners are kept in corals, the owners do not treat them *with cruelty*. When a human being is wanted to cook, the owner takes his pucuna, and having fixed upon his object blows a poisoned arrow ; the victim falls, and is dragged out without the others regarding it—custom and necessity having led them to consider such practices not incorrect. The vicargeneral of the Rio Negro told us an anecdote of a girl, whom a branco offered to purchase of one of these owners, but who chose rather to stay with her relations and be eaten when her turn came, than save her life as the branco's slave.'—*Maw*, p. 272.

It has often surprised us that sensible travellers should report such hearsay stories about anthropophagi, on such slight grounds. Of that dire necessity which, in the extremity of hunger, may have driven the unfortunate sufferers to the loathsome and revolting act of devouring the flesh of their own species, we have but too many well-authenticated examples. We are afraid, too, Mr. Earle has left little doubt that the ferocious Zealander, thirsting for revenge, and in a moment of excitement, will tear the flesh of a captive enemy ; but we are slow to believe that any people,—at least any above the most abject condition of the savage—are in the habit of using human flesh as a luxury—' dog no eat dog,' as the negro says. A friend of ours, who had resided and travelled some time in New Zealand, was very indignant at our doubting the veracity of one of the chiefs—who had amused him with an account of the delicious repasts which he frequently indulged in, afforded by the flesh of a young girl—and boasted that he had recently caught the wife of a hostile chief while bathing, whose carcase, *after being steamed with potatoes*, made a glorious feast. The late Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, the hydrographer of the Admiralty, used to say, that he had seen most parts of the world himself, and believed he had read every account of voyages and travels that had ever been published ; but that he had never met one tittle of evidence on the question of man-eating, that would be received in a court of justice. We have ourselves heard and read abundance of stories about cannibalism, but, like those of our present two travellers, they were all, with the solitary exception of Earle's, told at second hand—we have not yet met with one, but Mr. Earle, who ever pretended to have been an eye-witness to the fact

of such a banquet deliberately prepared and enjoyed; and though we are not at all disposed to impeach Mr. Earle's veracity, we should much like to have some clear evidence that he was not *hoaxed—in terrorem*. We shall be told of the Battas, a civilized people on the island of Sumatra, who read and write, and are in the possession of a written code of laws, who nevertheless condemn, judicially, culprits of certain descriptions to be killed and eaten in the public market-place; but no person, that we, at least, have ever heard of, pretends to have seen such a sentence put into execution; and if the fact was not vouched by two such names as those of the late Sir Stamford Raffles and Mr. Marsden, neither of whom, though residents on the island, ever saw it, we should have deemed it incredible, and considered it as a mere fiction of law, and that the *eating* was purely metaphorical. After all, Lieut. Smyth, in concluding his account of the Cashibos cannibals, appears to have some doubt on the subject. He observes, that 'the notion which prevails of their devouring persons of their own tribe, to any extent, or as a regular article of food, seems to be sufficiently contradicted by the increase of their population.' He might have added a further contradiction, which is this, that the inhabitants of a country like this, 'producing spontaneously, in the greatest profusion, so many regular articles of food,' can have no necessity to resort to such unnatural means of support.

In all the great branches of the Amazon, and in the river itself, the inhabitants have the benefit of vast numbers of the *vacca marina*, or large seal, whose flesh is eaten, and which yields them abundance of oil; they have also the common seal; and the *taturuga* or *churupa* (turtle), in such immense quantities, that in the dry season, every sand-bank and beach is covered with them. From the multitude of eggs, deposited on land by these creatures, is extracted an oil, which serves for the lamps, and is also mixed with their food. Porpoises are almost as numerous as the turtle; and Mr. Smyth says, there are besides in these rivers five different kinds of large fish, and twelve or thirteen smaller, all habitually caught, and all excellent. Of fruits and vegetables there is an endless profusion, growing spontaneously for the most part, and the rest obtained almost without labour—those from Europe or the West Indies being mostly the descendants of the plants introduced and reared by the Jesuits; such as pine-apples of an enormous size, guavas, oranges, lemons, limes, plantains of various kinds, pomegranates, quinces, peaches, melons, water-melons, custard-apples, besides countless cherimoyas, petiguyas, &c. &c., whose native names, given by Maw and Smyth,

convey

convey no idea of what they are or what they resemble. Of esculent vegetables they have most of those common to Europe, and they cultivate manioca and Indian corn. In every part of the extensive Pampa, and indeed, in all the valleys and plains in the midst of the Cordilleras, the following articles of general use, or for commercial purposes, are abundantly produced ;—the cocoa-tree, vanilla, coffee and sugar-cane, cotton, indigo, anatto, and other dye-stuffs, gums and resins, balsam of capivi, sarsaparilla, coarse cinnamon or cassia, caoutchouc or Indian rubber (*ficus elastica*)—and a great variety of fine timber trees. The caoutchouc alone, since its general application in the arts and manufactures, would furnish a lucrative article in trade ; but most of these products are lost to commerce for want of a commodious and ready conveyance—a want which, from the general rapidity of these rivers, can only be supplied by the adoption of steam-vessels ; and we agree with Mr. Maw that, under settled and liberal governments, small vessels of this description would soon be employed in coasting and bringing to market many of the above-enumerated valuable articles.

Those Indians of the various tribes, whom Padre Plaza of Sarayacu has collected round him, may be considered as living within the pale, and to have felt the benefits, of civilization ; but it would appear that little attention has been paid by the Padre to the education of his flock, as Mr. Smyth doubts whether an Indian in the whole mission knows the letters of the alphabet. They appear, however, to be happy and contented, and good order seemed to prevail in the town—that is to say, except when drunkenness, the parent of all other vices, was the rule of the day. The governor was an active and intelligent young Indian who, every morning, with his staff of office, waited upon the Padre, kissed his hand, and received his blessing. The Padre frequently admonishes them against their besetting sin, and this governor seems to do so too, but all without effect. Mr. Smyth gives an amusing account of the way in which Shrove Tuesday and the remainder of the week are passed. Two huge cabbage-palms were cut down and planted in front of the Padre's house, the branches of which were hung with small looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, and trinkets of various kinds.

'Towards four o'clock all the village assembled before the Convento, each carrying something in his hand or hanging on his back ; the Padre then presented himself in the verandah, where he took his seat with a large basket by his side, and all the mission-boys in attendance upon him. No sooner was he observed by the crowd, than they all came dancing towards him, and each, kissing his hand, placed his gift (which

was

was some article of provision), slung by a string, over his neck. So thick did these presents come, that the old man had some difficulty in supporting the weight, and extricating himself from the load; and many, who could not get at him for the crowd, were obliged to deposit their donations in the basket, which the boys were constantly carrying off to the larder to empty. When they had all made their oblations, the Padre gave them a lecture on their conduct during the ensuing week's fast. No sooner was his harangue ended, than they surrounded the largest palm-tree; a woman came forward with an axe, which she applied vigorously to the foot of the tree; the crowd retreated as far as the length of the trunk might extend; the tree fell, and a most amusing scramble for the mirrors and handkerchiefs took place. The same ceremony was performed with the second tree, and the assembly dispersed, and *passed the night in riot and intoxication.*'—*Smyth*, pp. 218, 219.

From the Padre Lieutenant Smyth received much information respecting the various tribes inhabiting the Pampa del Sacramento, who have not yet been brought within the pale of Christianity. He had visited most of them, and one in particular, the Sencis, he described as a bold, warlike, and generous tribe, who are on friendly terms with the Indians of the mission, and occasionally come in large numbers to Sarayacu to barter for iron, beads, and other articles. They are considered as the greatest warriors on the banks of the Ucayali, and, indeed, esteem courage as the first, if not the only, virtue of a man. They certainly, by the Padre's account, put *his* courage to the test when he first entered their country, and was made a prisoner by them.

'As he understood their language, he was able to explain to them the object of his visit: they conducted him to their village, and asked him whether he was brave, and subjected him to the following trial. Eight or ten men, armed with bows and arrows, placed themselves a few yards in front of him, with their bows drawn and their arrows directed at his breast; they then, with a shout, let go the strings, but retained the arrows in their left hands, which he at first did not perceive, but took it for granted that it was all over with him, and was astonished at finding himself unhurt. He thinks that, if he had shown any signs of fear, he would probably have been dispatched. Having withstood the feint steadily, they gave him a second trial; they resumed their former position, and approaching somewhat nearer, they aimed the arrows at his body, but discharged them close to his feet. He assured us that it was very nervous work, but having, in his capacity of missionary, been a long time subjected to the caprices of the Indians, he had made up his mind for the worst, and stood quite motionless during the proof. As the Indians saw no symptoms of fear in him, they surrounded him, and received him as a welcome guest; the women made their appearance, and the ceremony concluded with deep potations of masata and dancing.'—*Smyth*, pp. 227, 228.

Mr. Maw had heard that it was the custom among the Sencis

to burn the dead and drink the ashes in *chica*; and that another tribe, the *Capahanuas*, or *Capanaguas*, 'from a sort of piety, eat their deceased parents, smoking and roasting them in the same manner as they do the animals that they catch in the woods!' Padre Plaza, however, assured Mr. Smyth that these stories are mere inventions.

Mr. Smyth remained a month at Sarayacu, until the Padre had completed a cargo of *sarsaparilla*, *tucuya* (cotton cloth), and *manteca* (turtle oil), which he was about to send to San Pablo under the charge of his nephew, as *supercargo*. The Lieutenant having, by this time, procured a boat forty-five feet long by six feet wide, and laid in a stock of provisions, he and his companion took leave of the Padre and their Peruvian friends Major Beltran and Lieutenant Azcarate; and on the 6th March dropped down the noble river *Ucayali*. On the morning of the 15th they entered the majestic stream of the *Marañon* or *Amazon*, which was here at least half as broad again as the *Ucayali* at the point of their confluence, that is to say, about two miles across; its opposite shore high and beautifully clothed with trees, forming one continuous forest, both up and down the river, as far as the eye could reach. The *Ucayali* is also a noble river: in fact, as Condamine has said, it, and not the *Marañon* branch, is the true source of the *Amazon*. It rises, as we have said, on the eastern side of the Great Cordillera out of the lake *Chinchaycocha* about the latitude $11^{\circ} 15'$, takes a south-easterly course, hitherto unexplored, turns to the north-westward, being joined by the *Pachitea* in about $9^{\circ} 30'$, and continues to flow in that direction till it joins the *Marañon* in latitude $4^{\circ} 40'$. A little below the point of confluence is the island of *Omaguas*, once a place of considerable note as a station of the Jesuits—but now reduced to eighty or ninety families, who subsist chiefly by fishing: they are described by Smyth as a finer race of people than any he had yet seen. *Nauta* is a little above the junction, and the village is said to contain 600 inhabitants, who call themselves Christians, and have a church, but no priest, the governor, who wore neither shoes nor stockings, performing mass for the poor people, whose chief occupation, like that of the *Omaguas*, is the fishery. This establishment is very recent—it would seem not to have existed even in Mr. Maw's time.

About 120 miles from this place, down the *Amazon*, the river *Napo* falls into it from the north-west. This was the stream on which Orellana embarked on leaving Quito, in the year 1539, for an enterprise not less remarkable than any in which ever adventurer engaged. The village of *Pebas*, seventy or eighty miles still farther down the stream, had a population of 200 to 300 of the *Yuguas*, a race of men which inhabit a large tract of country on both

both sides the river. Mr. Maw considered these people to be the true descendants of the Incas, who had retreated before the Spaniards to the Montana or the woods, as they differed from the other Indians almost as much as they do from Europeans. They are tall well-made figures, their complexion a tawny yellow, their hair lighter than that of the other Indians, and their whole appearance bears a resemblance to the drawings of the Peruvians put forth at the time of the Spanish conquest. They are said to be cheerful and industrious; they collect cocoa, sarsaparilla, and vanilla, which grow wild in the woods; and they cultivate maize, yucas, plantains, carobas, and papayas. The river supplies them with sea-cows, turtle, and plenty of good fish. Mr. Maw saw here what he supposed to be a vein of coal; but Mr. Smyth says it is only a vein of dark-blue clay, and that there is no rock-formation in the bank.

From Pebas to Tabatinga, the frontier town between the dominions of Peru and Brazil, no village occurs of any note, the last on the Peruvian line of the river being Loreto, a miserable spot with about fifty inhabitants; 'but even here,' says Mr. Maw, 'the genuine hospitality which we had, with few exceptions, experienced throughout Peru, was not wanting.' All the villages, at which both our travellers had touched, are the remains of those missions, in the province of Los Maynas, in which, at the latter end of the seventeenth century, more than fifteen thousand Indian families enjoyed, under the mild sway of the Jesuits, the blessings of a settled and peaceful life.

'Content and cheerful piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been trained to dread;
Their inoffensive lives in pupilage
Perpetually but peacefully they led,
From all temptations saved, and sure of daily bread.

'They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loth,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he with equal faith the trust of both
Accepted and discharged. The bliss was theirs
Of that entire dependence which prepares
Entire submission let what may befall;
And his whole careful course of life declares
That for their good he holds them all in thrall,
Their father and their friend, priest, ruler, all in all.'—

Tale of Paraguay.

The immense plain, intersected by numberless streams, which

our two travellers had looked down upon from the last ridge of the Cordilleras,—

‘Where ’mid a pathless world of wood,
Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,
Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood;’

—that fertile and boundless region these holy men regarded as their patrimony, the great river as their high road, and the innumerable tributary streams as so many bye-roads by which they were to enter and possess it—such is the language of their own historian. The difficulties and the dangers of the service, in which these indefatigable men were engaged—the heroic qualities and religious virtues, which alone could have induced them to enter upon the labour, or supported them under it—must for ever command the admiration of mankind. There might have been some mixture of vain glory, perhaps ambition, ‘yet ambition should be made of sterner stuff.’ Benevolence towards the poor American savages was the avowed object, but in the execution of their plans, the temporal concerns of the converted were deemed of comparatively little importance—they thought of and taught scarcely anything but what seemed directly conducive to the spiritual welfare of their Indian vassals—and hence, when the order was abolished and the instructors removed, the societies they had so happily established were as so many ropes of sand, and the work of two centuries was destroyed in one generation. The wiser and the not less benevolent system of the Moravian missionaries, by which their disciples are taught to appreciate, and to provide for, the comforts and conveniences of life, would, if here adopted, have had the effect of keeping together the American Indians, and of preventing them from relapsing into their former state of barbarism, from which the present feeble and scanty missions, starved and neglected by the several revolutionary leaders, hold out but faint hopes of reclaiming them.

In point of fact, however, nothing short of the strenuous daring of the Jesuits could have made any head against that wretched jealousy which subsisted between the old governments of Spain and Portugal respecting their South American dominions; and which, by sedulously repressing every attempt at improvement, at length chained down the natives of that magnificent country in the deplorable state of ignorance which now seems likely to be perpetuated under its new masters. The route by the mighty Amazon, which ought to have been made not only the highway of the two nations, but of all Europe, was a forbidden channel of communication, carefully guarded against their own subjects as well as strangers; and the result is before our eyes:—its shores at this day are almost a desolate wilderness.

'The shores of the Marañon,' says Mr. Smyth, 'are generally low from the Ucayali to the Rio Negro, and, excepting where they are broken by the mouths of tributary streams, present one continued mass of forest trees matted together with creepers, some of which are very beautiful. The appearance is at first very striking, but when the charm of novelty has ceased, grows very wearisome from its monotonous character.'—*Smyth*, p. 266.

Mr. Maw and his companion, on leaving Tabatinga in their miserable raft, were forsaken by their Indians, and for three days and nights were left to the mercy of this immense flood and its unknown dangers, dropping down with a current of three to four miles an hour, without having seen one human being during all this time. The nights, he says, were 'pitch dark.'

'We continued drifting, wishing somewhat anxiously, but scarcely hoping, that we might see lights from some pueblo, or hear the watch-dogs bark. Despondency would have been useless, and we said little to each other as we sat on different thwarts, with the sweeps in our hands pulling or tending the boat; still our situation was becoming somewhat critical, inasmuch as our stock of provisions was getting low. Moreover, if we had passed Fonte Boa, we might pass Egas, and then when were we to go? The accounts we had received of the river were mostly erroneous. It was not without difficulty we could get any tolerable account of one station from another that was next to it, and the maps I had with me were not to be relied on. We looked out and listened attentively; but the noise of beetles, the hoarse croakings of innumerable frogs, by the distinctness or faintness of whose voices we judged our distance from the bank when drifting, and, occasionally, the loud mournful kind of crow of the night bird, which on a former occasion Mr. Hinde had pronounced to be game, and which from his great inclination for sporting, I had named "Mr. Hinde's friend," were all that we heard. The note of this bird would not, at any time, tend to elevate the spirits; and at that moment Mr. Hinde would have had my free consent to annihilate the whole species. We at one time saw a light, apparently about the height which the light of a house would be, and about a third or a quarter of a mile above us on the river. We at first thought it might be a fire-fly, but it was too large and steady; then a star, although few if any others were visible; still it was too large and distinct, and did not alter its elevation: we then supposed it to be some kind of "ignis fatuus," but I am not aware what it was; our attention was called to manage the boat, and we lost sight of it.'—*Maw*, pp. 254-256.

It may be remarked, that during these anxious hours they had mis-reckoned the time—the party had actually been a day longer in this forlorn condition than they supposed. No wonder, then, that Madame Godin should have hesitated to say whether the duration of her melancholy sojourn in the forest was nine or ten days.

By the confluence of three or four streams a little above Egas, the Amazon at that place had become not less than three miles in width, and deep enough for ships of the line, with a current of from three to five miles an hour. Below this place its volume is still further increased by numerous streams falling into it, particularly the many-mouthed Purus and the Madeira, both from the south, and the Rio Negro from the north-west. From Egas to Para, which is situated near the mouth of one of the branches of the Amazon, the distance is about fifteen hundred miles,—‘a distance,’ says Mr. Smyth, ‘we had to travel with fifteen dollars in our pockets.’

Though the woods are infested with noxious animals, few of them venture to measure their strength with man. The tiger, as they call it, or *onca*, of which feline genus there are several species, is the fiercest. He comes down, Mr. Maw says, to hunt for turtle, and turns them on their backs before he commences his feast; ‘after which he makes a meal and goes away, leaving the remainder as provision for future occasions.’ The alligator, the same gentleman was repeatedly told, is so much afraid of the tiger, that he allows himself to be hauled out of the water, and to be made a meal of without offering the least resistance, or even attempting to move. He also tells us, that ‘the larger species of *onca* will attack men, and, having once tasted human flesh and blood, return to hunt for more;’ but this we had heard before—and in particular, Mr. Southey has a long and very interesting note upon it in his ‘Tale of Paraguay,’ which beautiful poem includes so many exquisite pictures of South American scenery and manners. Serpents of enormous size infest the lakes, but the stories concerning them seem really too marvellous to be credited, even in this marvellous age. Mr. Maw was told of a gentleman having seen one of these creatures whose body was extended across a bridge, while the head was hidden among the bushes on one bank, and the tail was curling on the other side of the river. Mr. Maw does not, however, give credence to the many romantic stories of these demons of the lakes, but Mr. Smyth, testifies to the accounts given of immense serpents in the neighbourhood of the Amazon, and M. de la Condamine was assured that the lake serpents were from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and more than a foot in diameter. Wild boars go in numerous herds, sometimes not less than a hundred, and sloths are found of huge magnitude; but the largest animal is the *tapir* or *anta*—which grows to the size of an ox, and, like the hippopotamus, can live either on land or in the water. These woods abound with curassows, vultures, eagles, parrots, paroquets, and tomans; orioles too, are plentiful, all exhibiting that beautiful and brilliant plumage which is so

general among the feathered tribes of South America; but though the notes of some few species are soft and plaintive, the greater number utter loud and harsh screams, and very few, if any, have an agreeable song.

Below Egas, the next great river that adds its contributions to the Amazon, is the Purus, with its four mouths, intersecting a spacious delta. Its sources to the southward are still unknown. In a manuscript account of this part of the country by Padre Andre de Sousa, a Portuguese missionary, which Mr. Smyth picked up at Barra,* near the mouth of the Rio Negro, it is stated that the Purus takes its rise in Peru, and runs parallel to the Madeira. La Condamine sounded the Amazon near the confluence of the Purus, and found no bottom with 103 fathoms. Next follows the Rio Negro from the north-west, an immense river running through a fertile country, better peopled than usual, and abounding with cocoa, vanilla, sarsaparilla, and many other valuable products. The Rio Negro, in any other hands than those of Brazil, would soon become a most valuable possession. It opens a navigable passage through all the northern regions of this splendid country by means of the Cassiquiari, a natural and navigable canal, which, by its bifurcation (as Humbolt calls it) with the Rio Negro and the Orinoco, may be said to unite the latter great river with the Amazon.

‘While we were at Barra,’ says Mr. Smyth, ‘we met with two Spaniards, who had come from a missionary settlement on the Orinoco by water the whole way to Barra, by descending the Caciquiari, which is the branch of the Orinoco, which, turning to the south, falls into the Rio Negro near San Carlos. They had been employed to escort a priest who had charge of a sum of money for some of the missionary stations on the Orinoco, and, thinking the opportunity a favourable one to make their fortune, had murdered the Padre, seized the money, and fled by the above-mentioned route to Barra.’—*Smyth*, pp. 294, 295.

—And as these noble Spaniards appear to have made no secret of the transaction, and were suffered to remain wholly unmolested, this Padre is probably not the last that will experience the mettle of their poniards. They assured Mr. Smyth that the Cassiquiari is navigable at all seasons quite up to the point where it leaves the Orinoco. Barra is the first place on the Marañon, or rather on the Rio Negro, that presented any thing like the appearance of a town. It contains about 1000 inhabitants, mostly Indians. Among them were boat-builders, carpenters, and smiths. There is also something like trade; salt-fish, cocoa, coffee, manteca oil, tobacco, Brazil nuts, and wax, are occasionally exported to

* A translation of this paper is given in the last Number of the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society.

Para; and a garrison of twenty men, with a dilapidated fort without a gun, is maintained for the protection of the post.

The Madeira is the next immense river that falls from the southward into the Amazon—which is now become more like a sea than a river. The last tributary stream we shall mention, flowing in from the same quarter, is the Tapajos, which is said to be navigable as high up as $12^{\circ} 10'$ S. lat., where it receives the waters of the Preto, whose source is within six leagues of a branch of the great river Paraguay; and thus, with the exception of this small interval of land, a communication by water may be said to exist between the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Rio de la Plata.

How deplorable it is, then, that this magnificent country, unparalleled in the world for the grandeur of its mountains, teeming with mineral wealth, with noble rivers intersecting it in every direction, with extensive plains clothed with the finest woods, and offering spontaneously the most valuable productions, with a climate, even in its neglected and uncultivated state, not insalubrious—how deplorable, we say, is it that this finest portion of the earth's surface should have fallen into such hands as those of Spain and Portugal, and still worse, into those of its present possessors, the revolutionists, brigands, and assassins, who disgrace even the blood and name of these two fallen nations! It is painful to reflect on its present condition, and on what it might now have been, had it come into the hands of our countrymen, even at so late a period as that when they first established themselves on the northern portion of this great continent;—but regrets are unavailing—and what changes within the range of hope are likely to produce much amendment?

On the banks of the Tapajos stands the town of Santarem, the largest by far near the shores of the Maraçon, containing from five to six thousand inhabitants. It is about 150 miles from what may be called the mouth of the main channel, but 500 from Para, the sea-port town on a separate branch of the Maraçon. Last year the revolutionists and the brancos got possession of this city, as it is called, seized the English merchant brig *Clio*, and murdered every soul except a boy, who effected his escape. The *Belvidere* frigate, commanded by Captain Strong, was sent by Sir George Cockburn to demand the murderers; he found there a Portuguese admiral with a small squadron lying off the mouth of the river, far from the town, and taking no steps to recover it from the rebels; the admiral entreated the captain not to go up, as the river was full of shoals; but Captain Strong proceeded, anchored before the town, landed his men, got possession of the insurgent governor of Salinas, one Manuel Maria Montura, who had ordered the massacre, and also of the principal assassin, John Priest, a native

of the United States, and sent them both to be delivered over to the Brazilian President of Para, then on board the Brazilian ship *Campestra*, to be dealt with as he or his government might see fit. Though the crew of the English frigate could with ease have dislodged the whole of the insurgents, we believe the place still remains in their possession. What hope can be entertained from such a wretched government, and its subjects in every way so worthy of it?

But we must conclude. The undertaking this journey across South America by a route so little frequented, and the manner in which the business was gone through with in either case, cannot but reflect lasting credit on the two officers whose works we have been examining. They have both, moreover, given us their curious information in a lively and interesting manner; and we should not omit to mention that Mr. Smyth has produced a map of the Amazon, which we have reason to believe delineates the line of that mighty stream with far greater accuracy than any one previously drawn.

ART. II.—1. *Der Fall des Heidenthums.* Von Dr. H. G. Tschirner. (The Fall of Heathenism. By Dr. H. G. Tschirner.) Leipzig. 8vo. 1829.

2. *Histoire de la Destruction du Paganisme en Occident. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres en l'année 1832.* Par A. Beugnot, de l'Institut de France. 2 tomes. Paris. 1835.

NO argument for the divine origin of Christianity has been urged with greater force or frequency than the rapidity and extent of its propagation. 'We are of yesterday,' exclaims the vehement Tertullian towards the close of the second century; 'yet we have filled your cities, your islands, your towns, your municipalities, the camp, the senate, the forum.' Paley admits, with his usual candour and judgment, that these expressions are 'loose and declamatory;' but he adds that even 'declamation has its bounds,' and that Tertullian himself would not have ventured upon this public appeal, 'unless it had been both true and notorious, that great multitudes of Christians, of all ranks and orders, were to be found in most parts of the Roman Empire.' The menacing tone assumed in this apology of the fiery African appears to us even more conclusive evidence as to the strength of the Christian party. 'If our religion did not prohibit revenge, how easily, either as secret conspirators or as open enemies, might we exact retribution for our wrongs! How dangerous might we become

become to society, if it were possible to oppress us beyond our forbearance !' Such is the tone of more than one passage in Tertullian's address to the heathen.

' S' il mondo si rivolse al Christianesimo,
Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno
E tal, che gl' altri non sono l' centesimo.'

This argument, compressed into the pregnant verse of Dante, may be traced in every defender of Christianity, from, if not before, Augustine, down to the splendid amplification of Bossuet, and the nervous simplicity of Paley.

But this argument, irresistible when urged with the patient and candid spirit of true knowledge, has sometimes been pressed beyond its legitimate bearing. It has been thought of infinite importance to fix as early as possible the period at which Christianity obtained a numerical superiority at least in the Roman world ;—as though the world had not always been governed by a minority, whether of brute force, or of activity and intelligence ; and, in this case, the command of the active and intelligent minority were not sufficient to attest the inherent persuasiveness, the moral energy, the heaven-designed dominion of the Evangelic religion. For, after all, the extraordinary and convincing fact is the commencement rather than the completion of this great scheme of moral conquest. It is the attempt, prophetically intimated by Christ himself, and openly announced, at least before the close of the New Testament, by his Apostles ; the immediate success of those who, if they had not the consciousness of the divine warrant, and were not manifestly avouched by the direct interposition of the Deity, adventured on a course equally inconceivable in its original attempt and in its eventual triumph. The more extensive the sphere of Christianity, the more, of course, human motives and the ordinary principles of action began to operate in its favour. At what time it was left to its inherent strength ; how soon the *visibly* protecting power of the Almighty ceased to operate in its behalf—in common language, *when* miracles ceased—will remain among the contested points of Christian history. But it is quite clear, that after a certain time it was abandoned, if we may so speak, to its own resources ; it had to work out its triumph, under the ordinary care of Divine Providence, by its own inherent energy ; and from the fact of its gradual and tardy development, the Christian student of history will conclude, that it was the design of Divine Providence, not to effect a complete and *immediate* revolution in the moral condition of mankind, but to instil the slowly working principles of a change, not yet, we conceive, arrived at its perfect consummation.

It becomes then an unimportant question at what period and from

from what motives the great mass of the subjects of the Roman empire passed over to Christianity. It must be admitted that even when the gospel became the established faith of Europe, it was so far modified by the various elements which it had encountered; it had already so far departed from the primitive simplicity with which it had been promulgated by its first apostles; there was so much compromise, necessary perhaps according to the genius and character of the times, with the outward observances, the sensible and imaginative forms of heathenism, that it becomes still more difficult to define the period of transition. While heathenism in some respects expanded towards Christianity, Christianity descended to heathenism; until the latter remained only as a dim and nameless influence, while Christianity, in name at least, if not in its pure and essential nature, absorbed the whole of the civilized world. Of this great change the history remains to be written; the mind which shall combine that high philosophy and that pure Christianity, which may do justice to this mighty theme, has not yet assumed its historic function.

The authors, whose works we have placed at the head of our article, have attempted a task, if more limited, of singular interest. Instead of tracing, as has been the case with most writers who have approached the subject, the progress of Christianity, they have endeavoured to develop the gradual extinction of heathenism. Instead of waiting in flattering triumph on the chariot of the conqueror, they have watched the expiring struggles of the vanquished. Independent of all other interest, Paganism is the only religion which we are enabled to follow in its slow and gradual process of decay and extinction.

‘The influence of time,’ observes M. Beugnot, ‘and the progress of the human mind have destroyed more than one religious system, but history has preserved no accurate record of these changes. We know in a vague manner that many forms of worship, having undergone a gradual process of decay, have become extinct. How were the interests, the passions, and the manners, which struggled in their favour, disarmed? What alternations of success or adversity marked the duration of these intellectual crises? Who were the promoters, the enemies, the victims, of these revolutions? We are ignorant—history has condescended to assist at the funeral of *Paganism* alone.’—*Beugnot*, p. 1.

The work of Professor Tschirner is of a higher order than that of the French scholar, but unfortunately it remained unfinished at the time of the author's death. The first volume, and that apparently not having received the last revision from his hand, is all that has been published. Tschirner was a pupil of Schröck, the German ecclesiastical historian, and the continuator of his great work. If the author had lived to fulfil his design, he would probably

bably have left little to be done by succeeding historians. We know no work in which the genius of the conflicting systems, Paganism and Christianity, is portrayed with a happier union of calm philosophy and zeal for true religion. While the ineffable superiority, the divine dignity, of Christianity is nowhere compromised, the examination both of the heathen religion and the heathen philosophy, disdains that blind and indiscriminating invective, with which Christian writers for a long time seemed to consider themselves bound to denounce 'idolatry.' Without colouring the sunset of polytheism with the gorgeous hues by which Gibbon delighted to contrast it with what he regarded as the dull and melancholy dawn of Christianity, Professor Tschirner has shown both the strength and the weakness of that faith and those opinions which were supplanted by the gospel. He has altogether discarded the polemic spirit, and, in his work, history has assumed, as its rightful domain, that which has so long been possessed in almost undisputed sovereignty by theology. But his work, unhappily, has not advanced far beyond the preliminary matter, and the first development of the great conflict. He has followed out, indeed, the gradual expansion of Christianity, from an influence secretly working within the social system, into an antagonist power, fairly and openly contesting the dominion over the human mind. He has introduced her apologists gradually changing their tone, from that of humble and submissive subjects pleading for toleration, and gently expostulating against the severity with which they were treated by the imperial government, to that of bold orators arraigning the whole system of the established religion, as a monstrous scheme of folly and licentiousness. He has explained, with great judgment and comprehensive knowledge of the philosophic writings of the period, the reaction of Christianity upon heathenism itself—in other words, the gradual refinement of Paganism from an incoherent and multifarious polytheism, into a kind of theism, with an infinitely numerous yet subordinate dæmonology. This we conceive to be the most valuable part of Tschirner's work, and to this we propose hereafter to direct the reader's attention. But he has left the two religions, as it were, committed in this new strife. His history breaks off before Christianity, become dominant, began to commit reprisals against heathenism for its long hostility; he has left to other hands the singular spectacle of Paganism, clinging, as it were, to its sole support, *the ancient political institutions of Rome*, attempting to rally its decaying energies, at the summons of patriotism, still identifying itself to the last with the proud reminiscences of Latin glory, and finally swept away by that complete re-organization of society, which followed the extinction of *the Roman empire*.

The French essay takes up the history nearly where Professor Tschirner left it ; but the subject proposed by the Royal Academy of Inscriptions has limited M. Beugnot's inquiries to the West. M. Beugnot was only known to us hitherto as the author of a work, displaying much useful research, on a subject not altogether disconnected with the present—the history of the Jews in the West of Europe—' *Les Juifs d'Occident.*' Without the depth and comprehensiveness of knowledge displayed by the German Professor, M. Beugnot has executed his task with very creditable learning and judgment. On some points we have not arrived at the same conclusions, but we are grateful to him for the diligence with which he has traced the still lingering, still reviving influence of paganism, the wavering and expiring flame upon the altars of Jupiter and Mars. He has adduced the testimony of the Christian writers themselves to prove to how late a period paganism still obstinately resisted the encroachments of the new faith ; and by a careful examination into public documents, the laws of the empire, coins and medals, and more especially extant inscriptions, he has thrown much light, not merely on the extent, but on the nature and character of the surviving heathenism.

The strife between Christianity and paganism endured for five centuries. Tschirner had divided that long contest into four periods. He proposed to devote one book to each : first, the introduction of the new faith into the Roman world and the commencement of the conflict with the old and established religion ; this took place in the age of the Antonines : secondly, the undecided contest between the world divided into heathenism and Christianity ; this period lasts from the time of the Antonines to that of Constantine : thirdly, the triumph of Christianity under Constantine and his sons, which is followed by the rapid decline, but by no means the dissolution, of heathenism, since it raises itself again under Julian, and still stands firm under his successors : finally, the fall of heathenism itself, which took place during the time of Theodosius, although its last vestiges entirely disappear only under Justinian. Of this splendid and comprehensive plan Tschirner only executed the first part and commenced the second.

During the reign of the Antonines, the Roman world, to all outward appearance, was still exclusively pagan. The traveller who passed through the empire would see nothing but temples to the various deities of the ancient faith. Every city met, if with diminished, still with what might appear a general concourse of the inhabitants, at the games, the theatre, the festival dedicated to the local divinity. Here and there the votaries, to

one acquainted with the practice of former times, might appear less numerous; the murmurs of the priesthood might be heard at the godless, the irreligious aspect of the times, the scantier offerings, the less frequent victims. But as yet the stranger would observe no traces of the great change which was silently underworking the very foundations of the Pagan worship. At what time the Christian churches arose as public buildings is not quite certain, but it is universally admitted that it was not till towards the reign of Alexander Severus. Christianity was the retired and private worship—of multitudes indeed—but still of multitudes designated by no peculiar mark or badge, and holding their assemblies in some secluded, or, at all events, undistinguished chamber. The neighbours of the individual or the family might notice their rigid and unsocial seclusion from all the public amusements and festivities; they might be looked upon by the town in which they dwelt with jealousy or aversion; the hatred excited by their abandonment of the national worship might be constantly on the watch to demand from the cruel or indifferent præfect that they should be summoned to sacrifice, or cast, without trial, to the lions; but the visible face of society was yet unchanged: on the laws, on the habits, on the manners of the people at large, they had as yet made no impression; they dwelt apart, and, excepting on occasions of popular excitement, unnoticed. They had already, indeed, become casually and in places committed with the public authorities. But the first persecutions were clearly local, or connected with particular circumstances. That of Nero was, no doubt, confined to Rome; we should require no further proof of this than the security with which St. Paul appears to have travelled during that period in other parts of the empire. That of Domitian was confined, as far as Rome was concerned, to members of his own family, in whom the tyrant had detected ‘atheism and Jewish manners.’ It extended to Palestine, only, according to the singular story in the ecclesiastical historian, on account of certain traditions, which assigned the dominion of the world to a particular race among the Jews. All writers of Christian history have related the apprehension of, and the somewhat contemptuous mercy shown to, the relatives of our Lord. The persecution under Trajan, which rests on the undoubted authority of Pliny’s memorable letter, appears to have been a provincial affair. The language of Trajan’s reply clearly intimates that the government had not yet adopted any settled policy; much was left to the discretion of the individual governor; and though the arbitrary power of life and death was admitted to belong, in all extreme cases, to the representative of Rome, the regulations, under which this authority

nity was to be exercised, show that the government as yet entertained no deliberate resolution to exterminate Christianity by all means and at all hazards.

In the subsequent reigns the Christian apologists were permitted to approach the throne; their open appeal to the justice and humanity of the emperor proves that they were under no necessity of disguising or dissembling their religion, and that they were by no means excluded from the protection of the government or the privilege of Roman subjects. It is certainly remarkable that the first direct and general collision with the government was during the reign of the last Antonine—Marcus Aurelius the philosopher was the first persecutor of Christianity. We are of opinion that the causes of this change in the sentiments and conduct of the Imperial government, and the manifestly infuriated hostility of the Roman people towards the Christians, have not yet been explained on their true principles. But this is not the opportunity which we should choose for the development of our views. Tschirner has directed the attention of his readers to the important fact that, as Christianity became more powerful, the Roman people began vaguely to apprehend that the fall of their old religion might, to a certain degree, involve that of their civil dominion. The anxiety of some, and those not the most discreet, of the apologists, to disclaim all hostility towards the temporal dignity of the empire, implies that they were obnoxious to this charge. 'The Christians are calumniated,' writes Tertullian to Scapula, præfect of Africa under Severus, 'with regard to the majesty of the emperor' (circa majestatem imperatoris). He first dexterously insinuates that among the Christians could be found no followers either of Niger, or of Albinus, or of Cassius, the competitors of Severus for the empire. He proceeds: 'The Christian is the enemy of no man, assuredly not of the emperor, whom, knowing that he is appointed of God, he must of necessity love, revere, and honour, and wish for his safety, with that of the whole Roman empire, as long as the world endures—quousque sæculum stabit—for so long will it endure.' But the language of other Christian documents, or at least documents eagerly disseminated by the Christians, was in a very different tone. In common with many German interpreters, not merely those of what is called the rationalist, but of a more orthodox school, Tschirner considers the Apocalypse to refer to the fall, not of a predicted spiritual Rome, but of the dominant pagan Rome, the visible Babylon of idolatry, and pride and cruelty. Be this as it may; the imagery of the Apocalypse was manifestly borrowed in other writings, and its menacing and maledictory tone of vaticina-

tion directed to the total abolition of Paganism in its temporal as well as its religious supremacy.

The Apocalypse, we need not tell our readers, was no work of this period; but the reign of the Antonines seems to have been fertile in forged prophetic writings, which could not emanate from any quarter but that of the more injudicious and fanatical Christians. The third book of Esdras is of this class; it betrays distinctly that it was written after the reign of the twelve Cæsars. The doctrine of the Millennium, which was not exploded, mingled with all these prophetic anticipations of future change in the destinies of mankind. Whether Gibbon be right in elevating this doctrine to the rank of one of those *five causes* which mainly contributed to the triumph of Christianity, we have very little doubt that its indiscreet and enthusiastic assertion was a main cause of the persecutions. The throne of Christ was to be erected on the ruins of all earthly empires; the nature of this kingdom would of course be unintelligible to the heathen, and all that he would comprehend would be a vague notion that the sovereignty of the world was to be transferred from Rome, and that this extinction of the majesty of the empire was in some incomprehensible manner connected with the triumph of the new faith; his terror, his indignation, or his contempt would lead alike to fierce and implacable animosity. Even in Tertullian's Apology, the ambiguous word '*sæculum*' might mean no more than a brief and limited period which was yet to elapse before the final consummation.

But the most curious illustration of this dangerous spirit of exulting menace at the approaching simultaneous fall of Roman idolatry and of Roman empire is found in the Sibylline verses, either the production of, or at least copiously interpolated by, Christian writers. We translate from Tschirner:—

'After the time of Hadrian, Christian poets or prophets again come forward, who raise up their vehement testimony against heathenism, and with its fall proclaim the destruction of all lands and the approaching ruin of Rome. From the most ancient times, Sibyls, prophesying women, had existed in all parts of the heathen world; everywhere oracles and prophesies, mostly in verse, had abounded, which either had been, or pretended to have been, uttered by these Sibyls. Those Christians who had some acquaintance with Grecian poetry and style (for their Grecian colouring breathes little indeed of the spirit of Homer and Hesiod, though their mode of expression imitates the language of those poets) began to entertain the thought of representing passages of the sacred writings, Christian doctrines, precepts, and predictions, as oracles or prophesies of the sibyls:—whether their intention was to introduce their poems as genuine works of the older sibyls, and by such means convert the heathen; or, whether (as is more probable) without any design of deception, they wished to clothe their communications in a

form expressive and acceptable to the heathens. Of this character are the eight books of sibylline oracles which have descended to us, of which much in truth belongs to an earlier period, and is the production, not of Christians, but of Jews—[we would observe that the Christians in this respect seem only to have followed the example of the Jews of Alexandria, the staple, we suspect, of Jewish and of Christian forgery];—some part likewise is of a very late period; far the greatest portion, however, was composed by Christians, who, during the reigns of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived in Asia Minor, and particularly in Alexandria, as is shown by the frequent mention of Egyptian cities and Egyptian modes of worship. At all events, the poems contained in the fifth and sixth books belong almost entirely to that time; the passages to be adduced will therefore be selected entirely from these.’

Tschirner quotes several passages of strong animadversion against heathenism, and thus proceeds:—

‘With this denunciation of heathenism, the sibyllists connect the announcement of its approaching fall, which would be accompanied by the ruin of many states and the desolation of many lands. One of them addresses, in these words, the gods of Egypt:—“Isis, thrice hapless goddess, thou shalt remain alone on the shores of Nile, a solitary Mænad by the sands of Acheron. [We have ventured to give a sense to these obscure words, which Tschirner despairs of.] No longer shall thy memory endure on all the earth; and thou, Serapis, who restest upon thy stones, much must thou suffer; thou shalt lie, the mightiest ruin in thrice hapless Egypt. . . . And one of the linen-clothed priests shall say, ‘Come, let us build the beautiful temple of the true God; let us change the awful law of our ancestors, who, in their ignorance, made their pomps and festivals to gods of stone and earth; let us turn our hearts, hymning the everlasting God, Him the eternal Father, the Lord of all, the True, the King, the Creator and Preserver of our souls, the great, the eternal God.’” As the ruin of Egypt is here proclaimed in connexion with the fall of her gods, so another sibyllist, who manifests himself as a contemporary of the age of the Antonines, connects together the fall of Rome and that of the gods of Rome:—“O haughty Rome, the chastisement of Heaven shall come down upon thee from on high, and first thou shalt bow thy neck.” And “Thou shalt be broken up from thy foundations, and fire shall altogether consume thee, bowed down to the ground;—[why has Tschirner omitted these images?]

—and thy wealth shall perish, and wolves and foxes shall inhabit thy ruins; and thou shalt be as if thou hadst never been. Where then will be thy Palladium? which of thy gods of gold, of stone, or of iron will save thee? where will then be the decrees of thy Senate [omitted by Tschirner]? where will be the race of Rhea, of Saturn, all the inanimate deities and images of the dead which you worship? . . . When thrice five splendid Cæsars [so many may be reckoned from Julius Cæsar to Hadrian], who have enslaved the world from east to west, shall have been, one will arise with a name like that of a sea. (Hadrian and the Hadriatic Sea). . . . [Tschirner omits the lines in which

which Hadrian's splendid and lavish character is described.] Then shall reign three (Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, to whose time therefore the poem belongs), *whose times shall be the last*. . . . Then from the uttermost parts of the earth, whither he fled, shall the matricide (Nero) return; and now, O Rome, shalt thou mourn, disrobed of thy imperial purple, and clad in sackcloth. . . . The glory of thy eagle-bearing legions shall perish. . . . For there shall be confusion on all mortals over the whole earth, when the Almighty Ruler comes, and, sitting upon his throne, judges the souls of the quick and the dead and the whole world; there shall be wailing, and scattering abroad, and ruin, when the fall of the cities shall come, and the abyss of earth shall open."—l. viii., pp. 679-693. Other sibyls sang on the same subject; one of them, in particular, celebrates the victory of Christianity, which he represents under the image of a temple spreading over the heavens, and embracing all living beings.'—*Tschirner*, pp. 194-199.

We have ventured to insert some few lines omitted by our author. The notice of the return of Nero, (whom the memory of his horrible persecutions of the Roman converts, as well as the atrocity of his character, arrayed in the blackest colours to the minds of all Christians) as Antichrist, may be traced in many passages of the Fathers. Thus early began on the one side the dangerous and exasperating custom of representing the triumph of Christianity as fatal not merely to the religious, but to the temporal, power of Rome; on the other, the appeal to that strong and profound sentiment, the eternal majesty of Rome, which to the last period of the contest was the great support and strength of the pagan party.

During the disastrous period which elapsed between the golden age of the Antonines and that of Dioclesian, Christianity spread with almost uninterrupted progress. No doubt the miseries which involved the whole Roman empire, from the tyranny of a rapid succession of masters, from grinding taxation, and the still multiplying inroads and expanding devastations of the barbarians, assisted its progress. Many took refuge in a religion which promised beatitude in a future state of being, from the inevitable evils of this life. But one of the most curious facts in the religious history of this period is the influence of Christianity on heathenism itself. Philosophy, which had long been the antagonist, now made common cause with the popular religion against Christianity; to all appearance, indeed, there was an amicable approximation between the two hostile religions. Heathenism, as interpreted by philosophy, almost found favour with some of the more moderate Christian apologists, while, in the altered tone of controversy, the Christians have no longer to defend

defend themselves against those horrible charges of licentiousness, incest, and cannibalism which their first advocates are constrained to notice. On a closer acquaintance with their moral habits, these suspicions died away among their bitterest adversaries; the effrontery of hostile calumny dared no longer venture on such notorious falsehoods. On one side, the Christians, not altogether wisely, endeavoured to enlist the earlier philosophers in their cause; they were scarcely content with asserting that the nobler Grecian philosophy might be designed to prepare the human mind for the reception of Christianity; they were almost inclined to endow these sages with a kind of prophetic foreknowledge even of its more mysterious doctrines.

‘I have explained,’ says the Christian, in Minucius Felix, ‘the opinions of almost all the philosophers, whose most illustrious glory it is, that they have worshipped one God, though under various names; so that one might suppose, either that the Christians of the present day are philosophers, or that the philosophers of old were already Christians.’—*Octavius*, c. 20.

But these advances on the part of Christianity were more than met by paganism. The heathen religion, in fact, which prevailed at least among the more enlightened pagans during this period, and which Julian endeavoured to reinstate as the established faith, was almost as different from that of the older Greeks and Romans, or even from that which prevailed at the commencement of the empire, as it was from Christianity. It worshipped in the same temples—it performed to a certain extent the same rites—it actually abrogated the local worship of no single one of the multitudinous deities of paganism. But over all this, which was the real religion both in theory and in practice in older times, had risen a kind of speculative theism, to which the popular worship acknowledged its humble subordination. Tschirner has advanced the opinion that the height of heathen incredulity would of itself have produced some reaction in favour of the old faith. The Voltaire of paganism, Lucian, in his indiscriminate mockery of all which had been so long held sacred, would necessarily provoke opposition: though many would be laughed away from the altars of their ancestors, others would rally round them, particularly when they possessed the specious excuse of returning to the pure philosophical principles of their faith.

‘Lucian had exhausted the philosophy of unbelief. The highest point is always the turning point; unbelief cannot remain the dominant opinion or sentiment, and at the commencement of the third century it could not but pass away, since Christianity in part, in part the philosophy of the age, which will presently be described, gave another direction to the world. The same causes which led a part of the existing race of men to the church, disposed

disposed others to seek consolation and succour in other forms of religion. In the mass of the people, faith in their gods had at no time been entirely extinguished; nowhere had the temples been closed. An entirely different tone, from that which had before prevailed, shows itself in the third century. In the lives of the men distinguished during this period by their situation, there is no trace of that ostentatiously-displayed contempt for religion of which the Roman history, subsequent to the introduction of the Grecian philosophy, offers so many examples. Epicureanism lost its partisans and admirers; the most distinguished writers treated on matters of religion with decency, if not devout respect; no one was ambitious of passing for a despiser of the gods; and with faith and piety broke forth all the aberrations of religious faith and devout feeling, wonder-working, mysticism, and dreamy enthusiasm in their various forms. This altered bias of the times shows itself less in the renewed zeal for the re-establishment of the ancient faith, as such, in its former splendour, and particularly the restoration of the Roman religious ceremonial to its former dignity and importance (although there are some examples even of this, since Decius was urged to his measures against the Christians by zeal of this nature); but far more in the inclination to betake itself to foreign forms of worship, to mingle together various religions, to practise them at the same time, and to seek out the leading notion of the philosophy of the age in these diverse systems. Of these syncretic opinions the two Cæsars, Heliogabalus and Alexander Severus, who ruled the Roman empire from the year 218 to 235, afford two remarkable examples. The effeminate Syrian, Heliogabalus, was indeed only a superstitious devotee, who introduced into Rome the Sun-God, Heliogabalus, who was worshipped at Emesa under the form of a black round stone, supposed to have fallen from heaven, and whose high-priest he had been. He built him a splendid temple, where costly offerings were made; placed the Ancilia, the Palladium, and the sacred fire of Vesta in this temple; married Astarte, whom he brought from Carthage to Rome, with the Syrian God, and so insulted both the religious feelings and the national pride of the Romans. But the religious syncretism of the time is expressed in a manner which cannot be mistaken, by the fact that the emperor mingled together in this manner the genuine Syrian, the Roman, and African worship, and entertained the design of making the temple of Heliogabalus a point of reunion for the religious worship of the Samaritans, the Jews, and the Christians, and thus in a proper sense a Pantheon. These same syncretic opinions appear, and in a nobler form, in the enlightened and well-intentioned emperor Alexander Severus; for of him it is recorded that he placed in his private chapel, as objects of worship, Abraham, the ancestor of the Jewish race, and Christ, the author of Christianity, as well as Orpheus, the founder of the Grecian mysteries, and Apollonius of Tyana, the teacher of Indian, Egyptian, and Grecian wisdom. He constantly quoted, as he did the sayings of the wise men of Greece, the precept of Christ, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you;" and while he decorated the temples of Isis and Osiris, and practised divination, he studied the works of Plato and of Cicero."—*Tschirner*, page 401.

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This in fact was in the true spirit of the *new Platonism* which began to exercise a supreme authority, to the extinction of the older forms of Grecian philosophy, over the minds of the more intellectual class. This new Platonism aspired to be a religion as well as a philosophy. It introduced very different views of the Deity, to which it endeavoured to harmonise the popular belief. Such of the mystic legends as it could allegorise, it retained with every demonstration of reverence; the rest it either allowed quietly to fall into oblivion, or repudiated as lawless fictions of the poets. The 'Life of Apollonius,' by Philostratus, is a kind of philosophico-religious romance of this school. The manner in which poetry became moral and religious allegory is illustrated by the treatise of Porphyrius *on the cave of the nymphs in the Odyssey*. The skill, as well as the dreamy mysticism with which this school of writers combined together the dim traditions of an older philosophy and the esoteric doctrines of the mysteries, to give the sanction of antiquity to their own vague but attractive theories, may be fully traced in the Life of Pythagoras, and the work on the mysteries by Iamblichus.

On the great elementary principle of Christianity, an approximation had taken place at a still earlier period. Celsus, the assailant of Christianity, during the reign of the Antonines, distinctly asserted the right of heathenism to fall back upon this rational principle of religion. Tschirner has thus embodied the sentiments of the philosopher on this subject, from passages selected out of different parts of his work, to which Origen at a later period wrote his memorable answer:—

'While we,' thus proceeded the advocates of the older faith, 'adhere to that which has been handed down to us from remote antiquity, and what the religious histories of all people have taught, we are by no means compelled to reject the ideas of God, and of divine things developed by philosophy and introduced into life. We also can place a Supreme Being above the world and above all human things, and approve and participate in whatever may be taught of a spiritual rather than material adoration of the gods; for with the belief in the gods who were worshipped in every land and by every people, may well be reconciled the belief in a Primal Being, a Supreme God, who has given to every land its guardian, to every people its presiding deity. The unity of the Supreme Being, and the consequent unity of the design of the world, remains, even if it be admitted that each people has its gods, whom it must worship in a peculiar manner, according to their peculiar character; and the worship of all these different deities is reflected back on the Supreme God, who has appointed them as it were his delegates and representatives. Those who say that men ought not to serve many masters, impute human weakness to God; God is not jealous of the adoration paid to subordinate deities, he who cannot be degraded or out-

raged. Reason itself might justify the belief in the inferior deities, which are the object of the established worship. For since the Supreme God can only produce that which is immortal and imperishable, the existence of mortal beings cannot be explained, unless we distinguish from him those inferior deities, and assert them to be the creators of mortal beings and of perishable things.'—*Tschirner*, p. 334.

This simpler theory was wrought out by the new school of Platonists into a much more artificial and imaginative system; which, at the same time that it approached much nearer, was still no less avowedly hostile to the Gospel. It would perhaps have admitted Christianity (if Christianity would have been so untrue to its divine origin and authority) as one of the received and acknowledged varieties of religious faith; but it still asserted its own superiority; it tolerated rather than approved. Upon these terms it made common cause with the other Eastern religions, which, during the whole of this period, were constantly extending towards the west—the Egyptian, the Mithriac, the Phrygian. These, as appears from the inscriptions quoted by M. Beugnot, and from other curious evidence, seem to have been eagerly and willingly admitted into the religious system of the established heathenism. They were welcomed perhaps with the greater readiness, because they did not, like Christianity, demand the sacrifice of the existing faith; they were content to be received into a kind of partnership with the old idolatry; they were in fact mysteries which, like those of Samothrace and Eleusis, though they separated their own immediate votaries from the rest of mankind, as far as their own rites, or the privileges of knowledge and sanctity which they were supposed to confer, interfered not in the least with their conformity to the local worship of their country. As he who had gone through the last probation in the older mysteries, the hierophant himself, would have excited no astonishment if he had appeared as a worshipper in the temple of Minerva or of Jove, so we find the same persons exercising the highest pontifical offices in the old religion of Rome, and at the same time priests of Cybele or of Mithra.

The peculiar character assumed by the paganism of this period—its manifest distinction from the old mythic faith of Greece, and the political religion of Rome—has by no means, in our opinion, been developed with the care and fulness which the subject demands. Nothing, indeed, could show more conclusively the inefficiency of any philosophic system to supply the want of a religion, than the very narrow influence exercised by this Egyptian Platonism. Its votaries were probably far inferior to those of any one of the foreign religions introduced into the Greek and Roman part of the empire. Of itself, it was far too abstract and metaphysical, to extend beyond the schools of Alex-

andria or of Athens. Although it might co-operate by its high intellectual pretensions in inflaming the heathen fanaticism of Julian, it would have little effect in eventually retarding the extinction of heathenism. It was merely a sort of refuge for the intellectual few—a self-complacent excuse which enabled them to assert, as they supposed, their own mental superiority, while they were endeavouring to maintain or revive the vulgar superstition, which they themselves could not but in secret condemn. The more refined it became, the less was it suited for common use, and the less it harmonized with the ordinary paganism. Thus, that which in one respect elevated it into a dangerous rival of Christianity, at the same time deprived it of its power. It had borrowed much from Christianity, or at least had been tacitly modified by its influence; but it was the speculative rather than the practical part—that which constituted its sublimity rather than its popularity—in which it approximated to the gospel.

‘If,’ in the words of Tschirner, ‘this new Platonism taught how to reconcile the philosophical theory of the divine nature with the belief in the gods of their ancestors—if it repelled many of the charges of the Christians, by the distinction between that which was essential and that which was accidental in the popular religion—it thus justified an adherence to the prevailing opinions and usages. So far it was a support to sinking heathenism. But it was not and could not be more than a support to a falling building, an edifice which, when the foundations are once undermined by time, can never recover its ancient firmness; it totters and leans towards its fall, though here and there new buttresses may be run up, and the cracks in the wall cemented. There was no reconciling the contradiction between the religious ideas of the time, and the sacred legends, whatever sense might be given to the latter; the ceremonies of religion did not change their nature according to the explanation which the philosophy of the times sought to give them; and whoever thought upon the subject more closely could not dissemble to himself, that this system of the later Platonism was something different from the religion of his ancestors.’—*Tschirner*, p. 473.

There could not be a higher testimony at once to the success and the superiority of Christianity, than this constrained approximation of heathenism. This showed at once the authority it had obtained over the general mind, and that the highest philosophy could not maintain its dignity, without learning, in a great degree, to speak the language of Christianity. This was an homage paid to its influence, as a religion so singularly adapted to the nature of man, and as a philosophy which embraced everything valuable which had been wrought out by human reason, at the same time that it revealed truths which reason had in vain endeavoured to attain.

Before we close our account of Tschirner's work, we must express our high opinion of the felicity and candour with which he has characterised the writers on both sides in this great controversy. He has on one side introduced the apologists and influential writers in favour of Christianity; on the other, the antagonists of the new religion, whether, like Porphyry and Celsus, direct assailants, or, as the teachers of the new Platonism, the rivals and competitors of Christianity. We may again express our regret that a work so auspiciously begun was not permitted to be completed by the same hand.

The influence of the new philosophy and its effects in the regeneration of heathenism were chiefly confined to the eastern division of the Roman empire. As we pass to the work of M. Beugnot, we leave these speculative theories behind, and are almost exclusively occupied with historical facts. Political institutions, not philosophical systems, were the firm antagonists of Christianity in the west. It was the Roman nobility, the senate itself, not the philosophic school, which refused all compromise with the new faith. Heathenism rallied behind the walls of the ancient and majestic temples of the capital; it denounced the Christians as dangerous to the stability of the empire. As every calamity came darkening on, it aggravated its charge; and seemed to find pride and consolation in the sentiment, that it was itself in no way accessory to the approaching fall—that it had a foreign religion, to which it might justly attribute the depravation of Roman manners, the waning of Roman valour, the ignominy which pursued the Roman arms. It was, they cried, the just and righteous anger of the insulted gods, which avenged itself on the guiltless as well as on the *irreligious* authors of this fatal revolution.

It is chiefly this re-organization of the ancient faith in the city of Rome, under the auspices of the most distinguished senators, which M. Beugnot has attempted to trace. His proofs are sometimes solid and convincing, at others somewhat slight and fanciful. But there can be no doubt that his general theory is correct. While the East only offered the opposition of sophists and rhetoricians; while a vague and half-Christianized philosophy lingered in the schools of Athens, and in other cities both of Asia Minor and Syria, a strong and compact pagan interest was formed in the west, of which Rome was the centre; the pontiffs, who were the leading senators of Rome, the chief supports; and the inseparable connexion between the glory and dominion of Rome, and the worship of those gods, under whose tutelary guidance Rome had subdued the world, was the rallying point and watchword for the decaying energies of heathenism.

M. Beugnot commences with the period of the visible triumph of Christianity—the reign of Constantine. We must not re-open that difficult and almost inexplicable problem, the motives and the conduct of the first Christian emperor. It is quite clear, that—to whatever extent Constantine personally embraced Christianity—however sincere or ambiguous his faith—he advanced the contest of the two religions no further than a perfect equality. It was first toleration, then favour, which he showed to the new religion. He did much more for Christianity by the indirect influence of his countenance and familiar intercourse, than by overt acts against the established paganism.* There are one or two instances stated by Eusebius, in which he suppressed certain pagan temples, but they were those either obnoxious to a charge of gross fraud, or offensive to public morals. If he lavished the finances of the empire on the restoration of the Christian churches, which had been ruined during the persecution of Dioclesian, or in founding new ones, far more costly and magnificent than had ever yet enshrined the worship of Christ—still these more imposing edifices merely confronted, they did not yet usurp, the fanes of the ancient deities; the only public building which as yet was made over to them was the unconsecrated basilica, or hall of justice. This, as the late Mr. Hope has traced in his valuable work on architecture, is the general model of the Christian churches. The imperial patronage of the clergy went no farther than to place them on the same footing with the sacerdotal order of the empire, in respect to privileges and exemptions from public burdens and offices. The only rites or ceremonies which he endeavoured to suppress were those which the original theory of the Roman religion proscribed with equal severity—private divination, the secret attempts, by sorcery, or by any other unhallowed arts, to penetrate into the mysteries of futurity. But in general, it was by neglect, rather than by the open expression of contempt, or by any direct act of hostility, that Constantine still further desecrated the popular religion. It is remarkable, that in Rome itself Constantine appears to have shown most openly his contempt or indifference for the Roman religion. He was in that city during the year 314, the year in which the Secular games ought to have been celebrated. These games, which were a sort of commemoration of the triumphs of Rome over the

* M. Beugnot, in a note, has observed the respectful language in which Constantine still spoke, in the public edicts, of the established paganism. It is 'Vetus observantia, vetus consuetudo; templorum solemnitas; consuetudinis gentilitatis solemnitas.' Under his successors again, we find expressions like the following:—'Error; dementia; error veterum; profanus ritus; sacrilegus ritus; nefarius ritus; superstitio pagana, damnabilis, damnata, deterrima, impia; funestæ superstitionis errores; stolidus paganorum error,' &c.—*Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 80.

world, did not take place, and to their interruption, the pagan historian Zosimus* attributed all the subsequent calamities of the empire. By his contemptuous absence from the Capitoline games, to which former emperors had passed in state at the head of the army, and envired by the senate, Constantine 'drew upon himself' (according to the language of the same historian) 'the hatred of the senate and of the people.'

'Rome was the cradle and the centre of the ancient national faith. Many traditions, which had risen to the rank of religious doctrines, had their birth within her walls, and invested her with a religious character, which still shone in the days of Constantine with a living lustre. The pagans of the west considered Rome as the sacred city, the sanctuary of their hopes, the point to which all their thoughts ought to centre; and the Greeks, with their usual exaggeration, recognised in her a part, not of earth, but of heaven. (Liban. *Epist.* 1083.) The aristocracy, endowed with its numerous pontificates, and leading in its train a host of clients and freedmen, to which it imparted its own passions and its attachment to error, displayed an ostentatious piety. It furnished, by its temporal wealth, the means of subsistence to a populace, greedy, turbulent, and superstitious, in whose ranks it was easy to maintain the most odious prejudices against Christianity. The hope of obtaining distinction, of acquiring riches, or merely of sharing in the public distributions, attracted to that city all the provincials who were without fortune, or, what is worse, discontented with their fortune. Italy, Africa, Spain, and Gaul, sent the choice of their youth to form their minds by the lessons of professors, whose principal merit was their jealous hatred of all new opinions, and who had obtained a melancholy distinction during the persecutions. The pagan standard floated in full freedom over the walls of the capital. The public or private sacrifices, the sacred games, the consultation of the augurs, the frequenting of the temples *in this sink of all superstitions*, were popular and every day occurrences. Everywhere were heard maledictions against the name of Christ, and predictions of the approaching ruin of his worshippers; everywhere the glory of the gods was proclaimed, and their protection invoked. How cruel and humiliating must have been the situation of the Christians, lost in the depths of that city, where at every step a temple, an altar, a statue, and horrible blasphemies revealed the still active influence of falsehood! They did not dare to build churches, nor to open schools, nor publicly to answer the charges brought against them in the theatres, in the forum, or in the baths, so that they might appear to exist only to display by contrast the dominion of idolatry. This state of things wounded the conscience of Constantine, and that prince,

* It is a curious illustration of the spirit in which the history of this period has been studied, that the publication of the work of Zosimus was for a long time considered dangerous to Christianity. Thuanus, in his *Life* (p. 24) relates, that during the pontificate of Pius V., he attempted in vain to obtain permission to read the MS. both in Rome and in Florence.

by openly announcing his opinions, made the Romans on a sudden comprehend the new part which they would have to play; that part they accepted without hesitation. Let us not accuse Constantine of rashly yielding himself up, on this occasion, to the influence of his convictions: Rome was predisposed to become the centre of the pagan opposition; the fact which revealed that truth was of little importance.'—*Beugnot*, i. p. 75.

This brilliant, but rather rhetorical, we had almost written dramatic, passage strongly contrasts with the calmer and more philosophic tone of the German writer. The one is writing from the fulness of his knowledge on the subject, the other making a striking effect with less copious means. There is truth in the statement of M. Beugnot, but some exaggeration on one side, and some suppression on the other. We do not doubt that the ecclesiastical writers among the Roman Catholics have rather dissembled the strength of the pagan party in Rome. It was a dangerous admission that, in the Papal see itself, Christianity made slower progress and was encountered by a more resolute and organized opposition than in any other city of the empire. But M. Beugnot, we conceive, has depressed the Christians of Rome below their relative number and importance, particularly at this period. He has not noticed the remarkable fact, which is clear from Zosimus, and other authorities, that Maxentius endeavoured to revive the spirit of paganism in his own favour before the fatal battle of the Milvian Bridge. Constantine held one of the councils against the Donatists at Rome—bishops from all parts of Italy assembled under the express sanction of the emperor to hold their public court of inquiry. Yet if indeed Constantine was the avowed champion of Christianity at Rome, he gave a fearful advantage to the enemies of that religion. For it was at Rome that the event took place which spreads a dark shadow, that cannot be dispelled, over the reign and the character of the first Christian emperor. The examination of his gallant and popular son Crispus took place in Rome; and though the judicial murder was not perpetrated in that city, yet the feeling of the Roman people on this black transaction was expressed in the memorable *pasquinade* which compared the days of Constantine to those of Nero.

We apprehend that it was the foundation of Constantinople which, while it degraded Rome from her rank as capital of the world, tended principally, though indirectly, to strengthen the pagan party in the city. Among the leading motives of policy and ambition which induced Constantine to found an eastern metropolis bearing his own name, might mingle some vague thoughts of the more rapid propagation of Christianity

in a new city, without any of the old glorious associations between the religion and the prosperity of the Roman people; and some feelings of resentment against that populace, who revenged themselves for the emperor's indifference to their splendid rites and festivals by sarcastic language and satiric verses. But, in fact, the senatorial families who were attached to the person or the fortunes of the emperor, all whose opinions were most inclined to follow those of the court, migrated to Constantinople;—where, it is said, they found, by the happy provision of the emperor, their palaces built so exactly on the model of their former habitations in Rome, that they scarcely seemed to have changed their residence:—Their abandonment of the old capital would naturally concentrate the strength, as well as inflame the animosity of those who adhered to the ancient institutions. Rome, indeed, gradually sank from the first to the fourth or fifth city of the empire. In Italy, Milan and Ravenna enjoyed more of the presence of the Western Emperor. In the proud minds of the Romans this gradual disparagement of the ancient capital would induce them to cling with fonder attachment to whatever reminded them of their ancient pre-eminence. The new religion would gradually become connected with the new order of things; and that spirit of party be gradually formed which first rallies around old institutions when they are menaced with decay and ruin.

The reign of Constantine and his successors was that of equal toleration, though not of equal favour to the two religions. Paganism was still universally dominant in all the public and most of the private transactions of life. It appears in coins, medals, inscriptions, buildings.

'Constantine died in 337, aged sixty-three years, and having reigned more than thirty. Scarcely had he expired when paganism seized upon his memory, though he had been baptized, and his profession of faith was notorious throughout the empire. According to custom the senate placed him in the rank of those gods whom he had despised . . . blood flowed on the altars, and incense arose in the temples to his honour. Eutropius says, "inter deos meruit referri," an extraordinary judgment to be expressed by a pagan. A calendar has been preserved where all the festivals appointed to the glory of this new god are marked; they were punctually celebrated by his sons and even later. The conscientious pagans, ready to forget all their injuries, devoted themselves to the worship of this deified Christian.'—*Beugnot*, i. p. 109.

The religions remained during the reign of Constantius on the same equal footing, as far as the public exercise of their respective ritual. Paganism was still, as far as all public acts, the religion of the empire.

There are indeed two laws in the Theodosian code, which, if their

their date be correct, attribute to the son of Constantine the direct and forcible suppression of paganism. One is couched in these terms: 'Placuit, omnibus locis atque urbibus universis claudi protinus templa, et accessu vetitis omnibus, licentiam delinquendi perditis abnegari. Volumus etiam cunctos sacrificiis abstinere. Quod si quis aliquid forte hujusmodi perpetraverit, gladio ultore sternatur.' This law bears date A.C. 353. The second is assigned to the year 356: 'Pœna capitis subjugare præcipimus quos operam sacrificiis dare, vel colere simulachra constiterit.' Admit the authenticity of these laws, and Christianity will scarcely have ceased to be the victim of persecution, when it began to persecute. The sword had but changed hands—heathenism, from the established religion, became at once a capital crime. It is impossible to believe that the new religion had yet either the power or the inclination to retaliate in this unchristian spirit.

'A single observation,' observes M. Beugnot, 'is sufficient to show that these laws could not have been enacted; in fact, the inscriptions prove that under the reign of Constantius, not only was the unrestrained entrance to the temples permitted, but that sacrifices took place in Rome, in Italy, and throughout the whole of the western empire, in perfect freedom.'—vol. i. p. 141.

M. Beugnot adopts the theory of La Bastie, that the dates of these laws were assigned at random, at the time of the compilation of the Theodosian code. Extant inscriptions, in fact, prove not merely the continuance of heathen rites, but the dedication of new temples, and that not in obscure and remote places, but in Rome and its populous neighbourhood.

Under Julian the two religions again changed their relative position; there was equal *toleration* for both, but the avowed favour of the emperor employed every means to re-exalt paganism to its former splendour and superiority. The hostility of Julian to Christianity affected to assume the dignity of compassion or of indifference; yet his enforced consciousness of the inherent weakness of paganism could not but betray itself in bitter sarcasm, when such scenes occurred, as we trace in the description of the deserted temple in the Daphne, at Antioch, where Gibbon has so well painted the disappointment of the heathen emperor. It may be doubted whether the slight impulse of reaction in favour of paganism during the brief reign of Julian retarded its eventual dissolution. Julian, perhaps, did not adopt the wisest measures to advance his own object. 'If to reform,' as M. Beugnot observes, 'be to restore a religious or civil constitution on its original principles, the reformation of heathenism, which never had any fixed or settled principles, was impossible.' There was no code, no plan, no system. The only theology which the imperial enthusiast could establish was formed

out of two directly conflicting systems, Homer and Plato, the one the representative of the popular faith, the other of the philosophy of the age. Julian, however, instead of confining himself to the higher object of refining and spiritualizing paganism, condescended to it in its grossest and most material form. Instead of contenting himself with the pomp and splendour of a more attractive ceremonial, by his prodigality of animal sacrifice he excited the ridicule and almost the contempt of his own partisans. The day was passed when the gods were believed to regard the multitude of hecatombs. There was a sort of heathen pharisaism in Julian's minute observances, which could not but clog his endeavours to restore, or rather to confer a new moral influence on his reorganized paganism. His paganism was a reassembling the scattered limbs of different faiths, on which it was impossible to bestow harmony or life.

The prohibition to teach the higher branches of literature, Julian's single overt act of persecution against the Christians, extorted probably from the fanaticism of the emperor by his favoured partisans the rhetoricians, appears equally ill adapted to its purpose. If it had produced any effect it would have thrown Christianity back on its own purer and more exclusive writings; it would have checked it in its tendency to approximate towards heathenism, the great danger as long as there was any rival faith. Even the degeneracy of Christianity would not have enabled the effete paganism to supplant it, but nothing else would have given equal advantage to its competitor.

Valentinian on his accession proclaimed the most perfect liberty of religious worship; he is praised by the pagan historian Ammianus Marcellinus for the severe impartiality with which he stood between the conflicting religions. He did not force his subjects to bow their necks to that Christianity which he professed; he left the opposite party, as he found them, inviolate. He appears, indeed, to have extended the privileges of the pagan priesthood, and to have placed them on the same footing, with regard to immunities, with that to which former emperors had elevated the Christian clergy. The orator Libanius extends the same praise to his colleague Valens. Yet the sanguinary persecutions of these emperors against magic and divination, though not aimed directly at the pagan party, involved many of its most distinguished leaders. Divination was so interwoven with the whole framework of the Roman religion, that any declaratory law against the practice, however guarded and limited to unlawful or private means of consulting futurity, impeached, to a certain extent, the authority of the science, and cast back a sort of discredit on all the solemn ritual of the national faith. Valentinian's law against

secret or nocturnal rites was considered, by the trembling apprehensions of the pagans, as prohibitory of the mysteries, even those of Eleusis, those mysteries, without which, in the older language, 'life became insupportable and lost all its dignity.' This vague and indefinite charge of magic hung like a cloud over the whole of society. The new platonism in a great degree favoured these forbidden practices, by its recognition of an intermediate race of beings, with whom man might maintain intercourse. Men of the highest rank, of the most splendid attainments, fell under the remorseless proscription; some few Christians were implicated, perhaps by the malice of personal enemies, or their furtive and superstitious indulgence in practices unworthy of their calling; but the chief brunt of this terrible persecution, which raged both in the east and in the west, fell on the chief of the pagans, whose magical arts and practices of unlawful divination were considered not solely as wicked and unlawful, but as dangerous to the power and to the lives of the reigning emperors.

Yet still to the stranger, Rome would have offered the appearance of a pagan city. M. Beugnot appeals to the descriptions of the city according to its regions, which bear the names of Publius Victor and Sextus Rufus Festus. These two dry topographical catalogues of the public buildings in the capital could not have been written either before or long after the reign of Valentinian. There appear to have been at that time 152 temples and 183 smaller chapels or shrines (*ædiculæ*), which bore the name of their tutelary gods, and were still used for the purposes of public worship. Christianity had not yet ventured to usurp the public edifices of paganism—'Though the emperors may have detached some rich endowments from some few deserted temples, we cannot conclude that the Christians were permitted to establish themselves in the temples according to their own will and convenience.'—(vol. i. p. 267.) The religious edifices were under the protection of the prefect of the city, with his cohorts at his command; and in Rome it is certain that the prefect, and probable that the army, were at this time in the pagan interest. Above all towered the Capitol, in its yet unassailed and inviolate majesty, with its fifty temples or shrines, bearing the most imposing names in the religious and civil annals of Rome—those of Jove, of Mars, of Janus, of Romulus, of Cæsar, and of Victory.

If Rome still adhered with obstinate fidelity to the ancient faith, the greater part of Italy—with the exception of some cities, which were beginning to rival the older capital—was equally attached to the old tutelary deities. Christianity invariably spread; in the first instance, in the towns. Even in the neighbourhood of those cities of the east, Antioch, for instance, where Christianity

had obtained the earliest and most complete success, the country population, speaking another dialect and barbarous in its habits, long remained almost entirely ignorant of the gospel. This, M. Beugnot shows, was the case in the north and the centre of Italy, and in Sicily. But he has not adverted to one fact, which must have tended greatly to retard the progress of Christianity in these quarters. It was still chiefly a slave-population which cultivated the soil; and, however in the towns the better class of Christians might be eager to communicate 'the blessed liberty of the gospel' to this class of mankind, however their condition could not but be silently ameliorated by the softening and humanizing influence of Christianity, yet, on the whole, no doubt the servile class would be the least fitted to receive the gospel, and its general propagation among them would be embarrassed by so many difficulties, that they would partake, in smaller numbers than any part of the free population, of the blessings of the new religion.*

We apprehend that it was not until the establishment of the monastic institutions, not until the abbey or the monastery had replaced the villa or the farm of the Roman patrician, that the cultivators of the soil were finally brought within the pale. As in the wilder regions a belt of green and luxuriant cultivation spread gradually round the peaceful monastic settlement, so expanded likewise the moral culture of the rural population. This will appear more clearly at a later part of our inquiry.

M. Beugnot has well observed, that St. Martin, the first great exterminator of idolatry, the destroyer of heathen temples, introduced, at the same time, the monastic system. The one might break the ground, but the other secured the permanence of the new religion.

We approach the great crisis when the imperial power openly proclaimed the irreconcilable breach between the civil authority and the ancient religion. The reign of Gratian and of Theodosius witnessed the abrogation of almost all the privileges, the total confiscation of the estates, the forcible removal of some of the most sacred symbols of the older faith. It is remarkable how little M. Beugnot, though his researches have been devoted exclusively to this point, has been able to add to the full and brilliant chapter

* M. Beugnot, in the ardent pursuit of a theory, sometimes extorts general conclusions from trifling and unimportant incidents. He infers, in one place, the indifference or hostility of the servile class to the religion of Christ, from the fact, that they were sometimes induced to accuse their Christian masters of those horrible crimes, which were rumoured to take place in their public assemblies. But by what actual tortures or by what fears of torture, were these accusations wrung from these miserable wretches? And slaves are not rarely to be found among 'the noble army of martyrs.'

of Gibbon, which describes the abolition of paganism. On some points, to which we shall presently advert, there is considerable difference of opinion, but on the whole, a few pages of the English historian have already compressed the substance of several chapters of M. Beugnot. Still, the interest of the subject induces us to follow out the more diffuse commentary of M. Beugnot on the pregnant text of our historian :—

“ At length behold an emperor who will not fear to avow himself the enemy of the state religion, and who, instead of environing it, though detesting it, with external respect, by two important acts prepares the way for the decided assaults which he is about to direct against it.” The Christians were weary of the measured conduct of the emperors ; they had seen with indignation years succeeding years, while the conversion of Constantine did not produce the precious fruits which had been promised. The temples remained open to all superstitions ; the emperor bore the title and the insignia of the supreme pontiff ; at the commencement of each year, the consuls, before they entered upon their functions, ascended the Capitol to sacrifice to Jupiter ; the people yielded themselves up to their passion for games and festivals, instituted in honour of the gods ; Paganism, in short, still governed the outward appearance of society. Constantine had slept in his tomb for thirty-eight years, . . . and Paganism is still the religion of the state ; the pagan are still the national rites ; the pontiffs sacrifice not in the name of a sect, but in the name of the whole human race (*totius generis humani*). It was this which gave so much security to the friends of the ancient worship. They bewailed not the ruin of their institutions, but the progress of impiety ; they did not so much deplore the present as the threatening appearance of the future. St. Ambrose desired that their sorrow should be unlimited, and, according to his counsels, Gratian struck a blow against paganism which resounded from one end to the other of the Roman empire.’—*Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 319 and 327.

The leaders of the respective parties were men who might throw a lustre on this final conflict. Greatly inferior in learning, in eloquence, in accomplishments to the luminaries of the eastern church, the Basils and Gregory Nazianzens, Ambrose, at this period the head of the western church, excelled, undoubtedly, in that one quality necessary for the position which he filled, the power of governing men's minds. It was not merely over the young and feeble Gratian that the bishop of Milan exercised all that commanding priestly domination, more openly, but scarcely less effectively, displayed by the popes of later days ; his religious vigour and dignity overawed the warlike and authoritative Theodosius. It is curious to contrast the different national character in the more distinguished Christian prelates of this and of the subsequent period. The Greek, with all his fervent piety and splendid eloquence, never ceased to be a Greek. The fanciful speculatist may be traced in Basil and Gregory, the rhetorician in Chrysos-

tom. In the Roman, an eminently practical character prevails. Ambrose is a man of the world, ruder in speech, illogical in argument, but still pressing the main point upon his stunned and yielding hearers; while, with all the comprehensiveness of conception displayed by the 'City of God,' all his powerful controversial skill and address, Augustine governs by his direct sway over the passions; with the fervour of the African he has, as it were, the Roman's ambition, his dauntless spirit of invasion and the undoubting confidence of victory.

The more distinguished of the pagan party were men who extorted the respect even of their vehement adversaries. The leaders of a defensive minority are, in general, men of character as well as ability. The heads of a tyrannical majority, or of a small aggressive faction, compensate, in the eyes of their party, for the want of every virtue, by their power or their talent; but fidelity to a sinking cause almost of itself implies an honourable and conscientious dignity of character. M. Beugnot has developed with great success the virtues and commanding mind of Vettius Prætextatus.

'Prætextatus, after a youth and manhood of blameless dignity and acknowledged talent, was named Pretorian Prefect of Italy in 384. He set off for Rome, which he entered escorted by all the magistrates; he ascended the Capitol as it were in triumph, and delivered, in the presence of the senate, a discourse, exhorting the citizens to love and respect their sovereign. He was consul elect for the following year, but he died without adding that title to those which already adorned his name. His loss plunged Rome in affliction; the people were in the theatre when the news of his melancholy death was announced; they rushed out tumultuously, making the air ring with their lamentations.'—vol. i. p. 445.

But it is curious to observe the manner in which the various pagan religions had mingled themselves up, and centred, as it were, all their dignities in the person of Prætextatus. In an inscription, discovered about the close of the last century, he is described as Augur, Pontifex Vestæ, Pontifex Solis, Quindecimvir, Curialis Herculis, Sacratu Libero et Eleusiniis, Hierophanta, Neocorus, Tauroboliatu, Pater patrum. The last of these titles implies a high distinction in the Mithriac worship. Those who calmly survey the controversy of the rival orators, who assailed and defended paganism, cannot but award to the heathen Symmachus, as Heyne has done, the praise of superior reasoning powers, of arrangement and style, over the rude vehemence of Ambrose, and the dull verse of Prudentius. But the one poured carelessly forth the language of excitement on minds already excited; the other coldly argued to passive and unawakened ears. The vain superiority of the writer shows the hopelessness

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of the cause. To Gratian and Theodosius, with Ambrose by their side, Symmachus in vain used the language of ancient Rome to awaken those sentiments of Roman patriotism which might shrink at the downfall of Mars and Quirinus.

The first act of Gratian was a contemptuous refusal to contaminate himself with the insignia of an idolatrous priesthood. Up to the time of his accession, the emperor, the Christian emperor, had assumed, as a matter of course, the supremacy over the religion as well as over the state of Rome. He had been formally arrayed in the robes of the sovereign pontiff. By rejecting a solemn deputation sent from Rome to perform this customary ceremonial, the emperor announced that paganism could no more expect the deferential respect, or even the protection of the civil power. The transition from the disdainful refusal of protection to active hostility could not but be rapid; strength and numbers might command that toleration which could be no longer expected from the wisdom or the justice of the prevalent Christianity. It had long murmured against the tacit connivance at *idolatry*; it had thundered into the ears of the too quiescent rulers those passages of the Old Testament which proscribe all compromise with deities of wood and stone. Still it might have been thought that the first directly hostile measure of the Christian emperor would have selected any other victim out of the synod of the heathen gods, than that which was first chosen—that the image of the goddess *Victory*, which was supposed to secure the dominion of Rome, would have been the last to be ignominiously dragged from its pedestal—that the temples would have been first closed, and sacrifices prohibited, before this last act of insult had been offered at once to the glory and the religion of Rome. But the pain inflicted by the wound shows that it was well aimed; the importance attached to the removal of the statue of *Victory* from the forum proves that it was considered by the fears of one party, as it was intended by the hostility of the other, as the signal for the final destruction of paganism. Constantius, indeed, though he had calmly surveyed the other monuments of Roman superstition, admired their majesty, read the inscriptions over their porticos, had nevertheless given orders for the removal of this statue. Is it improbable (the whole account of the transaction is remarkably vague and uncircumstantial) that Constantius, acting in the spirit of his father, who collected a vast number of the best pagan statues to adorn his new capital, might intend to transport *Victory* to Constantinople? At all events, this famous statue had been replaced by Julian, and maintained its inviolated majesty during the succeeding reigns.

‘The order issued by Gratian for the removal of the altar and statue of *Victory* from the bosom of the senate-house fell like a thunderbolt

among the partisans of the ancient worship. This violence, exercised against the most venerable of all the institutions of the empire, appeared to the pagans a crime no less enormous than that of which Constantine had been guilty. Rome rung with the clamours of the senate. Prætextatus complained loudly, and determined his colleagues to send a deputation to the emperor, not only to solicit the re-establishment of the altar of Victory, but likewise the restitution of their estates to the pontiffs. The Christian senators united on their side, and declared that, if their colleagues obtained satisfaction, they would henceforth abstain from appearing in the senate. The pope Damasus sent their protest to St. Ambrose, who forwarded it to the emperor, so that when the eloquent Symmachus, at the head of the deputation, presented himself to address Gratian, he was refused admission into the palace, with a cold answer, that the deputation did not represent the senate. Humbled by this refusal, the deputation did not press its suit, but returned to Rome.'—*Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 413.

But there was still another measure of Gratian, which, if it did not so openly insult, weakened, in a much greater degree, the interests of paganism. A law was passed which confiscated at once all the estates belonging to the temples; the church property of the pagans was seized without remorse or scruple. The privileges and immunities of the priesthood were at the same time swept away; even the Vestal virgins were not respected; they no longer received those marks of honour which had been paid during the long centuries of Roman greatness. Their fate seems to have excited the strongest commiseration among the pagans, while the Christian writers, already deeply infected with monastic opinions, added bitter taunts to their acclamations of triumph. The small number of the sacred virgins, the occasional delinquencies, (it is remarkable that almost the last act of pagan pontifical authority was the capital punishment of an unchaste vestal;) above all, the privilege which they possessed, and sometimes claimed, of marriage after a certain period of service, and at a time of life when, according to the Christian notion, all such unholy desires should have been long since extinct; all these defects in the ancient institution were detailed in the language of reproachful contempt—'If the state is to reward virginity, the Christians might have claims which would exhaust the treasury.' Such was part of the argument of St. Ambrose, when the question concerning the privileges and the property of the heathen priesthood was actually debated before the new emperor Valentinian II.

By the confiscation of the sacerdotal property, which had hitherto maintained the priests in opulence, and the sacrifices in splendour, the pagan priesthood had become stipendiaries of the state, the immediate step to their total abolition. A certain annona was still charged on the public funds for the maintenance of

of the public ceremonial. This was not abrogated until the final triumph of Christianity under Theodosius: for heathenism made yet more than one desperate, though feeble, struggle to resume the ascendancy. On the murder of Valentinian II., Arbogastes the Gaul, not as yet daring to present the yet untried example of a barbarian invested with the imperial purple, placed a rhetorician, Eugenius, on the throne. M. Beugnot, who certainly neglects no opportunity of detecting the influence of the pagan party, has endeavoured, not altogether successfully, to connect the former usurpation of Maximus with a religious reaction. But that such reaction took place on the accession of Eugenius there can be no doubt. Gibbon, in his account of the wars, has passed lightly over this singular fact—he admits it, indeed, in a subsequent chapter.

‘The pagans of the west, without contributing to the elevation of Eugenius, disgraced by their partial attachment the cause and character of the usurper. The clergy vehemently exclaimed that he aggravated the crime of rebellion by the guilt of apostacy; that, by his permission, the altar of Victory was again restored; and that the idolatrous symbols of Jupiter and Hercules were displayed in the field against the invincible standard of the cross.’—*Decline and Fall*, vol. v. p. 120.

We see no reason for questioning these remarkable incidents because they rest on the authority of ecclesiastical writers. It is certain that Flavianus, the head of the pagan party, was nominated to the consulate. Another historian of the empire has related the total and sudden revolution in these words:—

‘The protection of Arbogastes and Flavianus restored to the idolatry of the west all the strength which it had lost. Throughout Italy the temples were reopened; Rome re-established her gods; the smoke of sacrifice ascended from all quarters; everywhere victims were slain, their entrails consulted, and omens announced the victory of Eugenius. All the preparations for the war were infected with superstition. Amidst the fortifications made in the Julian Alps the statues of Jupiter the thunderer were placed, and they were armed against Theodosian by magic rites. Eugenius had the weakness to permit the images of the gods to be painted on his banners, and the statue of Hercules to be carried at the head of his army.’—*Le Beau, Histoire du Bas Empire*, vol. v. p. 40.

Ambrose quitted his dwelling at Milan on the approach of Eugenius. The emperor’s followers were said to have boasted in that city that they would speedily turn the church into a stable, and press the clergy for soldiers. Eugenius had no difficulty in consenting to the reinstatement of the altar of Victory and the other rites of paganism; but, as in other cases, it was not so easy to restore the confiscated property of the temples. They had become of considerable financial importance, but the authority of

Arbogastes

Arbogastes and Flavianus extorted a reluctant assent from the 'meek usurper.'

The victory of Theodosius quenched almost entirely this flickering light which had rekindled among the dying embers on the altars of paganism. In the east, Theodosius had already achieved, as far as it was possible, the extirpation of opinions rooted by habit in the minds of so many—he had almost completed the subjugation of the east to the Christian yoke. The temples of Syria and Egypt had been stormed, and in some instances levelled, by soldiers acting under the imperial authority. Sacrifice was sternly prohibited, and the pagans found themselves the victims of edicts as vindictive and relentless as, not a century before, had vainly attempted the suppression of Christianity. But paganism had no martyrs, for it had no creed. In the west, the ill-cemented edifice fell in an instant before the conquering arms of Theodosius. The vain deities to whom the appeal had been made were tried and found wanting, and Theodosius himself is said, when his rival was led in chains before him, to have jested on his idle confidence in the protection of Hercules. But Theodosius used his victory with moderation. St. Ambrose, instead of exciting, appears to have mitigated his vengeance. Nothing took place at Rome similar to the demolition of the Serapeum at Alexandria. The temples were still permitted to stand in their inviolable majesty, and time or future accidents were left to perform the work of ruin. But M. Beugnot calls in question the memorable event which has been received on the authority of the poet Prudentius—the rejection, it is said, of paganism and the reception of Christianity as the religion of the empire by a deliberate vote of the senate.

'Jupiter,' says Gibbon, as quoted by M. Beugnot, 'was condemned by a considerable majority. Theodosius, says M. de Chateaubriand, t. ii. p. 202, in an assembly of the senate proposed this question, which god would the Romans adore, Christ or Jupiter? The majority of the senate condemned Jupiter.'—*Beugnot*, note, p. 485.

Why, unless because he is a French writer, M. Chateaubriand should be introduced here, we do not understand. For this sentence, like almost every thing else of the least value * in his vaunted '*Etudes de l'Histoire*,' is merely translated from Gibbon. As to the story itself, one of the strongest objections to its credibility is the argument adduced by Pagi and adopted by Tillemont, to show

* We are sorry to say, that in M. Chateaubriand's new work on *English Literature* there is nothing of any value whatever. We greatly doubt whether he could construe one page in any of the authors whom he there affects to discuss. The preposterous vanity which runs through the whole book is truly pitiable; but we are not disposed to enter at length upon this homily of Grenada. *Requiescat!*

that Theodosius did not visit Rome. Gibbon appears to have felt this, for he observes that 'the Christian agrees with the pagan Zosimus in placing this visit of Theodosius after the *second* civil war—*gemini* his victor *cæde tyranni*—but the time and circumstances are better suited to his first triumph.' But it is very singular that the pagan historian and the Christian poet should agree as to this principal fact, while they differ so entirely on the conduct of the senate. According to Prudentius, the triumph of Christianity was complete. The great families vied with each other in offering noble converts to the new faith, and Rome consecrated herself with pious unanimity to the worship of Christ. According to Zosimus, the senate firmly but respectfully resisted the persuasions and the admonitions of the zealous emperor. Theodosius then expressed his determination no longer to burthen the exhausted treasury with the expense of the public sacrifices. The senate replied that the sacrifices would be of no avail unless made at the public cost, that is, we may suppose, as national rites. But the sacrifices were abolished; and to this imperial act the historian attributes the invasions of the barbarians and the desolation of the empire. Had Prudentius been a better poet, we should at once have rejected his authority; but the scene is so striking as to appear beyond the range of his creative powers; and if we do not admit his historic veracity, we must ascribe the merit or the demerit of the invention to his Christian zeal rather than to his poetic imagination. M. Beugnot gives the following results of the victory of Theodosius:—

'If Theodosius during his residence at Rome—[we supposed that M. Beugnot doubted the visit of the emperor to the capital]—did not promulgate any prohibitory law against the ancient worship; if he did not cause the temples either to be closed or destroyed; if he did not proscribe the pontiffs; if, in a word, he showed an external respect to the liberty of worship—his conduct was not the less dangerous and fatal to the ancient religion. Theodosius the elder, says Zosimus, after having triumphed over the tyranny of Eugenius, came to Rome; he excited all the citizens to contempt of sacred things; he seized the funds bestowed by the public for the expense of sacrifices; priests and priestesses were driven from their fanes, and the temples were abandoned by every kind of rite.'—*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 491.

These, in fact, were the crimes committed by Theodosius; crimes which eventually, according to Zosimus, brought on the ruin of the Roman empire. The public sacrifices then ceased, not because they were positively prohibited, but because the public treasury would no longer bear the expense. The public and the private sacrifices in the provinces, which were not under the same regulations with those of the capital, continued to take place. In Rome itself many pagan ceremonies, which were with

out sacrifice, remained in full force. The gods therefore were invoked, the temples frequented, the pontificates inscribed, according to ancient usage, among the family titles of honour—and it cannot be asserted that idolatry was completely destroyed by Theodosius. That prince only completed the task bequeathed by Constantine to his successors, which was to abolish the ancient religious institutions of the Roman empire; but he did not attempt to interdict the private exercise of a worship which still counted so many millions of partisans, and which entrenched itself behind the public manners, a formidable barrier which time alone could overthrow. (Beugnot, p. 491.)

The poetry of Claudian illustrates to a remarkable degree the influence of these general habits and manners. M. Beugnot has some striking observations on this subject. This poet, the most obstinate of pagans, according to the expression of a Christian writer, if he does not describe the apotheosis of this destroyer of paganism according to the ordinary ceremonial—*me quoniam cœlestis regia poscit*—yet, as Virgil did Cæsar, and still older poets, according to Niebuhr's theory, Romulus, he carries him up among the mythological constellations and transforms him into a new star.

' Sicut erat liquido signavit tramite nubes,
Ingrediturque globum Lunæ, limenque relinquit
Arcados, et Veneris clementes advolat auras.
Hinc Phœbi permensus iter, flammamque nocentem
Gradiivi, placidumque Jovem, stetit arce supremâ,
Algenti qua zona riget Saturnia tractus.
Machina laxatur cœli, rutilæque patescunt
Sponte fores, Arotoa parat convexa Bootes,
Australes reserat portas succinctus Orion,
Invitantque novum sidus, pendentque vicissim
Quas partes velit ille sequi, quibus esse sodalis
Dignetur stellis, aut qua regione morari.'

The very rare and slight allusions of the extant pagan writers to the progress of Christianity during its earlier annals, have been the subject of some perplexity to Christian writers—of sarcastic triumph to unbelievers. After all the laborious collections of Lardner, there is some disappointment in finding so little which can put us in possession of the views and feelings excited in the minds of the pagan world by this new and rapidly increasing religion. We wonder that, even if disinclined candidly to examine the nature and pretensions of Christianity, they can have been apparently so indifferent to the momentous change which was working below the surface of society. Tschirner expresses his opinion, that many passages were erased from the pagan writers on account of their hostility to Christianity, by the misjudging jealousy

jealousy or apprehension of the Christians. But it may be doubted whether this, if generally done, would have been so neatly and ingeniously executed, as not to betray itself occasionally by an hiatus in some particular part, where we might expect some such allusion. Here, however, is a poet, writing at the actual crisis of the complete triumph of the new religion, the visible extinction of the old ;—if we may so speak, a strictly historical poet, whose works, excepting his mythological poem on the Rape of Proserpine, are confined to temporary subjects, and to the politics of his own eventful day ;—yet, excepting in one or two small and indifferent pieces, manifestly written by a Christian, and interpolated among his poems, there is no allusion whatever to the great religious strife. No one would know the existence of Christianity at that period of the world, by reading the works of Claudian. His panegyric and his satire preserve the same religious impartiality, award their most lavish praise or their bitterest invective on Christian or pagan ; he insults the fall of Eugenius, and glories in the victories of Theodosius. Under the child Honorius, and Honorius never became more than a child, Christianity continued to inflict wounds, more and more deadly, on expiring paganism. Are the gods of Olympus agitated with apprehension at the birth of this new enemy ? They are introduced as rejoicing at his appearance, and promising long years of glory. The whole prophetic choir of paganism, all the oracles throughout the world, are summoned to predict the felicity of his reign. His birth is compared to that of Apollo, but the narrow limits of an island must not confine the new deity—

‘ Non litora nostro
Sufficerent angusta Deo.’

Angury and divination, the shrines of Ammon and of Delphi, the Persian magi, and the Etruscan seers, the Chaldean astrologers, the Sibyl herself, are described as still discharging their prophetic functions, and celebrating the natal day of this Christian prince. They are noble lines, as well as curious illustrations of the times :—

‘ Quæ tunc documenta futuri ?
Quæ voces avium ? Quanti per inane volatus ?
Quis vatum discursus erat ? Tibi corniger Ammon,
Et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi.
Te Persæ cecinere magi, te sensit Etruscus
Augur, et inspectis Babylonius horruit astris.
Chaldæi stupuere senes, Cumanaque rursus
Intonuit rupes, rabidæ delubra Sibyllæ.’—*Claud. viii. 141.*

Is this to be considered no more than the received and traditional phraseology of poetry ? Was it servile adherence to the

imagery and the language of his great masters in the art, which induced Claudian to this incongruous association of the tutelary protection of the gods of paganism over the fortunes of an emperor, who destroyed their temples and proscribed their sacrifices? The strange mingling up of Christianity and heathenism in later poets, as M. Beugnot observes, is not a parallel case. After Christianity had been firmly established, the heathen deities became a mere poetical machinery. The Christian reader might question the taste, but he would scarcely condemn the impiety of the poet who might use them. But the remarkable point is, the employment of such imagery at this precise period, when we should have expected the most hostile collision, the broadest and most rigid line of demarcation between the separate parties. We cannot but wonder at the total absence of all passion or earnestness in the votaries of the expiring religion; the unaccountable blindness, or the still more unaccountable insensibility to the complete religious revolution which was now achieving its final consummation.

M. Beugnot is inclined to fix the year 408 as the date of the final abrogation of paganism as the religion of the empire. Gratian had confiscated the property of the temples; Theodosius had refused to defray the expense of public sacrifices from the public funds. Still, however, there remained chargeable on the revenue of the state, a certain *annona* or *vectigal templorum*, which was applied to the *Epulæ sacræ* and the public games. During the early part of his reign, in the year 399, an edict of Honorius had respected these periods of public festivity. The '*communis lætitia*' of the people was guarded by a special provision. The whole was now swept away; all allowances to the temples were to be at once withdrawn (*templorum detrahantur annonæ*); they would be of greater advantage applied solely to the use of the loyal army (*expensis devotissimorum militum profuturæ*). The same edict proceeded to actual violence, to invade the sanctuaries of paganism with open force. Whatever images remained in the temples (and Rome, at this time, and all Italy, must have been crowded with images) were to be thrown from their pedestals. The now useless and deserted buildings were to be seized by the imperial officers and appropriated to useful purposes. The government seems to have wavered between desecration and demolition. It could not consent to destroy the buildings which were the great ornament of the cities; the only way to preserve them from the zeal of the more fanatical Christians was to take them, as public property, under the protection of the magistracy. All *sacrilegious* rites, festivals, and ceremonies of all kinds were entirely prohibited: the bishops of the towns were invested with power to suppress these forbidden usages; the civil authorities were bound to assist under a

heavy penalty. This provision, as M. Beugnot observes, implies a mistrust of the magistracy. Yet this law was apparently very ineffective. Nothing took place like the systematic demolitions in some cities of the east.

Another edict of the same period, framed singularly in the spirit of those which Dioclesian had formerly directed against Christianity, excluded all the enemies of the Catholic faith from all the great public offices. Yet at this time some of the most important charges, especially in the army, were in the hands of pagans. A pagan, named Generides, who commanded a considerable part of the army, threw up his charge, and refused an offered exemption from the law. The emperor was forced to repeal the decree. In fact, indirectly and for a time, the protector of the pagan temples was that very Goth who is in general considered the author of their ruin. The progress and the power of Alaric rendered all imperial laws issued by Honorius a dead letter. What is more singular is, that Attalus, the puppet emperor, who was set up at Rome, was a pagan; during his reign the pagan Generides commanded all the effective forces. The empire of the west thus offered a spectacle, of which no one could have had a conception. 'At Ravenna a Christian emperor and a Christian court; at Rome a pagan emperor and a pagan court . . . while the sword of Alaric kept the two parties asunder and enforced mutual respect.' Zosimus relates that the fear of Alaric forced even the Christian inhabitants of Rome to listen at least to proposals for the destruction of the enemy by pagan magic. Etruscan soothsayers were to blast his army with lightning. The pope himself acceded to the proposition. It is still more remarkable that a Christian historian asserts that the sacrifices actually took place, though only attended by pagans; while, on the other hand, the pagan Zosimus says that the senate not daring to attend, the Etrurians were dismissed, and the more effective means, the offer of a great sum of money, employed to arrest the movements of the Goth.

The capture of Rome by Alaric consummated the ruin of paganism, not by the destruction of the temples, for temples and churches were exposed only to the same danger, but by the dispersion of the aristocracy, who alone cherished the proud reminiscences of the ancient faith. They fled, many of them not to return, and, scattered through the provinces of the empire, were gradually absorbed in the rapidly Christianizing mass of the population. In fact, the temples survived the worshippers. On the authority of a *regionarium*, composed after the capture of Rome by Alaric, the greater number of the pagan temples were still standing. But both in the city and in the country, where the church had been injured or profaned by the sacrilegious barbarians,

barians, there was an active and ardent zeal ready at any cost to rebuild the fallen walls, or to restore the obliterated ornaments. The *temples* were left to themselves; no public authority interfered to support the tottering roof or repair the broken column; no public fund was lavished on the plundered shrine or crumbling capital; until at length the Christians, in many instances, took undisputed possession of the deserted edifice, and that reconsecration took place which alone probably has preserved, though it may have marred and disfigured, the architectural remains of antiquity.

Constantine had raised Christianity, as far as the free exercise of the religion, to a level with paganism; Gratian and Theodosius had abrogated the pretensions of paganism as the established and national faith; Honorius had seized on its public edifices, and had attempted to secure to Christianity the command of the great distinctions of the state. But the profession of faith was still free: Christianity had not as yet begun to treat the belief in the ancient religion as criminal; its war with opinions was the fair strife of argument and example, and the less pure and exalted influence of imperial favour and worldly advantage. The liberty of conscience was first openly invaded by Valentinian III. Paganism indeed was a religion of rites rather than of doctrines; it consisted in observances more than in opinions. But there were private rites, which could not be suppressed without forcing a way into the closest sanctuary of life; the pagan, prohibited from sacrificing on the altars of Jove or Minerva, still secretly burned his incense on the shrine of his domestic deities, his lares or penates. In Italy especially it was a household as well as a national religion. The Christians began to inveigh against the connivance of the laws, and to proscribe this last refuge of paganism. Throughout Italy, and no doubt in other parts of the west, the country districts were still almost entirely pagan. M. Beugnot quotes a curious illustration of this fact from a poem, *De Mortibus Boum*, by a certain Endelechius, who lived at the beginning of the fifth century. He thus speaks of the cross and of Christ:—

‘Signum quod perhibent esse crucis Dei,
Magnis qui colitur solus in urbibus.’

As late as the middle of the same century, Maximus, Bishop of Turin, writes against the heathen deities, as though their worship were in full vigour in the neighbourhood of his city. Paganism indeed could not but long linger in the manners and in the habits, after its power as a religion may be fairly considered *effete*. After quoting several instances of pagan superstition during the reign of Valentinian III., M. Beugnot proceeds:—

‘Almost everywhere paganism reveals its presence. It is no longer

the powerful religion which formerly ruled over society, dictated laws, founded institutions, and seemed as it were the vital spirit of the empire; but it still predominates in the manners, it regulates the thoughts, it directs the actions of citizens; and although disarmed, although proscribed, it appears in all places; at one time it walks openly, at another it usurps the name and the insignia of Christianity; it appears determined to assume all characters, to play all parts, rather than confess its defeat.'

We must express our gratitude to M. Beugnot, for directing our attention to the fragments of a late Latin poet, bearing the barbaric name of Merobaudes, which have been edited by Niebuhr. Merobaudes wrote during the reign of Valentinian, and his ambition appears to have been to rival, in favour of Aetius, the splendid verses of Claudian in praise of Stilicho. In one passage, however, he boldly impersonates some deity—Discord, as M. Beugnot supposes—who, in language almost undisguised, revives the old heathen charge, that the ruin of the empire is to be attributed to the contempt of the ancient civil and religious institutions, and the triumph of Christianity. Discord summons Bellona to take arms for the destruction of Rome. Among her fatal achievements are to be these:—

' *Mœnia nulla tuos valeant arcere furores;
Roma ipsique tremant furialia murmura reges.
Tum superos terris atque hospita numina pelle;
Romanos populare deos, et nullus in aris
Vestæ exoratae fœtus strue palleat ignis.
His instructa dolis palatia celsa subibo;
Majorum mores, et pectora prisca fugabo
Funditus: atque simul, nullo discrimine rerum,
Spernantur fortes, nec sit reverentia justis.
Attica neglecto pereat facundia Phœbo:
Indignis contingat honos et pondera rerum;
Non virtus sed casus agat, tristisque cupido;
Pectoribus sævi demens furor æstuet auri:
Omniaque hæc sine mente Jovis, sine numine summo.'*

Merobaudes held important commands in the army; he had the distinction of a statue placed in the forum of Trajan, of which the inscription is extant, yet we hear him, during the first half of the fifth century, almost recurring to the old accusation of atheism against Christianity—*Omniaque hæc sine mente Jovis, sine numine summo*—at all events, indignantly deploring the banishment of the Roman gods, the extinction of the sacred fire of Vesta, and the fatal change in manners consequent on these religious innovations.

M. Beugnot, of course, does not neglect to notice, though he does not insist strongly on, the inclination attributed to the emperor

peror Anthemius, if not of restoring, of favouring the ancient religion. Nor does he omit the final suppression of the Lupercalia, the last pagan festival which united apparently the whole population of Rome, by the Pope Gelasius. It appears, indeed, that paganism, in the west at least, was allowed to die away by its own natural process of dissolution. Whatever may have been the case in the east, however stern the language of some of the laws issued by the western emperors, active and sanguinary persecution was neither, in this quarter, provoked by the pagans, nor practised by the Christians. Where the temples were demolished, it was by the missionary rather than by the soldier. The services of pagans in the court and in the camp during these disastrous times were tacitly admitted. Still the signs of existence were scarcely, if we may so speak, signs of life; the vital energy was exhausted; its symbols had long ago faded from the coins and medals—here and there only an ambiguous inscription marks its being; it clung to the mind of man by the tenacity of habit, but nothing more. It lingered in the public ceremonial and in private usages, solely because it was not yet superseded by Christian forms and expressions; it remained the prevalent superstition until Christianity either adopted it as its own, or substituted something similar to satisfy the propensity of the ignorant and unenlightened mind for sensible religious images, and direct and immediate impressions.

For it must be admitted that, to subdue paganism, Christianity itself began to paganise. No sooner had the political fabric of the Roman religion crumbled to pieces, than hosts of proselytes passed over to the dominant faith, according to M. Beugnot's expression, 'with all their baggage of superstition.' Nor did Christianity refuse to meet them half-way. The Protestant reader will smile at the *naïveté* of the following passage from our author:—

'If it entered into the designs of Providence to temper the severe dogmas of Christianity by the consecration of some soft, tender, consolatory ideas, adapted by their very peculiarity to the nature of man, it is evident that these ideas, whatever their form, must have contributed to detach the last pagans from their errors; the worship of Mary, the mother of God, appears to have been the means employed by Providence for the completion of Christianity. Thus some prudent concessions made for a time to pagan manners, and the influence exercised by the worship of the Virgin—these were the two elements of the power employed by the church to conquer the resistance of the latest pagans.' —*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 271-272.

M. Beugnot adds in a note, as a proof of the rapid manner in which the worship of Mary swept away the last vestiges of paganism, that in Sicily, which had remained to a late period

obstinately attached to the ancient faith, eight celebrated temples were in a very short time turned into churches and consecrated to the Virgin. The last temple in which the pagan worship was performed in Italy was that of Apollo on Monte Casino. It was only abolished by St. Benedict about the year 529. In Gaul, Roman paganism may be traced to a still later period, especially at Treves, where the citizens were wedded to the worship of Diana. In the northern countries, however, it is difficult to ascertain the precise period of the total change; for the Christian Latin writers are so apt to confound the worship of the northern with that of the Roman pagans, Thor and Woden are so frequently meant by Jupiter and Mercurius, that we may be misled into supposing the Roman deities to have survived long after they had entirely perished from the minds of men; when in fact they were only the wild gods of the German tribes, or the mythological impersonations of the Norwegian Eddas.

One most important chapter in the history of the transition from heathenism to Christianity is still wanting,—that relating to the fine arts. M. Beugnot has traced the change in the medals and in inscriptions, but he has declined this part of the subject, of which indeed the facts are scattered and obscure, and which certainly would require a separate treatise. With the heathen religion expired heathen architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry: with Christianity a new sisterhood of arts gradually developed themselves, and ministered to that innate desire of the elevated and the beautiful, which is only totally extinct with civilization itself. But the arts of heathenism, like the religion itself, were *effete*; their productive energy had long been exhausted. Whatever may be the case hereafter, unquestionably religion has hitherto been the prime inspiration which has kindled the human mind to great conceptions in every branch of art. Heathenism, first in its vast level masses and its colossal sculptures in Egypt, subsequently in its graceful and harmonious Grecian temples, and its images, in which the human form was wrought to such inconceivable perfection; in the music and the poetry, which had enraptured the finely-organised minds of the Greek in the theatre or in the temple—Heathenism had discharged its office. That office Christianity was about to assume with different aims and in a different form. Nothing would be more curious than to trace, if it were possible, the decay and the dissolution of the one, the rise and development of the other. To follow out what it borrowed or rejected, destroyed or modified—as accurately as possible to define what parts of ancient buildings were permitted to mingle themselves up with the Chris-

tian edifices; how early the bronze Jupiters were metamorphosed into St. Peters,

‘And Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn;’

how much of ancient art is to be traced in the Byzantine Christian school; how far the church music is in any degree an echo of still older strains, and from what region? whether from Palestine or Greece?—even in poetry, how far the romance of the middle ages was the ancient mythology in a new form, or whether both sprung from a common source in the east?—let us venture to hope that a work tracing all this extraordinary transmutation with the eloquence of taste and the sobriety of good sense, will at length complete the history of the fall of heathenism, and that far more important chapter in the history of mankind, the rise of Christianity.

ART. III.—*Tales of the Woods and Fields. A Second Series of ‘The Two Old Men’s Tales.’* 3 Vols. 12mo. London. 1836.

ON the appearance of the first series of these Tales we were struck by the depth of thought and feeling, the occasional nicety of observation, and the high-wrought and sustained interest, displayed in them. We believed that a new name of promise had been added, or was about to be added, to our literature; and we were amongst the foremost to congratulate the authoress. Even then, however, under the direct influence of novelty, we fancied we saw good grounds for suspecting that her knowledge of society was limited, and that her strength lay less in delineating manners than in laying bare the workings of the heart. After reading the leading story of the series now before us, it is no longer possible to doubt that we were right in this estimate. There is the same glancing cleverness, the same penetrating sagacity, the same pathos and tenderness, as before; but most unfortunately the plot is made to depend exclusively on the habits, feelings, tastes, associations, and modes of thought of a class of which, with all due deference be it spoken, the writer knows nothing; and the consequence is, that she has produced a story bearing about the same relation to Messrs. Tomkins’ and Jenkins’ spiteful pamphlets that Miss Martineau’s ingenious fictions bear to the somniferous tomes of Messrs. Mill and M’Culloch. According to this shrewd observer, in short, every man of quality is a reckless, heartless profligate, and every woman of quality no better than she should be, or a fool. Nor is this theory of society incidentally alluded to, or casually introduced; it is the moral she

proposes to educe from the narrative, the groundwork on which she is to raise the superstructure, the text from which she is to preach. Now, though usually tolerant enough (if contempt be toleration) of the absurdities of those sulky ex-governesses and envious dandyings by whom the circulating libraries are periodically supplied with trash, we cannot tamely permit so accomplished a writer as the author of these Tales to exercise her influence in this manner; and we propose, therefore, in the course of a brief analysis of her principal story, *A Country Vicarage*, to point out the mistakes she has committed in the plan as well as in the execution of the work.

Her intentions are thus explained in her advertisement—

‘It must be confessed, that the subject has already been several times beautifully treated; more especially by Mr. Griffin, in his admirable tale of “*The Collegians*,” by Lord Mulgrave; and by the elegant author of the “*Tales of a Chaperon*.” It has been thought, however, that something was yet left to be done upon this subject; and that writers in general have fallen into the error of attributing the uneasiness which they describe, rather to a certain ignorance of external forms, and unaptness in merely conventional details, which any girl of sense and spirit would overcome in a few months, *than to that radical opposition in habits, sentiments, tastes, and feelings, which renders domestic happiness so rarely attainable in cases of this kind.*’—vol. i. pp. vii. viii.

The authoress must surely have read the books she mentions cursorily, and bestowed little reflection on them. In *The Collegians*, Hardress Cregan, a gentleman by birth and education, marries Eily O'Connor, the uneducated daughter of a ropemaker. The marriage is kept secret, both parties being under twenty, and they live together in a cottage amongst the mountains, till the ardour of Hardress's passion has begun to cool, when he returns home and finds himself domesticated with a beautiful and accomplished girl of his own rank in life, whom his mother (ignorant of his marriage) has all along intended for his bride. They become warmly attached to each other, and Hardress, urged on by his mother, in a moment of phrenzy, commits himself by the offer of his hand. To procure the power of fulfilling this engagement, he causes his wife to be murdered by a confidential follower, who turns king's evidence on the very eve of the bridal. We have no difficulty in admitting the truth and vividness with which the actors' feelings are developed, or the skill with which the chief incidents are introduced and brought to bear on the catastrophe. But Mr. Griffin (if that be the author's name) clearly wrote with far other views than that of showing the danger of incompatible marriages, or of proving that
a young

a young man who marries a young woman, in an inferior rank of life, for her beauty, will probably get tired of her in a month or two.

‘If I had been writing in French’ (says ‘Ireland’s Viceroy’ in the advertisement to ‘The Contrast’) ‘*L’Homme Difficile* would most nearly have defined the character I meant to portray.’ Now this is a character which would be pretty sure to keep any woman, to whatever rank of life originally belonging, in a fret; but the illustrious author does not leave poor Lucy’s wretchedness dependent either on her lord’s humours or her own ignorance of forms, but introduces a certain Lady Gayland by way of giving her the additional excitement of jealousy, and puts her to death at last by a series of melodramatic incidents, doing little credit to his taste, and none at all to his invention.

In ‘*Molly and Lucy*,’ the third of the above instances, the object is certainly to show the imprudence of unequal marriages; and the radical opposition in habits, sentiments, tastes, and feelings, is sufficient, in all conscience, to account for the lady’s uneasiness (the gentleman takes matters easily enough), without referring to her unaptness in merely conventional details. But the grand objection to Mrs. Sullivan’s story, considered as an illustration of this peculiar subject, appears to have escaped our authoress, or we presume she would have made an effort to obviate it in her own. Far from being an adequate representative of the aristocracy, Lord Montreville is one of a species of which, we undertake to say, not more than half a dozen individuals could be discovered by the most acute observer, at any one given period of time, throughout the whole of this overgrown metropolis, so that it was hardly worth Mrs. Sullivan’s while to be at so much pains to put young ladies on their guard against them. An equally fatal objection might be taken to the age of the parties, Lord Montreville being ‘*a Cupidon déchaîné*’ between forty and fifty, with as many tooth-brushes, hair-pencils, and pomatum-pots as would fill a havresack, and Lucy Heckfield, a gay, laughing, simple-hearted girl of eighteen. In one of the most celebrated of the new French novels (*Jacques*), the plot is made to depend on the incompatibility of eighteen and thirty-five. This may be pushing matters a little too far—but, undoubtedly, the proposed problem will never be satisfactorily solved, until a couple be selected for the experiment, between whom there exists no material difference or disparity, except that necessarily resulting from *rank*; and on opening the present volumes, we expected a couple so circumstanced to be brought upon the stage.

The story, which has in this and other matters disappointed us, is opened by a letter from a Mrs. Carlton to a Mrs. Digby:—

‘There

‘There is something quite painful to my feelings in the idea of so much elegance and beauty being condemned for life to the seclusion of an *odious* parsonage—neither carriage, table, nor society!—for I understand that poor Mr. Evelyn is wretchedly straitened in his circumstances, and wants the very *indispensables of existence*. I thought his daughter had a singularly aristocratic air—to be sure they *are* of a good family; but I consider it as a proof of the delicacy of her taste, and of a native refinement that one loves to see, that she has escaped those thousand little vulgarisms that shock and offend one’s taste so much in the *non comme il faut*.

‘The race ball is on the 20th of March, and on the 19th I hope to see you and your fair companion. And should it be my happy fate to prove the means of affording her the opportunity of entering those *certain circles*, which, indeed, nature seems expressly to have formed her to adorn—in short, if any of my young lords But I will say no more—you know what my heart would feel upon the occasion.’—vol. i. pp. 3-5.

Mrs. Digby expresses her readiness to take Miss Louisa Evelyn to Dangerfield, but intimates a doubt whether she shall be consulting the young lady’s happiness by doing so :—

‘I have a notion that all *without* the boundary of the *certain circles* is not so *triste*, and so vulgar, and so horrid, as we are apt to suppose it. At least, as I often find that *within*, which is wearisome enough, I doubt whether those young ladies do the wisest thing in the world, who sacrifice every old habit, and sever themselves from every old connexion, for the privilege supreme of stepping within a magic ring, where they are never very welcome, and seldom very happy.’—*ibid.* pp. 6, 7.

To this extent we go along with the authoress; but we think her clearly mistaken in supposing any fatal disparity to exist between the daughter of a clergyman of good family, subsequently described as ‘all polished and gentlemanlike,’ and a nobleman, however exalted his rank. The families of the clergy form a recognised part of the best provincial society, which, during several months of the year, includes ten-twelfths of the elements of which the best London circles are composed; and their daughters are taught pretty nearly the same round of accomplishments as are thought indispensable for the daughters of the richer gentry and the nobility; so that, in our opinion, Louisa Evelyn would have had at the very utmost only an ignorance of some very trivial conventional details to overcome. The facility with which this sort of thing is overcome by women even of a very inferior order, is well illustrated in the ‘Heart of Mid-Lothian,’ where Effie Deans, as Lady Staunton, completely imposes on the Duke of Argyle, an unimpeachable judge of bearing and manners.

Before quitting the Vicarage, we are particularly introduced to every

every member of the circle, which consists of Mr. Evelyn, Louisa, two younger children, and a grave, staid, sober student in divinity, Mr. Charles Lovel, who has had the imprudence to fall in love with Miss Evelyn. There is also a clever and pleasing sketch of Louisa's last evening at home.

The day, the important day, at length drew on. Mrs. Digby's carriage is at the gate; and Louisa, arrayed in a *chef-d'œuvre* of a pelisse—a present from Mrs. Carlton, who very properly considers her own credit at stake on the *debut* of her *protégée*—is in the act of taking leave of Charles and papa:—

“I think we must own,” said Mrs. Digby, smiling, and looking, with something of a mother's pride and fondness, upon the charming girl who stood before her, “that Carsan understands her art rather better than Miss Green—eh, Mr. Lovel?” But Charles did not answer—his eyes were fixed upon Louisa. A mingled feeling of admiration and of regret might have been read in their expression. How beautiful she looked in this elegant attire! How formed—how fitted for that station of which it was the significant costume! How far, already, removed from the humble sphere which they had occupied together!—
p. 36.

They arrive just in time to dress for dinner; a robe to correspond with the pelisse is in readiness; Mrs. Carlton's French maid is in attendance to put it on, and then enter Mrs. Carlton herself, ‘in the full dress and glorious embonpoint of handsome, well-preserved fifty-four’—

“Come, my love! take my arm,” said Mrs. Carlton, much elated by the idea of the beauty she was about to produce in her drawing-room. And Louisa, blushing and trembling, the delicacy and softness of her appearance enhanced by the decided and somewhat masculine air of her companion, was ushered into a saloon, splendidly lighted, and filled with a brilliant crowd of elegantly-dressed men and women, engaged in the usual manner of such assemblies before dinner. There was the regular party which ought invariably to be collected in all fashionable country houses, upon these occasions. There was the Duke and the Duchess, who are always everything that is most exemplary and amiable—he, is usually a great agriculturist; she, an embroiderer of flower-pots and Albanians; they are apt to be a little dull. There was the Sir Harry,—a great fox-hunter. There was the Mr. Crawford,—a man of conversation and gastronomy about town; very witty, and very terrible. Two or three Lady Marys and Lady Selinas,—amiable, unaffected, accomplished girls; characters such as our modern system of education is so admirably calculated to produce.

‘And there was the usual scheming mother, and her vicious trio of portionless handsome daughters; those perennial victims to the moral of our most moral stories—those unhappy examples of young ladies, without fortune and without connexion, who dare to commit the heinous and ever-recurring crime of setting caps (which they never wear) at
rich

rich and handsome young men of fashion,—poaching, as it were, upon the peculiar preserves of the Ladies Marys and Selinas. These, with the usual allowance of colonels in the Guards, and well-dressed young men of straw, composed a party, the description of which will satisfy, we trust, the anxious reader, that the author of the pages he honours by holding in his hand, however deficient in other respects, may, in this most truly important particular, be implicitly depended upon.*—pp. 47-49.

It is, at all events, the identical party which all writers of novels subsequent to the appearance of the latter cantos of Don Juan have thought proper to place in country-houses on such occasions. It has thus acquired a prescriptive authority, and may pass as a fair specimen of the fashionable world—not of the aristocracy, which, though constantly confounded, is essentially distinct. Louisa's success at the outset is described as exceedingly equivocal. Her beauty is undeniable; 'but (remarks the author) as beauty without the *prestige* of wealth or rank has almost entirely lost its effect upon the imagination of young men of fashion, nobody will be surprised to hear that Colonel Cadogan, arrived at that age when *favoris* are dyed, wigs à la *royale* worn, and to which clings a slight tincture of ancient gallantry in manner, and of the old-fashioned taste for pretty faces, was the only one of all these fine gentlemen who approached to offer his arm to conduct Miss Evelyn to the dinner-table.' We are obliged to own that this is probable enough in such a party as has been described; partly, because most of the men owe their position to the appearance of intimacy with some female leader of the coterie, and cannot afford to pursue an individual taste or preference which might lead beyond the limits of the set; partly, on account of the prevailing and vicious custom for the women to draw out, or *faire le frais* for, the men.*

The dinner goes off heavily enough—the evening much the same; the morning drive is unproductive, and at the conclusion of the first race day, the cry is still

'Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.'

But before the race ball is half over, the decisive hit has been made, and Mrs. Carlton's brightest aspirations are on the point of being realised.

* 'At a breakfast at the Count Apponi's, M. de Septeuil was standing and lounging near a table, where a young English lady was talking to him and helping herself to the good things. Some gentleman near him whispered some remark, and laughed. "*Ça n'est pas exigeante, mon cher,*" said he, "*je suis fatigué.*" Had *ça* been a French lady, though plain, old, and unknown to him, he would have appeared all eagerness to assist her, to the tip of his little cane.'—*Thoughts on the Ladies of the Aristocracy.* By Lydia Tomkins, 1835.—A suspicious authority, but the story looks like truth.

“ Lord William Melville solicits an introduction to Miss Evelyn,” said Mrs. Carlton, with an air of excessive satisfaction, and a gentleman was seen to advance, on whom the eyes of half the young ladies in the room were instantly fixed. And why?—He was neither remarkably handsome, nor remarkably well-shaped, nor remarkably tall, nor remarkably the reverse of any of these things. He was only distinguished by the simplicity of his extreme elegance, and by the total absence of that dandied, unnatural, constrained air and manner which, in some degree or other, infects most of our young men of fashion. He addressed Louisa with the most easy politeness, danced idly and without effort—and, when the dance was over, he continued to sit by her; and engaged her in conversation, not on those fashionable themes to which she was totally inadequate, but on subjects of general interest, which her talents and natural good taste calculated her to discuss as well as any one; only marking his admiration, as he did so, by an expression of the eye, as it rested upon her, the meaning, however, of which could not easily be mistaken—and which Louisa, like most women in such circumstances, seemed, by some natural instinct, *to feel*, rather than exactly to see.’—vol. i. pp. 64-66.

This is the hero. During the rest of the visit to Dangerfield, he attaches himself to Louisa, and makes sad havoc with her unsophisticated heart; but the proposal is suspended, and she returns to the vicarage to pine away under an hourly-increasing despondency, which is just beginning to produce symptoms of consumption, when Lord William re-appears upon the stage, with intentions still wavering, but, through the timely interference of Charles, is worked up at length to the offer of his hand.

The honeymoon is passed in Wales, where they get on pretty well between reading, boating, fishing, and scaling mountains, till their happiness is disturbed by a circumstance which is generally supposed to have a decidedly opposite tendency. Lady William becomes a candidate for the honours of maternity, and Lord William, albeit the inheritor of a vast entailed estate, is horrified at the venerable title of *father*!

A less striking trait of his amiability is elicited, when they come to talk over their intended departure for London. Their way lies through the town in which Lady William's sister is settled, and she expresses a wish to pass a day there, but is reluctantly accorded an hour by her Lord, who seems to recollect with difficulty that his wife ever had any relations at all. To do him justice, however, he is little more regardful of his own, who are collected to welcome his bride at his splendid mansion in Park Lane. He introduces her to his mother and sisters with the most perfect nonchalance, and lounges off to his club.

The next morning being Sunday gives the authoress an opportunity of illustrating the notions of the aristocracy as to church-

going. Lady William is voted too ill to go to church; but it is proposed that she shall take an airing in the Park in 'the most delicious of all possible phaetons, drawn by the most adorable of all possible ponies,' which Lady Fanny, who thus describes them, is to drive. Louisa thinks that if she is well enough to drive out, she must be well enough to go to church, but she is compelled to give way by the authoritative interference of her husband—

'Louisa was left alone with Lord William, who *never* went to church. His religious opinions are easily explained; they are those of numbers of his class and stamp. With little examination, he had decided upon the whole business, as an invention of priests to keep the world in subjection—an invention still useful, for the purpose of maintaining order and subordination among the lower ranks of society; and a superstition amiable and desirable, to a certain degree, in women.'—vol. i. pp. 221, 222.

These opinions, we fear, are only too common amongst men, though certainly not so much so among men of the highest class as among those of one several steps under them; but to represent the women of the class here in question as talking lightly on any subject connected with religion, is (to use the mildest form of denial) a palpable mistake. It may be sentiment, or enthusiasm, fashion, if the author chooses, and is reluctant to give them credit for principle—but the fact is undoubted, that they are singularly sedulous in their attendance at church, and to all appearance unaffectedly serious in the devotional feelings they almost uniformly profess. We may further hint to the ingenious novelist, that a pony phaeton, with outriders, is not the exact description of equipage in which a man of Lord William's taste would permit his wife to disport herself on a Sunday in the Park, as she would certainly incur imminent risk of being taken for a *femme entretenue*. A whole host of errors are concentrated in the following paragraph, assigning Lady William's unhappiness, for which her husband's peculiar character was alone sufficient to account, to causes which had next to nothing to do with it.

'Wherever Louisa appeared, she was admired and followed; her extreme beauty and natural good taste, and a certain native dignity of manner, which might have deceived a very accurate observer as to her breeding, spared her those thousand minor mortifications which usually attend women under her circumstances: her misfortune lay deeper, it lay in a character, and habits, little adapted to the heartlessness of the situation which she occupied; she might be said not to have been properly *educated* for it. She had been cradled in domestic fondness; reared in the sweet habits of familiarity and confidence, and the perpetual presence and society of those she loved. She had not gone through that preparation for listless indifference, which the distant nursery—the mother with short and hurried visits—the severe and orderly nurse—

the routine of the school-room, the stiff sententious governess—the artificial system of coldly regulated proprieties, supply to the children of the great—as necessary, perhaps, to harden them for the career which they have afterwards to run; as the coarse fare, the noisy apartment, the busy, scolding, yet loving mother, alternating her blows and kisses—the stern and harsh, though affectionate father—to prepare the children of the poor for their rough, yet honest destiny.’—pp. 235-237.

This is true, if true at all, only of a few generally ridiculed branches of the House of *Carrabas*; and the writer seems to forget that Louisa was the daughter of a gentleman; that her fare had not been coarse (witness the very tempting *petit souper* at the vicarage, pp. 20-23); and that her father, ‘all polished and gentlemanlike,’ was not ‘stern and harsh, *though* affectionate.’ The period of her confinement approaches, and again all natural feelings are represented as conflicting with and crushed by the cold, chilling, artificial habits of *aristocracy*.

‘Louisa met her hour surrounded by strangers. No mother, kind and earnest, whispered to her encouragement. No sister, anxious, yet smiling, waited to kiss and caress the expected stranger—the new life!—the new creation!—the candidate fresh starting for immortality! No husband was there—to thank the mother and to bless the babe.

‘He was at his club when he was told that his wife was ill—and, shortly afterwards, that she had made him a father, and of a daughter. A father!—the sound was even disagreeable to his ear: he mounted his horse, asked if all was going on well—and went—not home—but to the Park.’—pp. 243-245.

Louisa’s wish to nurse her child is voted preposterous, and it is only by stealth that she is enabled to watch over it, but the season is nearly over, and she supposes, as a matter of course, that she shall accompany her husband to his country-seat, and there, in comparative retirement, again be happy in his society, when he suddenly announces his intention of visiting Norway, and begs Louisa to arrange a winter campaign for herself. Her tears only excite his indignation; he proceeds on his northern tour, and Louisa goes down to the family castle with the Marchioness and Lady Gertrude. ‘She found an immense dull-looking place, in one of the least interesting of the midland counties. The marquis was a heavy, cold, formal man; the marchioness the most empty and un-ideal of women.’ Louisa’s time consequently is passed almost entirely with her child. In the April of the following year she is again in London, and Lord William returns. The mother’s beauty renews old impressions for an hour, but the child turns from him as a stranger, and his indifference regarding it is confirmed. The picture would have been incomplete without the finishing touch of infidelity. Accordingly, he falls desperately in love with a *prima donna*, and Louisa, in her rural simplicity, is so

ill-bred as to feel exceedingly hurt on becoming casually informed of the *liaison*.

When a stock-broker haunts the green-room of one of the minor theatres, no general conclusions are drawn unfavourable to the morality of stock-brokers; when an artizan squanders at Greenwich Fair the money required for the decent support of his family, the virtue of his *order* continues unimpeached; but let a nobleman fall under suspicion of dangling behind the scenes of the opera, and the whole peerage is found guilty of habitual licentiousness.

Nothing now remains but her baby, and she is destined to be bereaved of that. They are staying at Brighton. The child falls sick at the moment that Lord William is anxious to set out for London, in order to present himself at St. James's, in company with his wife, with a view of silencing the rumours that began to prevail as to their estrangement. Louisa remonstrates, but Lord William insists and is obeyed.

'We will not linger over the distressing scene. The child left Brighton with its mother that evening—Louisa herself, inexperienced as she was, not sufficiently sensible of the risk that she ran; and somewhat soothed by the positive assurances of Mrs. Wily [the nurse] and the doctor, that Miss Melville was as well as herself. But as they approached Reigate the child became suddenly and alarmingly worse. It was ten o'clock already. Louisa stopped the carriage.

"She can go no farther! God in heaven! she is choking! she can scarcely breathe or speak!" "Take her out!—take her out!—put her to bed!" was the agonized cry. "No—go on!"—cried Lord William imperiously; "the child is only hoarse. If you want advice, get her to London." "She will never reach London!—she will die! O stop! stop! For God's sake let her be bled!—let her be bled!" "Absurd! Take her to London, I say." "O William! if ever you loved me—I if you have one grain of pity left for me!—let us stop! she will die! she will die!" "She will do perfectly well, if my lady would not be so anxious," (*fussy*, she would have said,) cried the impenetrable Mrs. Wily. "Oh William! William! don't believe *her*;—believe me this once!—this once!—this once! Grant my prayer—let us stop!" "No! she is not in the slightest danger. I insist upon an end being put to this nonsense—Order the horses out." "Good God! Lord William, she is too ill to move; she must instantly be bled. Cannot you see it in every look? hear it in that horrid!—horrid noise!" "She is hoarse—that is all. Will nobody order out the horses? Mrs. Wily, can she go, or not?" "Perfectly well, my lord." "Then she *shall* go." "Then she *shall not* go!" cried Louisa, the mother triumphing at last over every other feeling, as the increasing distress of the child amounted to agony. "She *shall not* go! No—Lord William, I never disobeyed you before—I disobey you now!—She *shall not* go!—My darling! yet, —yet will I save you! Tear us asunder by force—I defy you, cruel, cruel father! See! she is dying before your eyes!" She clasped the child fiercely

fiercely as she spoke. "I wish you a very good evening then—" said Lord William; and with an ironical bow he left the room. And the departing wheels of his carriage and four were soon heard.'

The child dies, and the mother is driven to the very verge of insanity, when her fit of desperation is arrested by the sudden reappearance of Charles, just returned from the Continent, whither he had proceeded as travelling tutor to a nobleman. But he arrives too late to avert the catastrophe. 'Great were her agonies, grievous the struggles of expiring nature. But they were over. And in the arms of this true and faithful friend she sunk to rest, April 21st, 1832.'

We bear willing testimony to the taste and skill with which all the scenes of mere feeling are executed. But to form an impartial estimate of the merits and demerits of the work, it is necessary to bear constantly in mind the avowed purpose for which it is composed; namely, to prove that a moral barrier exists between the higher and middle classes, which it is the extreme of rashness to cross, on account of a radical opposition in habits, sentiments, taste, and feelings, rendering domestic happiness all but *impossible* for such as may venture on the step. It will be readily admitted, we presume, that this is an extremely dangerous and invidious doctrine to promulgate in the existing state of society; and its injurious effects are not likely to be diminished by the circumstance of its being insinuated through the medium of an affecting story, instead of being openly advanced and defended as an axiom. In the latter case we might encounter proof by proof, and argument by argument; but, as matters stand, both proof and argument are superseded by the calm, unhesitating assumption throughout, that the middle class can never coalesce with the higher class by reason of its folly and its vice. Lady William Melville is made wretched by the capriciousness, selfishness, heartlessness, and (we may fairly add) brutality of her lord. But would a wife taken from the ranks of the aristocracy, with the average amount of good and bad qualities, have been happy with him? would *she* have complacently agreed to the neglect of her family, the separation from her husband, the desertion of her child? would *she* have laughed to hear of his passion for a *prima donna*, or, necessarily and as a thing of course, have consented to treat domestic affection as a prejudice, and religious duty as a bore? The author of 'A Country Vicarage' is bound to reply in the affirmative, or the story is devoid of meaning, and the intended inference at an end. Yet can any assumption or assertion be more ludicrously false? or can it be a matter of doubt to any one who has had an opportunity of comparing the different classes of society, that the scions of our

noble houses are as likely to be good, pure, gentle, and affectionate, as any vicar's, surgeon's, or attorney's daughters in the land. Our authoress must, we repeat, have lived at a distance from the world she ventures to satirize, if she needs to be told distinctly that women of quality are as strict as others in the observance of those domestic duties for which their own personal attention is required, and as regular in their attendance at church; that they do not abandon their children to the tender mercies of such nurses as Mrs. Wily, nor leave them to die upon the road in order that they themselves may arrive in time for a drawing-room; that it is by no means an ordinary occurrence for a noble pair to separate at the end of their first season till the following spring; and that most noble ladies would actually be shocked to hear of their husbands' infidelity. Equally unfounded is the hypothesis that Lord William Melville is a fair specimen of a class—in other words, that the natural and necessary effect of wealth and rank is to indurate the heart, and that young men of birth and fortune are vain, profligate, and unfeeling, devoted to selfish gratifications, and unfitted, by the habitual indulgence of their caprices, for the enjoyment of domestic happiness or perseverance in any of the more elevated pursuits.

‘It must be admitted (says Isaac Tomkins) that there is a very great, a very real charm in these (the higher) circles of society. The elegance of manners which there prevails is perfect; the taste which reigns over all is complete; the tone of conversation is highly agreeable—ininitely below that of France indeed—but still most fascinating.’ The present author, adopting the hint, describes the conversation of Lord William's dinner-table as ‘that delightful union of wit, knowledge, and high-breeding, of lively sally and brief racy remark, of ease without familiarity and fine manners without pretension, which is to be found in perfection in such assemblages, and in such assemblages alone.’ These admissions are much more important than the writers probably conceived when making them. Good conversation implies varied and extended knowledge, combined with a high degree of intellectual cultivation; good manners imply the general desire to please, and delicacy of perception to discover what may be pleasing or displeasing to others, without which a man may be conventionally, but not thoroughly, well bred. Neither conversation nor manners, therefore, can ever be perfectly good amongst a vain, frivolous, ignorant, selfish, unfeeling set of persons, like those of whom Mr. Tomkins asserts, and the author of ‘A Country Vicarage’ assumes, aristocratic society to be principally made up. Nor are they good in a section of the higher class, which we here think it necessary to particularize, as we cannot help thinking

that it is they, and they only, who have brought down such a torrent of opprobrium on the mass. We allude to the self-elected leaders of what is called the fashionable world and their followers, —a set of weak, trifling, and often profligate people, by no means eminent for birth, wealth, or personal accomplishment, who, by dint of mere assumption, and by persuading a few men and women of real influence and high station to co-operate with them, have contrived to acquire a formidable description of influence in society, which seldom offers an effective resistance to a well-organized system of exclusiveness. The rise of Almack's may serve to illustrate the mode in which this sort of empire was consolidated. A few pretty woman, not in the highest rank of the nobility, met at Devonshire House to practise quadrilles, then recently imported from the continent. The establishment of a subscription-ball was suggested, to which none but the very *élite* were to be admissible; the subscription to be low, with the view of checking the obtrusive vulgarity of wealth. The fancy took, and when it transpired that the patronesses had actually refused a most estimable English Duchess, all London became mad to be admitted; exclusion was universally regarded as a positive loss of caste, and no arts of solicitation were left untried to avert so horrible a catastrophe. The wives and daughters of the oldest provincial gentry, with pedigrees traced up to the Heptarchy, have been seen humbling themselves by the lowest acts of degradation to soften the obdurate autocratesses; and we fear it is no exaggeration to say, that more than one *parvenu* has been known to barter his vote in parliament, and more than one *parvenue* her honour, for a ball-ticket. The *prestige* has gradually abated, and the institution is now tottering to its fall; but its origin is worth recording, as a ludicrous phenomenon in the progress of society.

ART. IV.—*The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations proved by a comparison of their Dialects with the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic Languages.* By James Cowles Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Oxford. 8vo. 1831.

THE Cimmerians, says Homer,* dwell at the extremity of the ocean, enveloped in clouds and utter darkness. Some of this darkness appears to have clung to all tribes bearing the name, whether related to each other or not. Were the ancient Cimmerians Celts?—were the Cimbri of kindred race?—do the modern Cymry derive their pedigree, and consequently their name and

* Odyssey, l. xi, verses 13—15.

language, from the same source? These questions have been boldly answered in the affirmative; and the supporters of this hypothesis have expended a good deal of learning and ingenuity in tracing the march of the Cimmerii from the Euxine to the British channel—almost as minutely as Xenophon describes the advance and retreat of the Ten Thousand. We do not mean to say that the theory itself is either false or improbable; but we doubt whether any satisfactory evidence has been brought to prove it. Hitherto the matter rests on a few plausible conjectures and a similarity of names—a most fallacious argument in all cases. We know that our neighbours and fellow subjects, the modern Cymry, are distinct from ourselves, both in race and language; but as to their origin and early history, they are still, like their namesakes of old, ἤερί καὶ νεφέλην κεκαλυμμένοι—and likely to remain so.

Various attempts have been made to throw light upon the *primordia* of the people, by means of their language, which, excepting perhaps the Basque, appears to be the most ancient, the most singularly constructed, and the most true to its original form, of all European tongues. Most of those attempts have signally failed, owing to the erroneous principle on which they were undertaken. It was argued that, as the Celts came from the east, they must have spoken an Oriental language; consequently one more or less related to Hebrew—the most ancient of Oriental tongues; a complete *non sequitur*! It must be admitted that a few remarkable coincidences have been pointed out, but the majority of alleged resemblances are altogether visionary. It is very possible that the Celts may have picked up a few* Semitic words in their progress through Asia, especially from the East Aramean, or Chaldee, which has interchanged many vocables with Old Persian, and perhaps with other adjoining dialects; but it would be as easy to trace the bulk of the Celtic languages to Formosa or Madagascar, as to the land of Canaan.

These matters are, however, better understood than they were a century ago. It has been discovered that there are eastern languages of venerable antiquity, totally distinct from Hebrew, but bearing the closest affinity to the principal European tongues. It is now as certain that Greek, Gothic, and Slavonic are the descendants of some ancient dialect nearly related to Sanscrit, as that Portuguese is derived from Latin. The affinity of Celtic to this great family has been doubted, and even flatly denied. Co-

* Two coincidences are worth pointing out, on account of the extensive diffusion of the terms. Syriac גַּבִּינו (gābino), a ridge or summit; Welsh, *cefn*, a ridge, whence *Gebenna mons*—*hodie les Cévennes*; Chevin, or Shevin, a steep rocky ridge in Wharfedale. Syriac, תֹּר (turo) mons.; Welsh, *tor*, a protuberance; *twr*, a heap or pile. Compare Mount Taurus, in Asia—*die Tauren*, i. e., the higher Alps in the Tyrol,—and the numerous *tors* in Derbyshire and the West of England.

lonel Vans Kennedy, in his elaborate 'Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the principal Languages of Asia and Europe,' goes so far as to affirm that 'the British or Celtic language has no connexion with the languages of the East, either in words or phrases, or the construction of sentences, or the pronunciation of letters.' This positive declaration, from a man of undoubted information and research, might seem decisive of the question. But when we find that he denies, in equally positive terms, the affinity between Sanscrit and Persian, which Sir William Jones and Professor Hopp have made as clear as the noon-day sun, we may be permitted to suspect that he has, in both cases, pronounced his verdict rather too hastily; and that Celtic may, in forensic language, be fairly entitled to a new trial. Dr. Prichard has undertaken its cause, and, as we think, with considerable success. He has not indeed exhausted the subject; nor has he dwelt upon the remarkable *difference* between Celtic and the languages more obviously related to Sanscrit, so much as he fairly might have done. But he has, to a certain extent, proved his point, and is entitled to the merit of being the first who has investigated the origin of the Celtic tongues in a rational and scientific manner. If we are not mistaken, one part of his researches throws a new and most important light on the formation of language. This we shall advert to more fully in the sequel, especially as the author himself does not seem fully aware of the consequences deducible from his statements.

The main strength of the Doctor's case seems to lie in the analogy which he has established between the numerals, the names of persons, and degrees of kindred, and of the most ordinary natural objects, in the Celtic dialects, and in the class of languages with which he compares them. Words of this description are of remote antiquity, and commonly of indigenous growth; since we cannot suppose that any people endued with the faculty of language could be long without them. Yet the coincidences between the two classes are too numerous and too striking to be the effect of accident; and, as Dr. Prichard well observes, the Celtic cognates appear under a peculiarity of *form*, which is the surest test of genuineness. For example: it is indisputable that the Sanscrit *swasurah* (father-in-law), Russian *svekor*, German *schwager*, Latin *socer**, Greek *ἐκυρος*, and Welsh *chwegrwn*, are of common origin, and equally so that they are, in no instance, *borrowed* words, but formed, independently of each other, from the same primeval term, according to the genius and organic peculiarities of the respective tongues. Many of the adjectives and

* Terence's *Hecyra*, compared with *socrus*, is an obvious instance of the difference between an imported and a vernacular word.

common verbal roots, adduced by Dr. Prichard, are undoubtedly akin to each other; but some of his examples, we fear, only resemble each other in sound. The proof derived from pronouns and particles would have been more complete, if they had been more minutely analysed; but perhaps the nature of those important words was not so well understood five or six years ago as it is at present. The Celtic personal terminations of verbs are undoubtedly formed on the same *principle* as the Sanscrit and Greek, as well as of *similar* materials. We think the perfect *identity* of the two classes is rather questionable; but we do not consider the evidence supplied by the Celtic tongues less valuable, because it is of an *independent* nature. In one important point a real and fundamental difference seems to have been mistaken for a resemblance. The permutations of initial and final consonants in Welsh and Sanscrit are, upon the whole, correctly stated; but we fear the analogy attempted to be established between the two is hardly so good as Fluellen's parallel between Macedon and Monmouth. The case may be briefly stated as follows:—In Welsh, *initial* consonants are changed into others of the same organ, to denote a diversity of logical or grammatical relation: in Sanscrit, *finals* are changed exclusively for the sake of euphony; that is to say, the change is made in a different manner, and on a radically different principle. It is true that final consonants are occasionally commuted in Welsh, and initials, though in but few instances, in Sanscrit. These permutations are, however, in both cases, of little consequence, and depend upon partial, not general, laws. It is hardly fair or philosophical to deduce leading analogies from a few trivial exceptions.

In the statement of initial permutations in Erse, there appears to be a small oversight. Dr. Prichard observes that, in this language, each consonant appears in two forms only, termed the plain and the aspirated. Apparently he was not aware of a further modification produced by what the Irish grammarians call *eclipsis*, that is, by a prefixed consonant usurping, as it were, the office of the original one. Thus, *baile* (town) appears not only in the aspirated form *bhaile* (pronounced *vaile*), but also in the *eclipsed* form *mbaile*, pronounced *maile*, exactly analogous to *bara*, *vara*, *mara* (bread), in Welsh. Clumsy as this orthography seems, it has the advantage of showing the primary initial, which persons, imperfectly versed in Welsh, cannot always readily find. It might also have been observed that in Manks, commonly regarded as an Erse dialect, most of the initial consonants have three different forms.

In another instance Dr. Prichard seems disposed to adopt a conclusion not quite warranted by his premises. As it relates to

a point of some consequence in tracing the analogy of languages, we shall quote the passage at length.

'It is to be observed that H never stands as the initial of a word in Erse in the primitive form, or is never, in fact, an independent radical letter. It is merely a secondary form, or representative, of some other initial, viz., F or S. It must likewise be noticed that the same words which begin with S or F, as their primitive initial in the Erse, taking H in their secondary form, have, in Welsh, H as their primitive initial. This fact affords an instance exactly parallel to the substitution in Greek of the rough and soft breathings for the Æolic digamma, and in other words for the sigma. Οἶνψ, as it is well known, stands for *Φοῖνψ*, Ἑσπερος for *Φέσπερος*, and ἔπτα probably replaced a more ancient form of the same word, viz., *σεπτά*; ξξ stands for σέξ; ὕς and ἔρω for σὺς and σίρω. These instances might lead us to suppose, as Edward Lhuyd had long ago observed, that the Greek language had originally a regular mutation of initial consonants, similar to that of the Celtic: though it was lost, except in these instances, or rather, as pointed out by these vestiges, previously to the invention of letters.'—pp. 31, 32.

Now, supposing that *σεπτά* and *ἐπτά*, *Φοῖνος* and *οἶνος*, were once contemporary forms in the same dialect of the Greek language,—a proposition which it might be rather difficult to prove—this would be far from amounting to 'a regular mutation of initial consonants, similar to the Celtic.' In Celtic the different forms are used, according to certain fixed rules, to denote different grammatical relations. In Manks, for example, *sooill*—(an eye)—in the vocative, and after certain prepositions, becomes *hooill*; and *shassoo*—(to stand)—is, in a variety of constructions, converted into *hassoo*. But do we find any such limitations in the employment of *σὺς* and *ὕς*? or have we any proof that certain tenses or moods of *ἀνάσσω* regularly had the digamma, while others as regularly wanted it? In Greek, and the languages allied to it, a mixture of forms either denotes a blending of dialects, or a transition-state of the language. Herodotus employs *σὺς* and *ὕς* indifferently; more recent prose-writers use only the latter. The classical language of Upper Saxony, chiefly derived from Southern or Upper German, has a number of duplicate forms from the Lower Saxon, and sometimes employs the two classes indiscriminately. But variations of this sort bear no analogy to permutations like *pen*, head; *ei ben*, his head; *ei phen*, her head; *vy mhen*, my head. The entire system is, as far as we know, peculiar to the Celtic tongues, and it exhibits a phenomenon as curious as it is difficult to account for. In many cases these changes serve as substitutes for Greek and Latin terminations:—e. gr., in Irish, *geal* is *pulcher*, *gheal*, *pulchra*; *mor*, *magnus*; *mhor*, *magna*; masc., *crann mor*, great

great tree; fem., *cloch mhor*, great stone. A careful comparative analysis of the different Celtic dialects might, perhaps, furnish some clue to the mystery.

We could point out many discrepancies between the Cymric branch of the Celtic, and what the German philologists call the Indo-European family—viz. Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Slavonic, Lithuanian, with their descendants—we will, however, content ourselves with briefly indicating three of the most obvious.

1. In the latter * class of languages, substantives, adjectives, and pronouns, have a *neuter gender*—a feature which, we believe, distinguishes them from all others. At least, there are no traces of any such thing in the Semitic, Celtic, Polynesian, or any other family of tongues which we have had an opportunity of examining.

2. They have also comparative and superlative degrees—not only parallel in signification—but of cognate origin, being all clearly connected with one or the other of the two leading forms in Greek—*τερος*—*τατος* (or Latin—*timus*); *ισω*—*ιστος*. The Welsh forms are equivalent in *signification*, but of totally different *structure*. Even Menage would hardly have ventured to class *du*, *duach*, *duaf* (*black*, *blacker*, *blackest*), with any Greek or Latin paradigm. The Erse dialects, which form their comparative and superlative by means of prefixed particles—(*e. gr.*, *geal*, white; *nios gile*, more white; *as gile*, most white)—are still more remote.

3. In Welsh and Armoric, nouns and adjectives have, properly speaking, *no cases*, the different relations of words to each other being either denoted by the collocation, by a change of initials, or by the employment of particles. The few inflexions of Erse nouns bear no analogy to those of the Indo-European class, with the exception of the dative plural in *bh*, which, as Dr. Prichard observes, presents a remarkable resemblance to the Sanscrit *bhyam*, and Latin *bus*. The Doctor regards the Welsh as having lost its inflexions: we are inclined to think that it never had them, and that in this and several other respects, it manifests a more primeval structure than the languages of the Erse family. There are some plausible grounds for conjecturing that most of the terminations in Greek and its kindred are of comparatively recent origin; and that, before these existed, grammatical relations were expressed in a way somewhat analogous to the Celtic process of modifying the sense of words by a change of their radical vowels. This appears, *inter alia*, in the formation of particles from pronominal roots—*e. gr.*, Welsh *pa*, who, or what—*pe*, if—*po*, by how much—(*quo*,

* This, of course, does not apply to English, Italian, &c., which have lost their distinctive terminations. However, they still exhibit traces of it in the *pronouns*. It is remarkable that in Lithuanian—a language in many respects most closely allied to Sanscrit—the neuter gender is retained in adjectives and pronouns, but not in *substantives*.

quanto) *prwy*, to. This is not unlike the changes in the vowels of the Latin pronouns *hic* and *qui*, for which the German philologists account by supposing them to be formed from several distinct roots, *ha*, *hi*, *ho*, *hu*, &c. We regard this supposition as both improbable and unnecessary, and think it much more likely that the vowels were changed to express a difference of grammatical relation. It is possible, that the strong inflections in Greek and German verbs, *σπεῖω*, *σπεῖω*, *ἔσπαγον*, *ἔσπορα*; Germ. pres. *finde*, pret. *fund*, part. *ge-funden*, &c., may have partly originated in a similar principle. We say *partly*, as there is reason to believe that some of them are merely euphonic.

Upon the whole we are of opinion that the affinity between Celtic and the Indian family of languages is only partial, and that the ancestors of the Cymry in particular, must have been separated from the primeval stock, long before Sanscrit existed in anything like its present form. Indeed, Dr. Prichard himself has made out a much stronger case for the Germanic and Slavonic tongues, than for those which he professedly treats of. In one family, the affinity is chiefly in small classes of words, or individual terms; in the others, it pervades the whole structure of the respective languages. Nevertheless, though Dr. Prichard may have attempted to prove too much, he deserves praise for establishing a point which had eluded the researches of his predecessors, and which may eventually prove a valuable contribution towards the history of the human race. We feel no disposition to cavil at occasional errors of detail which we have noticed in the course of the work, especially as the data necessary for correcting them were in many instances unknown when he wrote it. In the case of another edition being called for, an attentive study of Bopp's 'Comparative Grammar,' and Pott's 'Etymological Researches,' would, as we think, induce him to alter or modify some of his conclusions, as well as enable him to supply some deficiencies. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing a wish that he had omitted the parallel between the Indo-European and the Semitic languages, in which, we fear, he succeeds no better than the multitudes who had made the same attempt before him. In nearly every instance the identity of the terms compared is questionable, and in many it is demonstrably imaginary. We will content ourselves with examining a couple of examples which, at first sight, appear very plausible. In Chaldee, תְּלִיתַי (tlithay) denotes *third* (tertius), and this, it must be allowed, looks and sounds very like the Sanscrit *tritaya*. But when we learn that, in the Chaldee word, the third consonant belongs to the *root* (תְּלִת, three)—and in the Indian term to the *termination*—like the Greek τρι—*traios*—

we immediately discern a material difference between them. This becomes still more conspicuous upon comparing the Sanscrit *tri*, or Greek *τρεῖς*, with the Hebrew שְׁלוֹשׁ (shelosh), of which the Chaldee word is merely a dialectical form. Again: our English *wrong* is compared to the Hebrew עָוֹן, evil. Supposing, for argument's sake, that the latter ought, as Dr. Prichard represents it, to be pronounced *rong*, and its original import to be *perverted*, *distorted*, still nothing is gained, unless it could be shown to be connected with the Anglo-Saxon verb *wringan*—*torquere*, from which our English adjective is notoriously derived. The following considerations are, we think, sufficient to show the futility of all attempts to establish a close affinity between the two classes. In the Semitic tongues, the great bulk of the roots are *triliteral*, independently of the *vowels* necessary for articulating them. They must in many cases be at least *disyllables*, and may, for aught we know, have been originally *trisyllabic*. The Sanscrit roots, on the other hand, are uniformly *monosyllables*—frequently a single consonant followed or preceded by a vowel, and rarely comprising more than a vowel and two consonants. They, therefore, who maintain that Sanscrit and Hebrew were originally identical, must either admit that the radical terms in the former language have been *mutilated* by wholesale, or that those of the latter have gained additional elements, *i. e.*, are in reality *compound words*.* Admitting the possibility of all this, still it is clear that nothing can be done in the way of comparative analysis, until it is shown *which* of the two suppositions is the true one.

We now proceed, according to our promise, to consider the light which Dr. Prichard's researches appear to have thrown on the formation of language in general, at least of such languages as resemble the Indo-European and Celtic families in structure. The Semitic tongues furnish a few valuable analogies and general principles; and it is probable, that a *partial* connexion exists between them and the Japhetic class. A few names of natural objects are alike in each; and occasionally a resemblance, either real or apparent, may be traced in the pronouns and particles. Nearly all beyond this is mere conjecture, or assertion without proof; and we wish our readers to bear in mind that much of what we are going to say is inapplicable, or at best of doubtful application, to Hebrew and its cognates. To make our argument more intelligible, we shall begin with a few preliminary remarks on radical or primitive words. We do not profess, like Monboddo

* This composition must, if it ever took place at all, have been effected before the Assyrians, Hebrews, Arabs, and Ethiopians, became distinct peoples. Allowing for dialectical variations, all have the same triliteral roots.

or Murray, to develop their *origin*, but merely to offer an opinion respecting their *nature*.

We observed, on a former occasion, that the manner in which philology has hitherto been studied, has proved one of the most serious obstacles to its advancement. This we believe to be signally the case with respect to what is commonly called *universal* grammar. Most of those who have undertaken to investigate its principles have gone the wrong way to work, and instead of carefully analyzing language to discover what it actually is, they set about demonstrating, *à priori*, what it ought to be. For example, we are told by reputable authors, that the mind of man is conscious of simple existence, whence the verb *to be*, 'the root of all other expression,' and that it is capable of sensations and emotions, to express which, men invented *verbs passive*. Again: mankind have an active principle of *will*, or volition, the operations of which they denote by verbs active, manufactured for the purpose; and as an act implies an efficient *cause*, they found it necessary to represent that cause by a personal pronoun. Further: men are sensible of the existence of material objects, which they express by distinct terms called nouns substantive; and as these objects are possessed of certain distinguishing characteristics, another class of words, called adjectives, was invented to represent them. And finally: as persons and things stand in various relations towards each other of *time*, *place*, and many other modifications of their respective existences, it became necessary to describe those relations by several different classes of words, usually denominated adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions.

All this sounds plausible enough; and we think it very possible that Psalmanazar fabricated his Formosan language on some such principles. The theory too, agrees, or seems to agree pretty well with the *existing state* of our own and many other tongues; but applied to the *elementary principles* of the class of languages which we are now considering, we believe it to be erroneous in almost every particular. A rigorous analysis of the Indo-European tongues shows, if we mistake not, that they are reducible to two very simple elements. 1. Abstract nouns, denoting the simple properties or attributes of things. 2. Pronouns, originally denoting the relations of *place*. All other descriptions of words are formed out of these two classes, either by composition, or symbolical application. As we are not aware that the matter has ever been represented in this point of view by any of our predecessors, it will be necessary to produce arguments and facts to justify it, and, in Jeanie Deans's phrase, to go to the root of the matter.

The common definition of a noun is that it is the name of a *thing*—and most philologists have proceeded on the apparently obvious

obvious conclusion, that the first step in language would be to give appellations to sensible objects. We maintain, on the contrary, that primitive nouns are not names of *things*, at least not of substances or material objects, but of their *qualities* or *attributes*. There is, in this respect, a strict analogy between the operations of language and those of the mind. Our notions of matter are *conceptions* founded on *perception*; in other words, we judge of it by its properties, as they are discernible by our bodily senses. The profoundest philosophy and the most refined chemistry can carry us no farther than this. The *words* expressive of those notions are the earliest in language, and for a very good reason. They are *simple conceptions*, and consequently may be adequately denoted by *simple terms*. This is practically shown by reference to the Sanscrit roots, to which the bulk of that, and many other languages, may be traced. The Indian grammarians uniformly, and as we believe rightly, define them by abstract nouns; and they will be found on examination to express simple qualities, having no existence except as predicated of some given subject. Some of them are employed as abstract nouns in their simplest form, many others become so by the addition of a small suffix, apparently of pronominal origin; and, as we shall hereafter show, they do not lose this character when they become component parts of other words.

But, it will be asked, what are names of things? We answer, they are attributive nouns, used by a sort of synecdoche, to express a substance by one or more of its distinctive *qualities*. A concrete noun, that is, the name of a material object, stands for an aggregate of qualities, the full import of which, as we observed on a former occasion, it is clearly incapable of conveying. This may be instanced by as simple an idea of the class as it is possible to conceive—viz. *atom*. The original *ἄτομος* is a compound word selected by a distinguished philosopher, from the most expressive language in the universe, to denote the smallest possible modification of matter. Nevertheless, it says too much and too little—too much, as being applicable to other things, and consequently ambiguous—too little, because it does not express all the properties even of an atom. The same is, and ever must be, true of all concrete nouns: the only resource, therefore, is to fix on some prominent attribute, and agree to let the word denoting it stand for the aggregate, as we let an abbreviation stand for an entire word, or allow a piece of paper not worth a farthing to pass current for five or fifty pounds. We gave an instance of this kind in a former article, relating to the word *fox*, and could adduce some thousands of the like character if it were necessary.

We

We will content ourselves with a single additional example, which may, perhaps, be new to many of our readers.

A Middlesex man would probably be much surprised to hear a Norfolk farmer talk of the havoc made among game and poultry by *lobsters*, and, on the matter being explained, would doubtless think *lobster* a mighty absurd appellation for the common stoat. But, in Katterfelto's phrase, there is a reason for everything, if people only knew it. The same animal is, in Yorkshire, called a *clubster*, or *clubstart*—i.e. *clubtail*. The Norfolk and Yorkshire terms are evidently allied in origin, and both express the idea meant to be conveyed, viz, an animal with a thick tuft on its tail,* which is a true description as far as it goes. From this and many similar instances we may perceive that language is not so *arbitrary* a thing as many have supposed. Primary words may have been arbitrarily imposed, for anything we know—but, when it was once agreed that they should convey such and such meanings, the subsequent application of them became subject to certain definite rules, and we have no more right to pervert this established meaning, *ad libitum*, than we have to alter the received value of the Arabic numerals. For instance, to designate a stoat or a squirrel by an expression equivalent to *sine caudâ*, would defeat the purpose for which language was given to mankind.

Metaphysicians and philologists frequently talk of men *inventing* words to denote the operations of the understanding. We may be assured that they did no such thing; they only made new applications of those that already existed, according to some real or supposed analogy. The primitive elements of speech are demonstrably taken from the sensible properties of matter, and *nil in oratione quod non prius in sensu* may be regarded as an incontrovertible axiom. Language has not even distinct terms for the functions of the different bodily senses, much less for those of the mind. The epithet *ὀξύς*, primarily meaning *sharp-pointed* or *edged*, is metaphorically applied to denote *acid*, *shrill*, *bright*, *nimble*, *passionate*, *perspicacious*, besides many minuter shades of signification. We may hence perceive the absurdity of those metaphysical theories which make language co-extensive with thought, and, as it were, identical with it—and the unavoidable imperfection of it as a medium of metaphysical investigation.

There has been much wrangling among grammarians as to the nature of adjectives, and their claim to be considered a distinct part of speech. Tooke's chapter on the subject is in many respects one of the best portions of his work. He has shown satis-

* Compare *αἰλουρος*, a cat, (according to Buttmann, *μῆλουρος*;) *σκιουρος*, a squirrel, &c. &c.

factorily that *simple* adjectives only differ from substantives in their application, and that those with distinctive terminations are in reality compound words, having substantives for their basis. He does not indeed explain the nature of the additional elements very happily, when he resolves *en*, *ed*, and *ig* into his favourite *imperatives*, *give*, *add*, *join*; and he has, moreover, weakened his leading position by his loose and inaccurate method of stating it. He says—

‘An adjective is the *name* of a *thing*, which is directed to be joined to some other name of a thing.’

Again—

‘I maintain that the *adjective is equally and altogether as much the name of a thing as the noun substantive*. And so I say of *all* words whatever. For that is not a word which is not the name of a thing. Every word being a sound significant must be a sign, and if a sign, the name of a thing. But a noun substantive is the name of a thing, and nothing more.

‘If, indeed, it were true that adjectives were not the names of things, there could be no *attribution* by adjectives; for you cannot attribute *nothing*. How much more comprehensive would any term be by the attribution to it of *nothing*? Adjectives, therefore, as well as substantives, must equally denote substances; and substance is attributed to substance by the adjective contrivance of language.’

On being reminded of the distinction between *substance* and *essence*, Tooke replies—

‘Well; I care not whether you call it substance, or essence, or accident, that is attributed. *Something* must be attributed, and therefore denoted by every adjective.’*

All this jangling might have been avoided if, instead of saying that words denote *things* or *substances*, terms at the best of ambiguous import, and open to endless cavil, it had been stated that they denote the *attributes* and *categories*, or *relations* of things. It might be difficult to prove that *space* is a *substance*, according to any legitimate meaning of the term; but there can be no doubt as to its being an *attribute* of every material substance, which must be more or less *extended*. We conceive that nouns may be defined as follows:—1. abstract nouns, denoting qualities of things simply; 2. concrete nouns, in which a *single* attribute stands synecdochically for *many*; 3. adjectives, *i.e.* attributes used as descriptive epithets, being sometimes simple terms, *e.g.* *black*, *white*, *choice*; sometimes compound words, as *sorrowful*, *god-like*, *friendly*, *careless*, words which it is unnecessary to analyze. Simple adjectives only occur in particular languages. In Sans-

* See *Diversions of Purley*, vol. ii. pp. 428—434; 438—439.

crit, Greek, Latin, and many others, all adjectives have distinctive terminations, which, as Tooke acutely remarks, were originally *separate words*. Most of these terminations have a *possessive* signification: for example, *barbatus* = *barbâ præditus*; others denote similarity, abundance, privation, analogous to our *like*, *ful*, *less*; and in all cases they do not so much belong to the *attribute* as to the *subject*. *Vir opulentus* is equivalent to *vir præditus divitiis*; and the termination *lentus*, undoubtedly significant, to borrow Tooke's phrase, puts the word in condition to be joined to some substantive.

It has been debated whether an adjective is equivalent to the circumlocution with the genitive case. This we apprehend may or may not be the case, according to circumstances. *Paternus amor* is potentially equivalent to *patris amor*, the ending *nus* having a *possessive* import; and it is actually so when spoken of a *father*, but not when applied to any other person. An uncle may feel an affection for his nephew *equal* to that of a parent, or even *greater*, and in this sense his attachment may be called *paternal*; nevertheless, it is not the affection of a *father*, but that of an *uncle*. In the latter case our own language furnishes a strictly proper term—*fatherly*; i. e., vi termini, *fatherlike*. If a *bonâ fide* father were the subject of the discourse, *paternal* would be the more legitimate expression of the two; and it would be truly absurd to scout it on account of its Latin descent, when it adds so decidedly to the precision of our language.

We believe that no part of speech has been so completely misunderstood as the verb. Tooke's dictum that a verb is a *noun* and *something more*, is true* as far as it goes; but he has not informed us *what* this something more is, nor has any one else, as far as we know, given a satisfactory account of the matter. Grammarians could not help seeing that a noun lies at the root of every verb: for example, that *dream* (*somnium*) is included in *I dream* (*somnio*); and they tell us that the difference consists in the enunciative or assertive power of the latter. But how did it acquire this power? or in what additional element does it consist? Some say, in the verb substantive understood—a supposition logically impossible, as the phrase *ego* (*sum*) *somnium* proves on the face of it. Others, among whom is Harris, say that if we divest a verb of the accessories of mood, tense, number, and person, a *participle* remains, so that γράφω is potentially ἐγὼ (ἐῖμι) γράφαν. This, indeed, is more in accordance with the principles of logic; but it is contradicted by the *form*, which, when the personal termination is removed, has no distinctive element of a participle in

* At least it is true of *finite* verbs; not however, as Tooke represents the matter, of the *roots* or *themes* of verbs.

it. What do we discern in *γαρά* of the stubborn *ων—οντος*, the addition of which constitutes the participle; and which, in one form or other, has stood its ground for thousands of years, from the Sanscrit *tupan*, *tupantas*=*τύπτων*, *τύπτοντος*, down to the modern German *liebend*? In fine, what proof have we of the transition from *γαράων* *ἐγώ* to *γαράω*, any more than for Menage's transmutation of *raposo* into *renard*? A verb divested of its paraphernalia may become an Irish participle, which is a mere abstract noun; but certainly not a Greek, Latin, or even an English one.

Some progress was made in ascertaining the nature of verbs, when it was shown that the personal terminations are in reality personal pronouns. Still the old difficulty remained as to the body of the word. Pott, whom we regard as one of the most acute of European philologists, observes that the verb is divisible into three constituent parts—root, connective vowel, and termination—[*γαρά-ο-μεν*, *pet-i-mus*]—answering to the predicate, copula, and subject, of a logical proposition. We do not clearly see how a mere euphonic syllable, often wanting, can constitute a legitimate logical copula; but supposing that *mus* is *nos*, and *i* a connective, meaning something or other—what is *pet*? In other words, what is a verb divested of its usual adjuncts? We answer boldly that there is no such thing in existence. Every verb includes in it a subject and predicate, or makes an assertion respecting some given person or thing. It must therefore *have a subject*, that is to say, it must be in some *person*. Take away this subject, and the verb becomes a *noun*, as the supines are in Latin, and the infinitives in all languages. The root of the verb is therefore a noun or attribute; and the personal terminations, as we have seen, are to be resolved into pronouns. It only remains to inquire what is the nature of the copula or connexion between them.

We have observed that Dr. Prichard's statements respecting the Celtic languages throw a new and important light on the formation of language; and this we hold to be particularly the case with respect to the verb. He has shown that the personal terminations in Welsh are pronouns, and that they are more clearly and unequivocally so than the corresponding endings in Sanscrit or its immediate descendants. However, he lays no stress upon a fact which we cannot but consider highly important: viz., that they are evidently in *statu regiminis*, not in apposition or concord: in other words, they are not nominatives, but oblique cases, precisely such as are affixed to various prepositions. For example, the second person plural does not end with the nominative *chwi*, but with *ech*, *wch*, *och*, *ych*, which last three forms are also found coalescing with various prepositions—*iwoch*, to you; *ymoch*,

ynoch, in you; *wrthych*, through you. Now the roots of Welsh verbs are confessedly nouns, generally of abstract signification; ex. gr. *dysg* is both *doctrina*, and the 2. pers. imperative, *doce*: *dysg*—*och* or—*wch*, is not, therefore, *docetis* or *docebitis vos*; but *doctrina vestrum*, teaching of or by you. This leads to the important conclusion that a verb is nothing but a noun, combined with an oblique case of a personal pronoun, virtually including in it a connecting preposition. This is what constitutes the real copula between the subject and the attribute. *Doctrina ego* is a logical absurdity; but *doctrina mei*, teaching of me, necessarily includes in it the proposition *ego doceo*, enunciated in a strictly logical and unequivocal form.

If we mistake not, this view of the subject derives an important confirmation from a parallel construction in some of the Semitic languages. It is well known that this class of tongues has no simple present tense, for which various periphrastic forms are occasionally substituted. The present of the verb substantive is often denoted by an abstract noun denoting *being*, combined with the oblique cases of the different personal pronouns. The Hebrew word is *ישׁ* (*yesh*); but, as there might be some question as to the real nature and import of this word, we prefer adducing the Syriac form, *אית* (*ith*), the plural of which is employed in *statu regiminis*, along with pronominal suffixes to express the various persons of the verb *to be*, according to the following paradigm:—

אִיתִי, <i>ithai</i> ,	literally	existentiæ mei	= sum
אִיתֶיךָ, <i>ithaich</i> ,	„	tui	= es
אִיתְּהוּ, <i>ithau</i> ,	„	sui	= est
אִיתָּנוּ, <i>ithain</i> ,	„	nostrī	= sumus
אִיתְּכֶם, <i>ithaichun</i> ,	„	vestrī	= estis
אִיתְּהֶם, <i>ithaihun</i> ,	„	illorum	= sunt

We omit the feminine forms, which are exactly on the same principle. Compare the Welsh future * *byddav*, from the root *bod*, being, existence—

Sing. 1. <i>byddav</i> , ero	Pl. <i>byddwn</i>
2. <i>byddi</i>	<i>byddwch</i>
3. <i>bydd</i>	<i>byddant</i>

There is another form, *oedd*,† commonly called an imperfect, but seemingly an aorist—

* The Welsh has no simple present tense; the future is occasionally employed instead of it.

† With the leave of the Welsh grammarians, we are disposed to identify *oedd* with the noun *oed*, time, age, duration, so that *oedd-wn* is literally *duratio mei* = ful.

Sing. 1. oeddwn, eram, fui
2. oeddit
3. oedd

Pl. 1. oeddym
2. oeddych
3. oeddynt

The analogy between the above Syriac construction and those Celtic forms is striking, and there can be no mistake respecting the precise nature of them, especially of the first. ܐܬܝܢ is unequivocally a noun plural; and the pronominal suffixes are not nominatives in apposition or concord with the noun, but oblique cases *sub regimine*. When participles or adjectives are used with a pronoun to express the present tense, as is frequently the case, the Syriac idiom invariably requires nominatives in concord, analogous to the Latin *prior ille [est]*, *amantes nos [sumus]*. In this Aramean construction, we see, if we are not deceived, the true primary elements of a verb; and, among European languages, the Welsh deserves the honour of having maintained them in the greatest purity. It is not surprising that they cannot be so clearly identified in Sanscrit, where so much has been sacrificed to sound. There is, however, no doubt that the Sanscrit personal terminations are pronouns, and it is equally certain that they have not the forms of *nominatives*. *Mi* in *asmi* (sum) may be a modification of the genitive *mē* = *ma-i*, or of the locative *mayi*; but it cannot without violence be resolved into the nominative *aham*. More on this hereafter.

The following conspectus of the present indicative in five branches of the Indo-European family will show the intimate connexion between them, and the mutilation which our own language has suffered:—

	<i>Sanscrit.</i>	
mānayāmi mānayasi mānayati		mānayāmas mānayat'ha mānayanti
	<i>Pracrit.</i>	
mānēmi mānēsi mānēdi		mānēmha mānēd'ha mānēnti
	<i>Doric.</i>	
τιθημι τιθης τιθητι		τιθεμες τιθετε τιθευτι
	<i>Old High German.</i>	
varmanem varmanes varmanet		varmanemes varmanet varmanent
	<i>Latin.</i>	
monēo mones monet		monemus monetis monent, GoogleThe

The Welsh verb, though constructed on similar *principles*, seems, as we have already observed, to be composed of different *materials* from the rest. A minute analysis of the personal endings and other component parts of the Sanscrit and Greek verb would carry us far beyond our limits. We must, therefore, refer our reader to Bopp's 'Conjugations-System der Sanskrita-Sprache,' and to Pott's 'Etymologische Forschungen.' He may not perhaps assent to all the conclusions of these eminent philologists, but he will find abundant cause to admire their learning and ingenuity.

If our theory of a verb is correct, it follows that the usually received definitions of it are either erroneous or incomplete. It is said essentially to imply *action* or *motion*, and we are even gravely informed that such terms as *rest*, *lie*, *sleep*, are not less *actions* than *walk*, *fly*, *kill*. Are, then, *action* and *inaction* convertible terms? or when we say, 'the pyramids *stand* on the banks of the Nile,' do we assert that they either *act* or *move*? The truth is, that all those who fancy that verbs are distinguished from nouns, as animals are from plants, by a sort of *inherent* vitality, have proceeded on an utter misconception of their real nature. Motion or action is no more inherent in a verbal root than a meat-roasting quality is inherent in a smokejack, or the power of forging a horseshoe in a smith's hammer. Both these require an extrinsic moving power to make them efficient—and so do the themes of verbs. Their office is simply to denote the categories or predicaments of given subjects, which may either express existence, motion, action, sensation, or their opposites. The active power is in the *person* or *agent*—take away this, and there remains a mere imaginary quantity, or mental abstraction, ready indeed to become an attribute of any suitable subject, but no more capable of positive existence without one, than the whiteness of snow can remain after the snow is melted.

Our remarks can, of course, only be fully applicable to language in its original and genuine form. All language becomes merely mechanical in process of time in the mouths of the people, who seldom fail to corrupt what they do not altogether understand. Bopp observes that when the force of the pronominal suffixes of verbs was no longer felt, they were replaced, or rather expounded, by detached pronouns prefixed; and in some tongues, the comment has nearly caused the disappearance of the text. The finite verb of our remote ancestors, with its array of significant personal endings, bore some analogy to a locomotive carriage, having a propelling force within itself. We have allowed the wheels and machinery to go to decay, but—to borrow an excellent illustration of Tooke's—we still make a shift to drag the body of the vehicle as

a sledge. Such phenomena belong to the corruptions of language, not to its legitimate operations.

We have thus endeavoured to show that nouns,* adjectives, and verbs are attributive words, either simply or in combination with an additional element. We now proceed to the second division of the subject.

Strictly speaking, pronouns may be called attributives, as they express an attribute of a peculiar kind; but for practical purposes it is more convenient to consider them as a separate class. When we describe them as a primitive part of language, we speak of language in its known and visible state, not as it *may* have existed at a period about which we have no evidence. There is reason to believe that pronouns were, in reality, formed upon local particles, analogous to the א, ל, מ, of the Hebrews; but the existence of such is more a matter of probable inference than of positive testimony. The Latin *is*, simple as it seems, includes three distinct ideas—*person*, *masculine gender*, and *place*; but though the portion of it denoting *place* may have once existed separately, we cannot trace it with any certainty, while, on the other hand, we find many prepositions, conjunctions, and adverbs unequivocally formed from pronouns. The number of pronominal roots in Sanscrit seems to have been more considerable than it is at present. Some, which only appear as particles, or portions of compound words, occur as distinct pronouns in the cognate languages, and the Celtic dialects help to supply several chasms. Professor Bopp considers the monosyllabic forms as the only primitives; and these are found to be chiefly demonstratives, or relatives. We subjoin a list of them, with a few of the corresponding forms in other languages:—

A, only found in composition in Sanscrit, but extensively employed in Celtic, both as a demonstrative and a relative.

I. (this) Lat. *is*; old German, i-r.

K A. Lat. *quis*; Lettish, ka-s; Gothic, hva-s.

T A. Gr. *ὅς*; Gothic, *thata*.

P A. Welsh, *pa*, who or what.

S A. fem *sā*; Zend. *ha*, *hā*; Dor. *ὅ*, *ᾰ*; Gothic, *sa*, *so*; Ang. Sax. *se*, *seo*.

V A.

M A. } In oblique cases and compounds.

N A. }

Y A. The Sanscrit relative.

The following may be probably deduced from Sanscrit particles and compounds, and cognate languages:—

* For brevity's sake we omit all consideration of participles, which are composed of the same materials as certain classes of adjectives, and are often identical with them.

D A. Sanscrit, *i-dam*, this; Gr. *ἐγώ*; Irish, *da*, if.

R A. Sanscrit, *pa-ra*, alius; Gaelic, *ra*, *ro*, very, exceeding; Welsh, *rhy*, ditto.

Other monosyllabic forms occur, but they seem to be either deflected or compounded from the above: e. gr., *tya*, *this*, *that*, is considered by Bopp as compounded from *ta* + *ya*; and *ki*, *ku*, seem to be mere modifications of *ka*, according to the ancient principle of altering the radical vowels of words to denote a change of signification. Simple and insignificant as the above elements appear, they have exercised a most extensive influence upon language; and we believe that every tongue of what is called the Caucasian family is indebted to these, or at least to similar elements, for much of its organization. It would require many volumes to discuss the subject in all its bearings; we shall, therefore, at present, confine ourselves to a brief sketch of a few of its principal features.

Most grammarians have regarded the personal pronouns as a kind of *substantives*, *intrinsically* denoting the person speaking, the person spoken to, and the person spoken of. We consider this theory to involve an utter impossibility. No word can *intrinsically* denote a person, that is, a being combining in itself a multitude of distinct qualities, known and unknown, still less any or every person. It can only express some characteristic attribute; and in the case of the words we are treating of, this attribute must be strictly applicable to every instance in which they are employed. *Ego*, for example, must denote some adjunct or relation of the person speaking, just as much as *triangle* expresses the most prominent characteristic of the mathematical figure so called. This relation, we conceive, can only be that of *place*; in other words, what we call personal pronouns are, at least originally were, nothing more than *demonstratives*. The possibility of this is shown by reference to the Latin language.* *Hic*, *iste*, *ille*, are notoriously a sort of correlatives to *ego*, *tu*, *sui*, and, if the custom of the language allowed it, might, on every occasion, be substituted

* The same distinction is observed in many Asiatic languages. We request the attention of our readers to the following instances:—

Armenian, *sa*, *ta*, *na*;

Chinese, *che*, *na*, *nai*;

Japanese, *kono*, *sono*, *ano*;

Tagalian, *dini*, *dito*, *diyan*.

All the above forms correspond precisely to *hic*, *iste*, *ille*; and are systematically employed to distinguish objects connected with the first, second, and third persons. In the Tonga language, the particles *my*, *atoo*, *ougi*, q. d. *hùc*, *istùc*, *illùc*, are used, with great nicety of discrimination, to direct the action of the verb towards the first, second, and third persons, respectively. Many proofs might be adduced of the close connexion subsisting between the demonstrative and personal pronouns, as well as of the similarity of their component elements in nearly all the known Asiatic and European tongues.

for them, without producing the smallest ambiguity. Instances of their being actually thus employed are not uncommon. Thus, 'Tu, si *hic* sis, aliter sentias.'—('I'erence, Andr. 2, 1.)= 'If you were *I*, you would think differently;' and 'O *isti* qui ad deorum nos cultum invitatis.'—(Arnob., l. 1.)= 'O *you* who invite us to worship your gods!' besides the well-known formulæ of the Greek tragedians, οὔτος ἀνὴρ = ἐγὼ, and ὃ οὔτος = οὐ. We do not, indeed, perceive much resemblance between the demonstratives and the *nominative cases* of personal pronouns in Greek, Latin, or even in Sanscrit; but the coincidences in *oblique forms*, in the personal endings of verbs, and in particles, are so close and so numerous, as to render the affinity of the two classes more than probable. This will appear more clearly from the following paradigm of the Sanscrit 1st perfect; evidently an older form than the present, and the undoubted archetype of the Greek 2d aorist.

Sing. 1. a-tuda-m.

2. a-tuda-s.

3. a-tuda-t.

Pl. a-tuda-ma.

a-tuda-ta.

a-tuda-n.

We see no absurdity in supposing the above terminations to be relics of the demonstratives *ma, sa, ta*, = *his, iste, ille*. *Sa* and *ta* actually exist in Sanscrit, and *ma*, as a proper demonstrative, may be deduced from *i-ma*, this—the ancient Greek form, μιν—and a variety of particles. Its relation, in point of signification, to *hic*, may be inferred from the Greek μὲν, μετὰ, the Armoric pronominal suffix *mâ* = Lat. *ce*, Fr. *ci*; e. gr., *an den mâ*, *this man* (cet homme *ci*), and its employment in several* languages to form *datives* and *accusatives*, both including the idea of connexion or acquisition. Its affinity to the oblique cases of the pronoun *I*, in Sanscrit, Greek, Gothic, and some scores of tongues besides, will hardly be disputed.

The terminations of the Sanscrit present are, sing., *mi, si, ti*; pl., *mas, tha, nti*, almost exactly the Doric forms in μι. They are evidently composed of the same elements as the endings in the preceding paradigm, but are more fully developed. According to our theory of the verb, they were originally oblique, probably instrumental,† cases of pronouns, in construction with nouns, the preposition included in the case forming the *copula*.

We apprehend this view of the subject will help to explain an apparent anomaly in several languages, viz., the discrepance between

* *Mi, ma, mo*, occur in many languages as interrogative and indefinite pronouns, which are often closely connected with demonstratives and relatives.

† One strong ground for this supposition is, that the ancient Latin imperatives, *esod—vivitod*—and the analogous Veda—imperative—*jiva-tât* = *vivito*—are unequivocally in the *ablative* form.

the nominative of the pronoun of the first person and its oblique cases, and the absolute want of a nominative in the paradigms of *oû* and *sui*. Most grammarians regard the nominatives of the above words as *lost*; we are of opinion that they never existed—for this sufficient reason—that they were not wanted. The subject of the proposition was sufficiently pointed out by the personal *termination*, and the employment of a separate pronoun prefixed, appears to have been an innovation first introduced for the sake of emphasis, and even now but sparingly allowed in some languages. Had a nominative, corresponding in form to *mei*, ever been in current use, as the subject of the verb, as we employ the pronoun *I*, it is incredible that it should totally disappear, when it must have been one of the most common words in the language. The present Greek and Latin nominatives, *ἐγὼ* (*ἐγών*), *ego*, and the German *ich*, anciently *ih*, may be traced to the Sanscrit *aham*. Professor Bopp regards *ah* as the root of this word = Germ. *ich*. We rather think, with Graff, that the terminating *m*, which appears in all the oblique cases, is the real root; and that *aha* is a particle prefixed for the sake of emphasis, perhaps related to *iha* = *here*, nearly analogous to the Italian *ecco mi*.

Our readers will easily apply the above observations to the remaining personal pronouns, singular and plural; and will not fail to observe the analogy between the first person of each in the verbal paradigm. The characteristic termination of the third person plural—Sanscrit, *nti*, Latin and old German, *nt*—has given grammarians a great deal of trouble. Dr. Prichard ingeniously suggests the Welsh *hwynt* (they)—*in regimine*, *ynt*—as the probable origin of it, and we have no doubt that there is a connexion between this pronoun and the *Welsh* verbal terminations, *ant*, *ent*, *ynt*. We do not, however, believe that the Sanscrit or Latin forms were *derived* from the Celtic, or that those languages ever had a separate pronoun resembling *hwynt* in form and meaning. We think it more probable that the similarity of the respective endings arises from their being formed by a *combination* of the same primeval elements, viz. the demonstrative roots *na* + *ta*. The Esthonian *need* (*illi*) may have been formed by a similar process.

We cannot help thinking it a strong confirmation of our theory, that the different pronouns and personal terminations are in many cases *commutable* with each other—i.e. the element which in one dialect stands for the first person, in another represents the second or third, and *vice versâ*. This will appear more evidently from the following conspectus of a few pronominal roots, with some of their ostensible derivations:—

MA. Esthonian, *ma*; Welsh, *mi*; Irish, *me*; Persian, *men*;
 Digitized by Google Finnish,

Finnish, *mī-na*, I; Gr. *μῖν*, him; Hungarian, *ma-ga*, ipsemet. Plur.—Finnish, *me*; Lithuanian, *mes*; Slavonic, *my*; Gr. *ἄμ-μεις*, we; *ὕμ-μεις*, you.

VA. Gothic, *vīt*; Slavn. *va*, *vje*, *we-two*; Sanscrit, 1st pers. dual, *tuda*—*vas*, *we-two* strike—plur. *vayam*; Zend. *vaem* (we); Goth. *veis*; Germ. *wir*; Ang. Sax. *we*.

Second Person.—Sanscr. acc. dual. *vām*; Zend. *vāo*; Slavn. (dative) *vama*, you-two. Plur.—Sanscr. acc. *vas*; Zend. *vō*; Lat. *vos*; Slavn. *vy*.

NA. (In the Finnish dialects *this* or *that*; Pali, *nam*, that; Gr. *νῖν*, him, her, them.) Sanscr, acc. dual, *nāu*, us-two; Gr. *νῶϊ*; Slavn. (dat.) *nama*. Plur.—Sanscr. acc. *nas*; Zend. *nō*; Lat. *nos*; Welsh, *ni*; Slav. (gen.) *nas*; Pali, *ne*, *nā*, those.

SA. (In Sanscrit and Armenian, *this*, Irish, *so*, ditto) Esthonian, *sa*, Finnish, *Si-nä*, Gr. *σὺ*, thou. Irish, *se*, he; *sinn*, we; *sibh*, you; *siad*, they. Germ. *sie*, she, they.

The above apparent anomalies and interchanges, capricious as they seem, are easily explained, if we suppose that the pronominal roots had primarily a *local* signification. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that VA was equivalent to the Greek *αὐτός*, it is easy to conceive that some tribes might use it in the dual and plural to express* *we* = Lat. *hi*, while others, with perfect propriety, applied it to denote *you* = *isti*. The same principle will serve to establish an affinity between the Greek pronominal forms —*σφε*, *σφῶϊ*, *σφωέ*, *σφεῖς*. Several of the German philologists have pointed out the probable connexion of *σφε*, *σφωέ*, and *σφεῖς* with the Sanscrit *sva*, and Latin *sui*. However, not being able to divest their minds of the idea of a radical distinction between the second and third persons, they violently derive *σφῶϊ* from Sanscr. *tvam*, thou. We think it clear that all the above forms are from the *same root*, having primarily the force of *αὐτός*, or *ipse*, which, as every schoolboy knows, are of *all persons*. Otherwise, it is not easy to explain how Homer could use *σφίσιν* in the sense of *vobis* (Il. x. 398), or how the possessive *σφέτερος* could be employed indifferently to denote *his*, *our*, *your*, and *their*. Vide Hesiod, Opera et Dies, v. 2, Theocritus, Id. 22, v. 67.

We proceed to consider the affinity, or rather the identity, of pronouns and simple particles, the establishment of which is, perhaps, the most important discovery in modern philology. We shall preface our remarks with an extract from Sir Graves Haughton's Bengali Grammar, which, among some more than question-

* Bopp, who generally considers the personal pronouns as a sort of substantives, radically distinct from each other, admits that the Sanscrit *nas* (nos) is probably from the demonstrative root *na*; and originally had the import of the Latin *hi*. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, if *hi* can denote *nos*, *hic* must be equally capable of denoting *ego*.

able positions and offensively audacious assumptions; contains several really ingenious and valuable observations.

‘Prepositions were originally employed to contrast the relative positions of the different objects of nature; which were of course, in the infancy of society, the first things that required the employment of speech for their description. But, in proportion as the impressions received through the senses began to be comprehended, the operations of the intellect were developed, and man *became* (?) a reasoning being; and almost imperceptibly, a new application of language was required, to express the various relations of abstract ideas. And though there may seem to be no necessary connexion between the relations of material things and abstract notions, yet, as the comprehension of the latter gradually arises out of the consideration of the modes of material objects; so language, which had *resulted* from the necessity of describing whatever was within the scope of the senses, (?) came at last to be employed to denote the abstract conceptions of the mind; because it was ready at hand, and saved the trouble of a new convention between the interlocutors. Hence, it must be purely metaphorical, as often as it is employed in the description of abstract ideas.

‘But the obvious distinction between language which had been* *invented* (?) to describe natural objects, and its figurative application to denote abstract ideas, must never be lost sight of in practice. Thus, when prepositions are employed for the purposes for which they were invented, they mark the relations of local position; as, “the bird flew *to, above, below, before, behind, &c.*, the tree.” But, when the same prepositions are borrowed to express abstract conceptions, as, “fancy triumphs over reason,” or, “the mind revolts against oppression,” they imply nothing more than a mere mental contrast; and by convention we agree to think, that what we assimilate in our minds to *above* and *before, &c.*, is better than what we designate by *below* and *behind, &c.*, though there can be neither *up* nor *down, before* or *after*, in what is altogether intellectual.

‘From what has been remarked above, it will be evident that prepositions were, in the origin of language, almost as indispensable as verbs; for, without their aid, no verb except a neuter one could have conveyed a definite idea; as the prepositions alone denote the action of the verb. And what may tend to prove their specific formation for their present use is, that they are almost universally the shortest words, and are incapable of being decompounded.’—*Rudiments of Bengali Grammar*, pp. 106—8.

* Theorists talk of the *invention* of words by savages, as if it were one of the easiest matters in the world. We beg to ask whether they *invent* any new words (i. e. *original* words) now-a-days; and if not—*when* the process ceased—and *why*? We believe it to be almost as easy to create a new particle of matter, as for a man—savage or civilized—to *invent* a fresh verbal root, and make it pass current as such. How many vocables have the Chinese added to their stock during the last three thousand years? or where do we find any recent terms not formed by derivation or composition from previously existing elements?

We refrain from meddling with the Monboddism of the above passage; but the observations on the primary and secondary applications of prepositions; and their importance in language, command our entire assent. We do not, however, regard prepositions and conjunctions, in *their existing form*, as primitive words, but as formed by inflection and composition from *pronouns*, chiefly demonstratives; at least, if any are entitled to be considered as original words, the simple forms *μὲν, δὲ, εἰ, καί, τε, γάρ, νε, ve, ce, que, &c.*, many of which are also found in Sanscrit, are the most likely to be so. The pronominal origin of many particles is too obvious to be insisted upon. It will hardly be denied that *quò, quà, quí, quam, quum*, and our own *where, whence, why, whither, &c.*, are mere modifications of *qui* and *who*, and that the Greek *ὅς, ὅτε*, and German *wie, wo, wenn, &c. &c.*, are of similar origin. In like manner *ἄλλα* is merely a neuter plural of *ἄλλος*; *ἀμφί, ἀμφίς*, evidently connected with *ἄμφω*; and *sed, se* (without), as we formerly observed, are apparently ablatives of *sui*. We consider it as equally certain that *sí* (if) is the ablative of the ancient demonstrative pronoun *sis = is*—q. d. **in this* [case], and *sic* the same word, with the addition of the enclitic *ce*—q. d. *in this* [manner]. Most of the Greek prepositions occur in Sanscrit under almost identical forms, and nearly all may be deduced, with more or less certainty, from Sanscrit pronominal roots. Sir G. Haughton observes that *ἀπὸ, πρὸ, παρὰ, σὺν, ὑπὸ, περὶ, ἐπὶ, ὑπέρ*, are evidently identical with the Sanscrit and Bengali words *apa, pra, para, sam, upa, pari, api, upari*. He also refers *πρὸς* to *purás* (before); we think that *prati*, exactly the Homeric *πορτί*, furnishes a more satisfactory etymology.

We refer our readers to Professor Bopp for a further investigation of the origin of the Sanscrit particles. Some of his etymologies are confessedly conjectural, others we conceive to be perfectly satisfactory. He appears to have established his leading positions—that pronouns and particles are closely related, and that they form a totally distinct class from nouns and verbs—on a firm basis. We have only space for two examples.

Grammarians are greatly puzzled to account for the various and seemingly conflicting meanings of the preposition *παρὰ*. We think they may be all satisfactorily deduced from its etymon, the Sanscrit indefinite pronoun *para = alius*, which is evidently capable of denoting addition, juxtaposition, approach, and similar relations, in which one thing is viewed in *conjunction with another*, and departure, deviation, distortion, change, &c., where a thing is

* Cf. Havelok, vv. 2119, 20—

‘Thou mayst us bothe yeve and selle
With that thou wilt here dwell :’

i.e. if thou wilt; a literal translation of *si*.

considered as *distinct from another*. Παρέχω, πάρεμι, παράβαλλω, are examples of the former idea; and παρατρέχω, παρατρέω, παραβαίνω, παρακύνω, παροράω, and a multitude of similar expressions,—some literal and some metaphorical, but all including the idea of *difference*—belong to the latter. We shall not at present discuss the probable affinity between παρὰ and πρὸς, πρῶς, πρᾶν, *præ*, *per*, &c., respecting which much might be said, but we think it important to observe that the two leading significations which we have pointed out in παρὰ, also appear in the German *ver* and its cognates. Thus, *verschaffen*, to procure, *vergrössern*, to increase, *veralten*, to grow old, *vernehmen*, to perceive, have a sort of acquisitive sense; while *verachten*, to despise, *verderben*, to destroy, *verführen*, to lead away, seduce, *verkaufen*, to sell, and a multitude of others, convey an apparently opposite idea. This latter idea of change, distortion, injury, &c., is the more prevalent one in Anglo-Saxon and English words compounded with *for*—*forego*, *for swear*, *forget*, *forsake*, the Scottish *forspeak*, and many others. The editor of the ‘Diversions of Purley’ (Mr. R. Taylor) well observes that Tooke’s etymology of *for*—viz. Gothic *fairina* (cause)—does not apply to cases of this description*, and that the various significations of *for* can only be studied to advantage by comparing the various Teutonic languages. The Sanscrit etymon, which we have suggested for παρὰ, seems equally capable of explaining the intensive and privative acceptations of our *for* and the German *ver*.

Another family of words in the European languages—resembling in sound, but apparently different in signification—seem to have the Sanscrit relative pronoun *ya* = *qui*, as their common ancestor. In the Indian dialects a multitude of particles are formed from this pronoun, analogous to the derivatives of *qui* and its cognates—e. gr. Sanscr. *yat*, that, *quòd*—*yatas*, whence, *θεν*; *yadā*, when, *τε*; *yadi*, if; *yadiwā*, or, *si*-*ve*. The same element occurs in the particles of many other languages, in nearly the same significations, and they will generally be found to include the force of a demonstrative or relative pronoun. For example, Goth. *jah*, Old Germ. *ja*, *joh*, Finnish *ja* = *and*, may be resolved into *in this* or *that* (*suppl. manner*), nearly equivalent to our *also*. The Greek *τε*, from the demonstrative root TA, and Latin *que*, from the relative KA, are apparently of parallel import. We

* Tooke’s etymology is ludicrous enough when examined. *Fairina* is itself a derivative word, and though it corresponds to *αἰτία*, it is not in its sense of *cause* or *reason*, but always in that of *fault* or *crime*. The same word is found in old German—*vir-ina*, *scelus*. A little attention would have shown that our preposition *for* stands for three different German words, *für*, *vor*, and *ver*, and that our conjunction *for* is in all cases a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *forþy* or *forþam*—exactly the Italian *perchè*.

believe the same signification to be included in Goth. *jai*, *ja*, Germ. *ja*, Ang. Sax. *gea*, *gese*, Frisic *je*, Welsh and Armoric *je* = yes*. In the Scandinavian dialects *ja* is the answer to simple interrogations, and *ju*, *jo*, to questions including a negative. In all cases we conceive the particle simply means *in this* (manner), *thus* = Latin *ita*. The Sanscrit *yadi* appears to furnish a clue to the Gothic *jabai*, Frisic *jef*, Ang. Sax. *gif*, Old Germ. *ibu*, *ubi*, Lettish *ja*, Finnish *jos* = *if*†—all denoting *in which* or *in that* [case or supposition] = Latin *si*. *Jabai*—from which the other Germanic forms are descended—appears to have originally been a dative or instrumental case of *ya*, analogous to *tubya* = Latin *tibi* (compare *ibi*, *ubi*, Gr. *βίηφι*, Slavonic *tebje* = *tibi*).

The relative import of the particle is most clearly discernible in the distributive phrases, Ang. Sax. *ge sceap*, *ge oxan*—both sheep and oxen, or, more familiarly, *what* sheep, *what* oxen; Latin *qua*‡ *oves*, *qua* *boves*; Ital. *che* *piccoli*, *che* *grandi*—both small and great; or in the comparative construction—Germ. *je* *mehr*, *je* *besser*, Lat. *quo* *plus*, *eo* *melius*; sometimes *je* *mehr*, *desto* *besser*, *quo* *plus*, *hoc* *melius*.

The above instances may serve to illustrate the manner in which adverbs and conjunctions are formed from pronouns. It will be observed that all those phrases, as well as all cases in which particles are formed from adjectives, are *elliptical*, requiring the words *place*, *time*, *manner*, v. t. q. to complete the sense—e. gr. *ᾧδε*, *in this* [place]; *ibi* (from *is*) *in that* [place]; *μακρὰν* [*ὅδον*]; *primo* [loco]; *sero* [tempore]; *certo* [modo]. We do not stop to inquire whether such words are still adjectives and pronouns, or have become different parts of speech, our business being merely to show what they originally were. The process by which pronouns or pronominal adverbs might be converted into prepositions will be readily understood by considering the constructions *ubi* *gentium*, *quo* *terrarum*, *hic* *loci*, *eò* *loci*, and many others, where the relations of place, time, &c., are expressed in a manner closely analogous to government by a preposition. For example, *hic* might easily have been employed to denote *cis*, *juxta*, or any other relation of *proximity*; and *eò* was as capable of signifying *ultra*, *trans*, and similar ideas of remoteness as the words now sanctioned

* Tooke's derivations of *yes* from *ay es*, *have that*, or the Fr. imperat. pl. *a-yez*, are supremely absurd: it is as notorious as a matter of fact can be, that the Anglo-Saxon *gea*—the parent of our *yes*—existed long before the modern German *es* or the French *ayez* were heard of.

† We believe this to be the true etymology of *if*; not, as we formerly suggested, Sanscr. *i-va*, *sient*, or Germ. *iba*, *doubt*.

‡ The German *je*, Dan. *ju*, Swed. *ju*, have the same distributive force in the phrase *je* *zwei* *und* *zwei* = two and two—Gr. *καὶ* *δύο*. In many constructions they have a restrictive power, exactly equivalent to the Greek particle *γάρ*, which we believe to be of cognate origin.

by custom. The Anglo-Saxon *geond*, beyond, is a mere demonstrative pronoun, expressing elliptically what the German *jenseits* describes more fully. *Ἠσπᾶν* is apparently a mere accusative feminine of Sanscr. *para*, q. d. *on the other* [side].

We must again refer our readers to Professor Bopp for a full exposition of the manner in which pronouns enter into the composition of words—the terminations and cases of nouns and participles—the formation of abstract substantives—and the suffixes of adverbs. A single example may serve to give our readers some idea of this part of the subject. The distinguishing termination of many Sanscrit genitives is *sya*—e. gr., *ta-sya*—of *this* = Gr. *τοῦ*. This termination is apparently compounded from the demonstrative and relative pronouns—*sa* + *ya*—having in conjunction a *possessive* import. The same appears in *manushya*, man or human (compare Germ. *mensh*), from *manu*, and bears a remarkable resemblance to the ending of *δημόσιος*—q. d., *belonging to the people*. The same explanation will serve for the Sanscrit participial suffixes—*tas*, *vas*, *nas* (Latin, *tus*, *vus*, *nus*), which are all apparently formed by the combination of pronominal roots, and have a sort of possessive signification. At least we regard this theory as much more probable and rational than that of Mr. A. W. Schlegel, who treats the formative syllables, producing such numerous and important modifications of the meaning of words, as in themselves destitute of signification. Speaking of the family of languages with inflections, he observes—

‘Le merveilleux artifice de ces langues est, de former une immense variété de mots, et de marquer la liaison des idées que ces mots désignent, moyennant un assez petit nombre de syllabes qui, considérés séparément, n’ont point de signification, mais qui déterminent avec précision le sens du mot auquel elles sont jointes. On décline les substantifs, les adjectifs, et les pronoms, par genres, par nombres, et par cas ; on conjugue les verbes par voix, par modes, par temps, par nombres et par personnes, en employant de même des désinences et quelquefois des augmens qui, séparément, ne signifient rien.’—*Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales*.

We consider this hypothesis as chimerical, and next to impossible. We believe that in language *ex nihilo nihil fit* ; and we are at a loss to conceive how elements, originally destitute of signification, can determine the sense of anything with precision. To assume that they have no meaning, because we cannot always satisfactorily explain it, is only an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*. A mere Englishman sees no distinct meaning in the final syllables of *man-hood*, *priest-hood*, *widow-hood*, or of the German *freiheit*, *schön-heit*, *weis-heit*. But a Bavarian, accustomed to talk of the ‘*gute*,’ or ‘*schlechte hait*,’ of things, can tell him at once

that the termination in both languages denotes *quality, state, condition*.* It is, therefore, lawful to conclude, from analogy, that the terminations in *liber-tas*, *πράο-της*, and many other abstract terms, have a distinct meaning, which was perfectly understood when they first began to be employed.

It is foreign to our present purpose to enter into a lengthened discussion respecting the *composition* of words—a feature which so remarkably distinguishes the Indo-European from the Semitic languages. We will, however, briefly advert to a species of composition of which traces appear in many languages. Grammarians have noticed the existence of words in cognate dialects, agreeing in all respects, except in possessing or wanting an initial *s*,—e. gr., *μίκρος*, *σμίκρος*—*fallo*, *σφάλω*—Goth., *ufar*†—Lat., *super*. This prosthetic *s* is of common occurrence in the Teutonic dialects; and Grimm sagaciously observes that it is in all probability a remnant of some ancient particle. We have reason to think that the remark was capable of a much more extensive application, and might be made to illustrate an important feature in the early formation of language. It will be found on examination that several other letters are employed in a similar manner. It is also remarkable that they are chiefly the same elements which form the basis of the pronominal roots,—as will appear from the examples which we are about to adduce. The most common prefixes are *ā* (with its equivalents *ǣ*, *ǫ*), *p* (*b*, *f*, *ph*), *t* (*d*, *th*); *k* (*c*, *q*), &c., which are employed in a manner that can hardly be deemed arbitrary or accidental. We subjoin a few specimens of each out of many hundreds:—

A, &c. Lat. inulgeo; Ger. melken.	Gr. ἀμέλω.
— ructo — —	ἐρεύγω.
Sanscr. danta; Lat. dens.	ὀ-δοῦς.
Sanscr. naman; Lat. nomen.	ὄνομα.
Sanscr. nak'ha; Germ. nagel.	ὀνύξ.

To these we are disposed to add the copulative *a* in *ἀλοχος*, *ἀτάλαντος*, &c., and the syllabic augment—Sanscr. *a*—*tudam*, Gr. *ἐτυπων*, which we believe to be a *particle*.

P, &c. Lat. rogo.	Sanscr. p-rach; Germ. f-ragen.
Gr. ῥάγωμι.	Icel. b-raka; Lat. f-rango.
Lat. latus.	Gr. π-λατὺς; Germ. b-reit.
Bavar. lukken.	Eng. pluck.
Gael. iasg (fish).	Lat. piscis; Welsh. pysg.

* In old German, *heit* also denotes *person*. It occurs in the same sense in the ancient metrical version of the Athanasian Creed, published by Hicckes. *Thesaurus*; vol. i. p. 233.—'Ne the *hodes* oht mengande'—'neither aught confounding the persons.'

† The Greek *ὄρις* is not a parallel case. The *spiritus asper* almost invariably becomes *s* in Latin—consequently *ὄρις* and *super* are exactly equivalent.

T, &c. Germ. reiben.

Sanscr. asru ; Lithu. aszara.

Lat. ros.

Germ. rupfen.

Gr. τρίβειν.

δακρυ.

δρόσος.

δρέπω.

K, &c. Lat. amo.

Lettish. lobit (to flay).

Lat. lætus.

Lat. rapio.

Lat. nodus.

Lat. aper ; Germ. eber.

Sanscr. kam.

Lat. g-lubo.

Iceland. g-lad.

Sanscr. grabh ; Icel. gripa.

Icel. k-nut.

Gr. κ-άπρος.

S. The most common of all prefixes, especially in Erse and Lower Saxon. We add the following to the numerous instances adduced by Grimn. (Gram. ii. 701.)

Lat. memor.

Germ. link (left).

Lat. nare (to swim).

Lat. nere (to spin).

Germ. reihe (row).

Gr. κείρω.

Lat. limus.

Sanscr. s-mri (to remember).

Belg. s-link.

Sanscr. s-na ; Gael. s-namh.

Gael. sniomh.

Gael. sreadh.

Icel. skära.

Germ. schleim.

Many words seem to exhibit two or three gradations of this kind of composition,—e. gr., Sanscr. *lip*, to anoint (compare Homer's λίπ' ἔλαιον) ; Gr. ἀλείφω ; Goth. s-a-lbon ; Germ. rollen ; Bavar. k-rollen ; Eng. s-c-roll. We have actual evidence of the composition of many words bearing a considerable analogy to the above examples, especially in the Germanic dialects. Beichte (confession), bleiben, block, glaube, glied, gnade, flazan, fliesan, with many others, are known to be respectively compounded with the particles *be*, *ge*, *fra*. *Fret*, simple as it appears, consists of two distinct elements,—Goth. *fra* + *itan* = *ex-edere* ; so that the modern German *ver-fressen* (to devour) is *twice* compounded with the same particle. Even many of the words usually regarded as Sanscrit roots are capable of being resolved into still simpler elements. For instance, the root *i* denotes *to go* (Lat. *i-re*, Gr. ἰέναι) ; *ri*, also *to go*, may very possibly be a compound of *ra* + *i* = *pergere* ; *tri* (to pass), *ta* + *ri*—q. d., *go thither* ; *stri*, to strew, or spread, a further formation with the particle *sa*,—and so of many others. Our readers will find much ingenious speculation on this subject in Pott's ' *Etymologische Forschungen*. ' We consider many of his conclusions as highly deserving of attention ; but we do not feel disposed to agree with him in referring the above prefixes to the Sanscrit *prepositions*, in their *present form*, which is evidently not their *primeval* one. We think, for example, that *tri* is probably compounded, not, however, with the preposition *ati*, but with the pronominal or prepositional root *ta*. We freely admit that all

this is, in a great measure, conjectural, and requires to be confirmed by a more copious induction from cognate dialects. Could the fact be sufficiently established, it would afford scope for much curious discussion respecting the formation of language, and might perhaps serve as a clue in tracing the affinities of tongues, commonly supposed to be entirely unconnected. It is scarcely possible for two languages to be more unlike than Sanscrit and Chinese; but it is by no means improbable that both were at a very early period much in the same condition and partly composed of the same elements. Both consist of monosyllabic *roots*; and a few more pronouns and particles, employed copiously in the connexion and composition of words, might have made the latter not unlike the former. But while the component elements of Greek and Sanscrit have, as it were, crystallized into beautiful forms, Chinese, as an oral language, has remained perfectly stationary, and is still, as it was 3000 years ago, ‘*arena sine calce.*’

We think one point satisfactorily established,—namely, that pronouns and simple particles, instead of being, as Tooke represents, comparatively modern contrivances, are in reality of the most remote antiquity, as well as of first-rate importance in language. The oldest dialects have invariably more words of this class than the more recent ones, as may be seen by comparing Homer with Sophocles, or the Gothic of Ulphilas with the German of Luther. Their antiquity may be further proved by a comparison of different families of languages. Of all European tongues Finnish is perhaps the most remote from Sanscrit. The numerals have nothing in common, and there are very few coincidences in the names of ordinary objects. Nevertheless the personal, demonstrative, and relative pronouns, and the terminations of the verbs, are composed of nearly the same elements in both. It would be as absurd to ascribe this coincidence to accident, as to suppose that one race had borrowed terms of this sort from the other; the only rational supposition is, that they are in both languages derived from the same source, and consequently existed long before Sanscrit and Finnish had assumed their present forms. Tooke’s corollary proposition, that language, in its in-artificial state, was destitute of pronouns and particles, is the very reverse of truth; it being well known that the barbarous South-Sea islanders have many more than the most cultivated Europeans. An Englishman or a Frenchman has only one word for *we*, but a native of Hawaii or Tahiti has perfectly distinct terms for all the following combinations,—I + thou; I + he; I + you; I + they; I + my company. So unsafe is it to construct theories on insufficient evidence, or none at all!

We have thus endeavoured to convey our ideas of the primeval

nature of language, and to exhibit a small portion of the evidence on which they appear to be founded. Had our limits allowed, we could have confirmed some of our positions by a much more extensive induction ; but we trust we have said sufficient to excite investigation and discussion. Our object has not been to advance paradoxes, but to endeavour to throw light on the real elements of language, and to show what it is apart from the confessedly artificial divisions of grammarians. If our speculations are proved to be erroneous, we shall be ready to renounce them for something better ; if they are sound, their truth will eventually be recognized. They at least represent language as a more simple thing than it is commonly supposed to be ; and, if well-founded, may serve to elucidate some of the sciences more immediately dependent upon language. Whether they will help to settle the old quarrel between the nominalists and realists or not, is more than we will venture to affirm ; but we are persuaded that the proving or disproving them would be of some consequence to universal grammar, and perhaps to logic and metaphysics.

ART. V.—*Schloss Hainfeld ; or a Winter in Lower Styria.* By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1836.

WHAT Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith is also true of Captain Hall—whatever subject he undertakes to write upon, ‘he makes it as amusing as a fairy tale.’ In the present instance, his narrative of a fortuitous visit to a country house in Lower Styria—though, we must presume, as accurate in matter of fact as one of his log-books—is, by the accident which produced it, the out-of-the-way circumstances it relates, the lively and growing interest which it excites, and the unexpected catastrophe with which it concludes, much more like a *novel* than an episode in a continental tour in these locomotive times, when travelling has become the most general and, to ordinary men, the most common-place of human occupations. But in Captain Hall’s hands nothing is common-place. His views of any subject are at once simple and shrewd, original yet unaffected : when he gives to what at first sight might appear an ordinary trifle an air of novelty and importance, it is not by a distortive endeavour to exhibit his own cleverness, but by the sagacious good sense which detects, and the easy style which develops, the latent merits of the unpromising theme.

But to those qualities Captain Hall adds another, which, though not of a literary kind, has contributed very much to his literary success. He seems to have received from nature, and to have strengthened by the habits of his professional life, a busy, inqui-

sitive, and, if we may use the expression, *venturesome* turn of mind, which leads him to seize opportunities, and to pursue prospects, upon which men of less active or more reserved dispositions would have hesitated to venture. Not one, perhaps, of fifty travellers, to whom the accident which produced Captain Hall's visit to Styria should have presented itself, would have ventured to avail himself of it; it would be probably still more difficult to find one who, after he had embarked in the adventure, would have had either time, temper, or tenacity, to pursue it to its close—and we certainly believe that not one in a thousand would have ever thought of making a book of it.

About the end of April, 1834, Captain Hall, with his lady and family, on their way from Rome to Naples, stopped for a couple of hours at Albano to refresh their horses, during which time sundry other carriages arrived, amongst which was one which particularly engaged his attention, and—‘with that feverish curiosity’ which the Captain attributes to *all* travellers, but which we believe is distinctive rather of the class to which Captain Hall fortunately belongs, than to travellers, and especially *English* travellers, in general—he set about discovering who the owner might be. The carriage belonged, as it happened, to a Polish lady ‘with an unpronounceable name,’ whom he had before seen at Rome, and ‘he lost no time in repairing to her apartment to renew so agreeable an acquaintance, though it was but for a moment.’

‘No sooner had we entered than she exclaimed, “Oh, how fortunate! It is only a day or two since I received a letter from Germany, containing a message to you; and had we not now fallen in with each other, I might never have been able to deliver it. My correspondent supposed we were still at Rome together, forgetting that at this season the travellers who crowd there in winter scatter themselves in all directions the moment the breath of spring opens the season. This letter,” continued she, pulling one from her reticule, “contains a message from the Countess Purgstall, an elderly Scotch lady, who, having married forty years ago a nobleman of Austria, has resided in that country ever since. I am desired to ascertain if you be the son of Sir James Hall, one of her earliest and most intimate friends in Edinburgh? And if so, as I believe to be the case, I am requested to invite you, in her name, most cordially, to pay her a visit at her country place, the Schloss, or castle, of Hainfeld, near Gratz, should you think of taking the homeward route through Styria, instead of following the beaten track of the Tyrol.”’—pp. 4, 5.

The random invitation thus *tombée des nues*, and which there were an hundred chances to one against his ever receiving, luckily found Captain Hall without any settled plan for his future movements, and he at once resolved to avail himself of it, though

'all we knew of the Countess Purgstall was, that she was sister to Mrs. Dugald Stewart; that she had married a German nobleman, late in the last century, and proceeded with him to Austria, and that she had never revisited her native country. We had also a vague recollection of having heard that she had been extremely unfortunate in her family, and was left solitary in the world; moreover, that she was remarkably clever, and *rather eccentric*.'—pp. 6, 7.

He took, however, the precaution of obtaining a more precise invitation from the Countess herself, and for this purpose addressed her a letter, that very day, from Albano, acknowledging the lucky receipt of her hospitable overture, 'mentioning the number of which his party consisted, giving a sketch of his plans for the summer, and requesting further information about the roads, and the best season for travelling in Germany.' This produced a succession of letters from the Countess, urging the performance of the proposed visit with great, and as the event approached increasing, earnestness. A few extracts from these clever and characteristic letters will give the reader a preliminary idea of the Countess, her castle, and her country—

'I have this moment, my dear sir, received your letter, dated Albano, 21st April. I am now so unaccustomed to a pleasing sensation, that I tremble while I tell you, it will be doing me a very great favour indeed if Mrs. Hall and you will bestow a visit upon me. Your little darlings surely need repose. I beseech you to let them find a home for a few weeks in Hainfeld; the house is large; there are thirty-nine rooms on this floor, all completely furnished, though in the mode of the last century; the air and water are good; the country is rich, well cultivated, and varied enough to be pleasing. I dare not promise you amusements; I am a widowed woman cut off from the tree of life; but if a cordial welcome can render solitude supportable, I am sure you will find it here. Hungary is only three hours distant from this—it is a country little known. You will be well received by my neighbours on the frontier, and find the people a race distinct from any in Europe. . . . '—p. 9.

'I dare not speak of the home of my youth. Thirty-five years of absence have sponged me from the remembrance of those dearest to me; but if you graciously visit me, you will draw back the veil and give me a glimpse of things still, alas! too dear to me. . . .

'With a grief which I cannot express, I discovered a few minutes ago, on looking over the little register of my letters, that I had addressed my former answer to yours not to Rome, but to Naples. It was a degree of absence worthy of your good grand uncle, of absent memory; but I have not, alas! the apology of genius to plead. My mistakes are owing to a very different cause of late—to the state of my health. For more than three years I have been the victim of rheumatism, or what some physicians are pleased to call the *tic-douloureux-volant*. This cruel disease has torn my nerves in pieces, and when I am agitated, as I was when I received your letter—so dearly welcome to me—I became

quite confused. Pardon, my dear sir, my seeming delay in answering your letter. I wrote instantly, but my silly letter is literally *poste restante* in Naples. I hope these lines will reach you safely, and convince Mrs. Hall and you how unfeignedly happy I shall be to see you and your little darlings. It will indeed be most gratifying to me if you will allow the infants to repose here for a few weeks, and find in Hainfeld the quiet of home. Your excellent Scotch nursery-maid will revive me with letting me hear once more the language of my heart. She shall arrange all here exactly as she wishes, and, I trust, make the dear children comfortable. The house is very large; there are thirty-nine rooms on this floor. Not only your family, but any friends you choose to bring along with you, can find place enough. The country is truly healthy; the soil rich and well cultivated, and the hills and distant mountains covered with forests. The people resemble their oxen—they are diligent and docile. There are few neighbours, except in Hungary (three hours' distance from this); and Hungary is a country little known and deserving your attention. Styria is also a country little known, owing to the singular fancy or fashion of the English always to fly between Vienna and Italy, by the way of Tyrol. Kotzebue says, "The English carry their prejudices, as they do their tea-kettles, all over the world with them." This, in general, is merely an impertinence; but in what respects the Tyrol road, it holds true; our road is in many respects preferable.

'You inquire as to the state of the roads. They are excellent. The Eilwagen, a kind of diligence, takes regularly fifty-five hours between Trieste and Gratz, and twenty-five hours between Gratz and Vienna. As man and beast in Austria move discreetly, this, with the aid of your post-map, will show you the true state of the roads.

'The tenure of property in this country is very different from the English; and I would fain, were it possible, excite your curiosity as to Styria. The constitution of the American States interested you. Why should not ours do so? The country is divided into circles; mine contains 4200 souls. My bailiff collects all the taxes within the circle; manages the conscription; the police; the criminal justice in the first instance; the property of minors, &c. &c. He must have passed his trials as an advocate, and I must pay him and his assistants, or what is called my chancery. I defy the public affairs, in as far as this goes, to cost less to a government. The said bailiff also collects the *dominical*, or what is due to me, and manages the landed property, which, as we have no farming, is kept, according to the Scotch phrase, in our own hands. The first crop of hay was housed yesterday, so if you travel with your own horses, good food is ready for them. After the wheat and rye are cut down, buck-wheat is sown, which can ripen even under the snow. It is the food of the peasantry, as oatmeal was formerly of the Scotch Highlanders; but the crop from the best ground is sold off to pay the very high taxes. The people are good and docile. The noblesse, owing to the dreadful war, &c., are mostly on short commons. We have no poor, which, owing to the question in England respecting the poor-laws, is deserving of being noticed. No man is allowed to

marry till he can prove he is able to maintain a wife and children ; and this, with the law of celibacy of the clergy, and the caution* required of the military—almost an act of celibacy—are checks on population which would make the hearts of Mr. Malthus and Miss Martineau burn within them for admiration. The result is, the entire demoralizing of the people. The mask of religion helps nothing. At the last grand jubilee, in the next parish, seventy-two pairs of virgins adorned the procession, dressed in white, and covered with garlands of flowers. In eight months forty-four of them were in the family way. Madame Nature is not a political economist, and she does not let her laws be outraged with impunity.'—p. 13.

'I must warn you about the custom-houses—they are one of our plagues. The money you need on the road are pieces of twenty kreutzers, with what is called good and bad paper money. Ten florins good make twenty-five bad. In all Germany the English are considered as fair game, particularly in the inns. Our innkeepers do not dispute, like the Italians, for the character of the people is reserved ; and they will not come down a farthing in their bills. It is marked on your map whether the stages are single or double posts, and I have always seen the driver paid as one horse ; but unless they are contented, they drive slowly, and the loss of time and the expense of the inns is more than the difference. If you will have the goodness to write me a line on arriving at Trieste, the horses shall be sent to Gratz to wait for you.

'Hainfeld is about six hours from Gratz. Your sweet infants will be sadly disappointed when, instead of a splendid dwelling, they see a building like a manufactory ; the grounds in culture to the door, and the cows lodged within a gunshot of their bed-chamber. At first they will be afraid of me, for I am now like nothing they ever saw, except the picture of *Mademoiselle Endor* in an old family Bible. Alas ! the ravages of time are equally visible on its possessor, and upon poor desolate Hainfeld ! Farewell.'—pp. 25, 26.

The Countess's sketch did no great injustice to the appearance of the Schloss or its mistress. The edifice turned out to be, in truth, more like a manufactory than a castle, and she herself was no bad representative of a witch. She was about seventy-four or seventy-five years old—had been for above three years completely bed-ridden—was in constant suffering from a complication of diseases—and had mourned for the successive losses of her husband and her only son with a constancy which seems to have in some degree disturbed her reason ; but amidst this complication of malady and misfortune, her mind had preserved (excepting those eccentricities to which we have alluded) all the cheerfulness, vigour, and originality for which she had been in her early days remarkable and remarked.

* "No officer of the Austrian army is allowed to marry unless he previously deposits a sum of money in the hands of Government for the maintenance of his widow and children in the event of his death. The sum varies with the rank of the officer."—B. H.

Jane Anne Cranstoun was born, Captain Hall tells us, about 1760, the second daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, younger son of the fifth Lord Cranstoun, by a daughter of the Marquis of Lothian. Her younger sister married, in 1790, Professor Dugald Stewart, and it was probably through this connexion that she came acquainted with Godfrey Wenceslaus, Count of Purgstall, of a great and wealthy house in Austria, then, we believe, one of Professor Stewart's pupils, whom she married in 1797. Miss Cranstoun was, as we hinted, very lively and agreeable, and became an early friend of Walter Scott, also a pupil of her brother-in-law. Captain Hall says that young Scott derived much advantage in his early literary attempts from her critical advice and encouragement; and some fruitless aid in a love-affair, which failed, in spite of 'Miss Cranstoun's sympathy and assistance.' Captain Hall surmises, but, in our opinion, without sufficient grounds, that Miss Cranstoun was the prototype of Sir Walter's *Diana Vernon*. We altogether dissent from this conjecture. Miss Cranstoun was at least eleven years older than Sir Walter—and, at the period when he could have been intimate with her, she must have lost much of the bloom and freshness which are essential to the idea of *Diana Vernon*. It may be also inferred that her personal charms were not equal to her mental endowments, from the circumstance of her having reached her thirty-seventh year in single blessedness; and finally, the scenes in which she and Scott must generally, and perhaps could only have met—a college tutor's family circle in the city of Edinburgh—could have little analogy to those in which he placed his rural heroine. Be that as it may, Miss Cranstoun became, in 1797, Countess of Purgstall, and proceeded with her husband to his extensive estates in Lower Styria, whence she never returned. The Count died in 1811, and their only child, a son, a few years after, at the age of nineteen; and she seems to have cherished for their memory an almost morbid sensibility:—

'No sooner was the son gone, than upwards of seventy claimants as heirs-at-law pounced on the noble estates of the ancient family of Purgstall, and the poor desolate widow had enough to do to establish her right even to that portion of the property which had been settled upon her. The difficulties she encountered in arranging these matters, and the severe distress to which she was reduced by innumerable and apparently interminable law-suits, might have broken the spirit and wearied out the resolution of a less vigorous mind. With all her fortitude, indeed, she seems to have been almost subdued; and but for the generous assistance of the late Lord Ashburton, a near connexion of hers [he had married her niece], she must in all probability have sunk under the joint weight of poverty and law proceedings.

'She was now, by these successive bereavements, left quite alone in a foreign

a foreign land; and having lost every being who was dear to her, she appears to have had scarcely any other object whilst she remained in the world, but to cherish the remembrance of those who were gone—to feed her grief, in short, rather than to overcome it. In this spirit, accordingly, she permitted nothing to be changed in the castle. Every article of furniture stood exactly in its old place—not a walk amongst the grounds was altered—not a tree cut down—not a book shifted in the library. So that the castle of Hainfeld and all its old inmates, all its old usages, went on, or rather went not on, but remained as if arrested by the frost of its mistress's grief, in the very position they occupied at the period of that last and crowning disaster, her son's death, which obliterated the house of Purgstall.

'In former times, we were told, the Countess had been the gayest of the gay, and the most active person in the country, both in body and mind. But she soon sunk into a state of inactivity; and by considering it a kind of duty to those she had lost, to make the worst of things, instead of making the best of them, she greatly aggravated the hopeless and forlorn nature of her situation. One of the effects of this indiscreet course of mental discipline was to undermine a constitution naturally robust; and presently, in addition to her other misfortunes, gout, rheumatism, and *tic douloureux*, with other inward and painful complaints, took their turns to torment her. Amongst the strange fancies which formed part of her singularly constituted mind, was a firm persuasion that all medical assistance was useless in her case, and indeed, in most cases; and thus, unquestionably, she allowed some of the diseases which preyed upon her to acquire a much greater head than they might have done had they been treated "*secundum artem*." Be this as it may, she presented to the eye a miserable spectacle of bodily suffering and bodily decay; but these were probably rendered more conspicuous from the undiminished vigour of her intellects—the freshness and even vivacity of her disposition—the uniform suavity of her temper, and the lively interest which, in spite of herself, as it should seem, and her resolution to be unhappy, she continued to take in the concerns of the external world.

'I should have mentioned, that at the time we first saw the Countess she had been confined to bed three whole years—to the very bed on which her son had expired seventeen years before; and from which, as she said with too much appearance of truth, she herself could never hope to rise again. Fortunately, her complaints had not attacked her eyes nor her hands, so that she could both read and write. Neither was she in the least deaf, and her powers of speech were perfect—that is to say, her articulation was perfect, for as to her language, it was made up of a strange confusion of tongues. The most obvious and predominant of all was good honest Scotch, or rather classical English with a strong Scotch accent. Along with this was mixed a certain portion of German, chiefly in idiom, but often in actual words, so that we were at first occasionally puzzled to know what the good old lady would be at. Her French was a singular compound of all these dialects. But in whatever language she spoke, her ideas were always so clear, and so well arranged, and her

her choice of words, however mispronounced, so accurate, that after we had learned the cause of the seeming confusion, we never failed to understand her.'—pp. 36-39.

The following more detailed picture of the Countess and the castle will increase the interest which, we assure ourselves, the foregoing extract must excite.

'In one of her letters, she said she was like nothing in the world but a mummy,—adding, "for the last three weeks, a very sick one;" and truth bids me avow that our excellent hostess did not look the character amiss.

'We found our aged friend as we had been told to expect, in a huge antiquated bed, with faded damask curtains, in a room feebly lighted, and furnished in the style of a hundred years ago. Her wasted form was supported by half a dozen pillows of different shapes and sizes, and everything about her wore the appearance of weakness and pain—everything, I should say, except her voice, expression of countenance, and manners, in none of which could be traced any symptom of decay or weakness. Still less might any feebleness be detected in what she said, for nothing in the world could be more animated or more cordial than her welcome. She shook hands with each of us, as if she had known us all our lives, and expressed over and over again her joy at having succeeded in bringing us to her castle.

"You must be sadly tired, however," she said, "and the children must be almost ready for their beds, so pray show that you feel at home by selecting the rooms which suit you best. There are enough of them, I trust; and presently, the dinner which has been ready for you an hour or two will be served up."

'Off we set, under charge of the major-domo, Joseph, who, in obedience to the magnificent orders of his hospitable mistress, had lighted the stoves in three times the number of apartments we could by possibility occupy, in order, as he said, that we might pick and choose. In most old castles which I have seen, the rooms are small and comfortless, but in Hainfeld they were large and commodious; and though the furniture was not abundant, or at least not so superabundant as in modern mansions, it was all good and even elegant in its old-fashioned heavy way.

'In the principal room, which had been prepared for us, and which was the best in the castle, there stood, in rather tottering condition, a handsomely got up bed, at least eight feet wide, furnished with crimson silk curtains, bordered with silver lace two or three inches broad, surmounted by a massy carved cornice, fringed with silver tracery, in the same taste as a rich but heavy embroidery which figured at the head of the bed. In like manner the walls were hung with crimson satin; and round the room were placed old-fashioned sofas with curling backs, and arms like dolphins' tails, embossed in gold, and all padded with elastic cushions wrought in flowers. Fancifully carved writing tables, supported by not less fantastically shaped legs, with snug places for the feet to rest upon, stood here and there. Bureaus, chests of drawers, and

and queer-looking toilet tables groaning under the weight of huge mirrors, completed the furniture. Of course there were plenty of chairs—heavy old fellows, with high puffy seats, cane backs, and whirlingig arms, comfortable enough to sit upon, but not easily moved from place to place. Most of the rooms were ornamented with grotesque work in plaster, in high relief, on the roofs; and such of the walls as were not hung with hideous staring antediluvian family portraits, were painted in fresco, with battle pieces, hunting scenes, and other embellishments in the same luxurious but antiquated taste.

‘I must not omit to mention one important article of furniture, which was found in every room in the castle, high and low, namely, an enormous porcelain stove, white and highly glazed, reaching almost to the ceiling, in a succession of handsome stories, not unlike some Chinese pagodas I have seen in other climes. The fire is introduced into these vast ovens, as they are well called in German, not by an opening into the room, but by a door which opens into the corridor. Early in the morning, a large wood fire is lighted in each stove, and such is their mass, that long after the fire has burned out, the heat is retained, and the apartment kept warm till the evening, when another heating is given it which suffices for the night. In a climate of great severity, such means of heating rooms are said to be indispensable; but to English tastes, accustomed to the cheerfulness of an open fire, and not at all accustomed to the close heated air of a German stove, the fashion is one which it requires a long experience to render tolerable. Madame de Staël wittily says, “that the Germans live in an atmosphere of beer, stoves, and tobacco;” and truly, the more one sees of the country, the less exaggerated does this sarcasm appear. The annoyance of beer one may sometimes escape, but the misery of tobacco smoke and choky stoves is inevitable.’—pp. 31-34.

Captain Hall soon began to find that he was not merely welcome, but rather too welcome. The Countess's anxiety to get him and his family to her Schloss had kindled in proportion as the correspondence gave her hopes of an event which she must have, at first, thought so very improbable; but when they were actually in the castle, she seems to have formed a determination that she never would part with them:—

‘Her anxiety to get us into her castle is sufficiently shown in the letters which I have given in the first Chapter, and what I have said above, will make it obvious that her chief reason was, to be relieved from the melancholy sort of solitude, into which circumstances had thrown her.

‘Her prejudices, it may be supposed, were many; and these, so far as her adopted country was concerned, were greatly aggravated by the bitter circumstances of her own private life, independently of the horrible state of warfare, bloodshed, and military licentiousness of every kind to which nearly the whole country, and especially her own fruitful district, had been repeatedly a prey, under her own eyes. I may add, that, although she had no motive which could induce her to wish to live, all

all her earthly blessings, as she said, having been taken from her, yet she had the greatest horror at the idea of dying alone, without a friend to close her eyes, and under the exclusive care of servants.

'All these things, and others to which I shall afterwards advert, excited in her the most vehement desire to establish in her castle an English family, who should devote their time chiefly to her, and whose tastes, habits, language, prejudices, and so forth, might, in the main, be found to fall in with her own. That any such family could be found who should permanently settle themselves under her roof was manifestly beyond the reach of ordinary chances; but in her ardent way of viewing things, I have no doubt she formed some such expectation in our case, when she first learned that we had it in our power to pay her a visit. Still less do I doubt that, after she had fairly got hold of us, and found us suitable, she never meant we should escape from the castle. In this view she set about every species of incantation to detain us, and we, in turn, long quite unconscious of any such serious purpose on her part, naturally applied ourselves to the study of her comforts.'—pp. 42-44.

This idea of attaching an English gentleman and his family, picked up at random, without previous connexion or even acquaintance, to her bed-side for the rest of her existence, is so extravagant that it seems to confirm a suspicion, which many other circumstances of her conduct tend to excite, that the poor lady's *eccentricity* was sometimes so great as to amount to absolute aberration, and yet this extravagant project she accomplished. Captain Hall, for some time unconscious of the monomania of his hostess, and of the toils which she was spreading round him, sets about making himself and his family *comfortable* in their new habitation:—

'The cordiality of our reception made us feel truly at home from the first moment of our entering the castle; and the Countess, after apologizing for not doing us the honours in person—as if it had been a thing she could have helped—begged us to select our own hours for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. "I have secured a good cook for you," she said; "and you will find abundant store of all kind of eatables, in a plain way; and the cook, as well as all the servants, have orders to consider you as their masters, so it will be your own fault if you do not arrange matters to your mind."

'Thus invited, we took the liberty of naming the reasonable hour of four for dinner, instead of the very barbarous hour—as it seemed to us—of twelve, or even of one or two, as some fashionable families in that neighbourhood have ventured to make it. Breakfast, in almost all parts of the continent, is a wretched affair, and we found it invariably cost us and all the household so much trouble to get up anything like a respectable morning meal, that we often passed it by in travelling, and took our cup of coffee and scrap of bread in silent despair.

'On passing through Gratz, for example, the capital of Styria, on our way to the castle, we stopped at the principal hotel; and having reason to think, from the astonishment of the people at our demands, that they

had never before seen an English family, we took great care to instruct them on the subject of breakfast. But after waiting for three-quarters of an hour, and despatching three several express missions to the kitchen, the waiter, fancying he was performing wonders, entered the room, literally with a jug of tepid water, one cup, and six tea-spoons!

'We could not afford to do without breakfast, however, at Hainfeld, though we had but small hopes of success, even with all the authority of the Countess to back our resolution.

'Joseph, the Countess's master of all work, was fortunately soon broken into the *oddity* of our ways, though it was long ere we succeeded in getting an adequate allowance of plates, knives, and forks. After selecting the most suitable apartments for sleeping-quarters, the next things to look out for were sitting-rooms—because, although the Countess expressed a strong wish to have some of us always with her, it was clear that her state of health, to say nothing of our own habits, would render it impossible to convert her bed-room into our drawing-room, after the manner in which her kindness suggested. Under the pilotage of the major-domo, Joseph, we set out accordingly to explore that wing of the castle which faced the south-west, and lay on the opposite side of the court from that containing our bed-room suite of apartments. At the extreme left, or southern end of the wing, lay the Countess's own room and those of her attendants—the noisiest, the coldest, and the least convenient in the whole establishment—inasmuch as her bed stood exactly over the arched entrance to the castle; and the pavement of this entrance being sadly broken up, every cart or carriage that arrived made a noise as if the Schloss were tumbling about our ears. It was quite enough, however, for the Countess that her son had died in this room, to make her put up with this and any further amount of annoyance. The bare proposal to have her removed to some one of the nine-and-thirty other apartments on the same floor, threw her into extreme agitation.

'Next to this sacred chamber came a small ante-room, crammed with grotesque oak and ebony furniture, and hung round with small pictures. Then followed a commodious, warm, and well-lighted library, richly stored with German and French books, besides a valuable collection of classical English works, mostly—with the exception of the *Waverley Novels*—about half a century astern of the present taste. Adjacent to the library, we came upon the only really comfortable room in the castle, a distinction which it owed to the circumstance of its possessing an open fire-place—a very rare phenomenon in any part of Germany—and with this exception, I believe, totally unknown in the remote province of Lower Styria. It was of the kind called a Franklin, being half stove, half fire-place, and had been placed there many years before by Lord Ashburton,* who wisely thought that a winter in Styria, without the sight of a fire, must be a dreary affair.

'We at once fixed upon this little room as our evening snuggerly, where we took tea when our party was not too large; when company came, the library was used, until the winter fairly set in.

'The next apartment contained a billiard-table; then came a small

* The late Lord Ashburton married a niece of the Countess Purgstall.

dining-room, and at the end of the whole a larger supper hall, which we occupied only on high days and holidays: of these—strange to say, considering the condition of our hostess—we had not a few before we disentangled ourselves from the enchantments of this strange castle.’—pp. 48-52.

Instead of ‘converting the old lady’s bed-room into their drawing-room,’ Captain Hall arranged a *system* of daily visits at stated hours to her bed-side—a duty, he says, amply rewarded by the inexhaustible variety and interest of her conversation. At other times they lived after their own fashion, in a state of apparent independence; *apparent*, we say, because it is clear that their extraordinary hostess was not only acquainted with all their proceedings, but directed and controlled them by a not always invisible agency, for ‘the Countess, though in a kind and friendly way, was rather arbitrary.’ In fact, Captain Hall soon found that, although he of course acquits the Countess of anything like a system of *espionage* on the privacy of her guests, she seemed to know by a sort of intuition everything that was going on in the castle:—

‘Although, as I have mentioned, she was irrecoverably bed-ridden, our poor hostess possessed an acuteness of judgment which in a great degree supplied the place of locomotion, and gave her, by some means or other—the machinery of which we could never perfectly discover—a most exact knowledge of all that was passing in the castle; so that nothing was said or done but she seemed to know of it. What was still more unaccountable, she possessed a sort of magical power of getting at what was thought and felt by all her guests. If she exercised this kind of surveillance over her chance friends, it may be supposed that we sojourners did not escape. In fact, the whole energies of her mind were evidently employed, night as well as day, in trying to discover how best she could make our situation so agreeable to ourselves that we should have no wish to move.’—p. 115.

This, though absolutely inevitable from the circumstances of the parties, was to an English gentleman, as soon as he became aware of it, a rather ticklish position. A captious man might, without considering that such *needs must* be the case, have taken fright or offence at the suspicion of a *surveillance*, and evacuated the garrison. Captain Hall, with more originality, ‘elected himself spy extraordinary over himself and his family, and completed the circle of her secret knowledge, by being himself the daily reporter of every single thing which passed in their apartments’ (p. 127).

With these agreeable inroads on the monotony of her bed-ridden life, the Countess was delighted—she seemed to breathe with a new spirit. Captain Hall is not the person to tell us how much she would naturally be amused by the conversation of so lively and intelligent a man—who had seen so much of the world, and was so peculiarly acquainted with all the scenes, and with

many of the persons associated in her recollections of her native land. In any house Captain Hall must be an agreeable guest : here he was invaluable. Of all this he says, of course, nothing ; but it is evident that his cheerfulness, his activity, and his ingenuity in devising little schemes of utility or amusement were duly appreciated, though he tells us that the Countess's chief predilection seemed to be for the old Scotch nurse and her little charge, a boy of two years old, who was soon honoured with the title of the 'Young Graf,' or Count.

'When dinner was announced, and we had all left her, she sent for the nursery-maid and the child ; and I verily believe that the hour, or hour and a half which followed, were to her the happiest in the twenty-four. Her fondness for the infant, which was excessive, may have been due, in some degree, to the recollection of her own, an only and most extraordinary child, and all that she had gone through on his account. And it so chanced that our boy took wonderfully to her ; and though at first rather frightened by the strange dress, and appearance, and situation of the Countess, he gradually became re-assured, and used to sit for hours together on her bed. Sometimes he crept close up to her face, and laid his cheek by hers, in such contrast as to draw many a touching remark from herself, and sometimes to squeeze out a tear from the more sensitive amongst her friends, who knew her sad history. But she never shed a tear herself, even in relating to us her bitterest distresses.'—pp. 136, 137.

Of the Countess's own son Captain Hall gives the following account, which certainly justifies (if a justification for any degree of maternal grief for the loss of an only child were needful) his mother's devotion to his memory :—

'One hears of very wonderful children in most parts of the world ; but I am not sure that I ever heard of one who excited such unqualified surprise as the Countess's son. While his mind appears to have been of the most masculine and matured strength, even at a very early age, his bodily frame is described as one of extreme feebleness and delicacy ; and though some people have supposed that the Countess, who devoted her life exclusively to him, may have hurt him by over-anxiety, I have learned, from good authority, that he owed his daily life—so to speak—to her unceasing care ; and that such a hot-house plant was he, that, had she for an instant relaxed her attentions, he must have dropped at once into the grave.

'I could relate many anecdotes of this singular boy, which I heard during my stay at Hainfeld ; but I prefer giving the direct testimony of an eye-witness, who I am sure, from all I have learned, rather understates than overstates the fact. The following quotation is from the *Travels of J. C. Lemaistre, Esq.*, published in London in 1806. After giving rather an interesting sketch of the Count and Countess Purgstall, he proceeds as follows :—

“They have a son who seems to have inherited the talents of his parents, while, like them, his person is slender, and his health delicate. At five years old this wonderful boy, who may fairly be considered as a

prodigy, has read various books of science, is well acquainted with history and music, and is so versed in geography, for which he has a particular turn, that he has lately, without any assistance, made a map of Venice for Mrs. Lemaistre, which I mean to keep as a curiosity.

"I begged him yesterday to tell me how I should return to England without touching on the Hanoverian, French, or Dutch territories, and he instantly traced on the globe the only remaining road. He sits on a carpet, surrounded with his books; and when the gravest and most acute remarks fall from the lips of this little person, a spirit seems to speak rather than a child, and the fine expression which sparkles in his countenance tends to increase the idea.

"Among other singularities, he has taught himself to write; but as his models were printed books, he prints his letters, and begins from the right hand instead of the left. He was born at Vienna; but having been attended from his earliest infancy by a nurse from Aberdeen, he usually speaks English, or rather Scotch, his accent being completely northern. He also understands the German and French languages, the latter of which he acquired with inconceivable facility. He is a phenomenon; and should he live and continue to make equal progress in knowledge, he will rival the fame of Sir Isaac Newton."

Captain Hall thus proceeds:—

'He did live for some years afterwards—indeed, till the age of nineteen—and made astonishing progress in knowledge, especially in mathematics; so much so as to excite the admiration of his learned connexion, Dugald Stewart, into whose hands some of the boy's papers had been sent by his mother after her son's death. Mr. Stewart writes in the following terms:—

"I can no longer delay expressing to you my admiration of the truly astonishing powers displayed in these manuscripts. I have certainly never seen anything which, at so early an age, afforded so splendid a promise of mathematical genius; and yet I am not sure if they convey to me a higher idea of the young writer's philosophical turn of thinking than some of his speculations, which have been several years in my possession, on the metaphysical principles of the modern calcul.

"When I combine all this," continues the learned Professor, "with the specimens of poetical talent which I have seen from the same hand, and with what I have learned, through various channels, of his many other accomplishments—above all, when I reflect on the few and short intervals of health he enjoyed during his little span of life—I cannot help considering him as the most extraordinary prodigy of intellectual endowments that has ever fallen under my knowledge.

"If I were addressing any one else," concludes the Countess's affectionate brother-in-law, "I would say much more. But how can I dwell longer on this subject in writing to the mother—and such a mother! of such a son!"—pp. 137-141.

In affectionate commemoration of this extraordinary youth and of his father (whom he survived but six years), the Countess had caused a work to be printed in German, with the metaphorical

title of '*Denkmahl*,' or '*Monument*;' and by their side, in the ancient family vault of the Purgstalls, it was now her supreme anxiety that her body might repose; and we are convinced, strange as it may seem, that, anticipating from the bigotry of the neighbouring priests some posthumous, or rather *post mortem* difficulties in the accomplishing this latter object, she had, early in her acquaintance with Captain Hall, fixed upon him as a person who, if she could persuade him to remain with her to her death, would take care to see her wishes executed. This idea we suspect to have been the principal motive of all the good lady's conduct to her English guests, and she seems to have pursued the object with great art and perseverance, and perhaps we might add, no small degree of selfishness:—

'On returning through the lower range of Riegersburg [the ancient feudal castle of the Purgstalls, now a ruin], where a picturesque little village has been built under the shadow of the fort, we took a look, by the Countess's desire, at the church, within which she told us she had erected a chapel. As she had never changed from the Protestantism in which she was brought up at Edinburgh, and had acquired anything but love or respect for the Catholicism of Austria, this proceeding appeared very odd. We examined the chapel, however, which was done up with the simple taste that characterised everything she undertook. In the centre she had placed a neat, though rather showy altar; and on one side a handsome granite monument to her husband and son. Over all blazed a glorious Saint Wenceslaus, the patron of the Purgstall family, not quite in keeping with the quiet elegance of the rest; and the whole affair puzzled us not a little.

'These anomalies were explained by the Countess on our return to Hainfeld. She asked us little or nothing about the decaying grandeur of the ancient seat of her family in their prosperous days; and as it had passed from her hands to those of people who neglected it, and cared for none of its renowned associations, we refrained from alluding to it. But she was eloquent on the subject of the chapel, where, in fact, owing to the peculiar cast of her temperament, nearly all her interests lay buried with her husband and son: and we soon found that her sole wish on earth, or at least the wish which was always uppermost in her mind, was to be laid beside them. As difficulties might arise, however, on the score of her being a Protestant, or from the castle being no longer in the possession of her family, she thought it prudent to take every precaution beforehand to insure the grand object of her anxiety. The priests accordingly were propitiated by this magnificent embellishment of the church; and the congregation felt themselves obliged to the Countess for placing before their wondering eyes a picture done in Vienna, and so much beyond their provincial conceptions of the power of art. It was generally understood also, that the Countess had left in her will certain sums of money to be distributed to the poor after her body should be quietly interred in the family vault of the Purgstalls; and the clergy of the spot had an idea, whether true or not, that in the same event, the poor in spirit were not forgotten in her ladyship's will. All

' All these things she told us, not only with the utmost unconcern as to her death, but I may say with that sort of lively interest with which a person speaks of an agreeable visit to be made in the spring of the ensuing year. It was difficult at first to know exactly how to take all this—whether to be grave or gay—since it did not seem quite civil to be discussing, as a pleasant affair and in her presence, the details of our worthy hostess's funeral. So I thought it best merely to ask her whether, as in England, there might not be some difficulty as to interment in a vault within the church except in a leaden coffin. I suggested to her, that as in Austria people are buried very quickly after their death, there might be no time, especially in a remote country place, to make the requisite preparations.

" And do you think," retorted the old lady, with a curious sort of smile, " do you think I was going to risk the success of the prime object of my thoughts upon such a contingency as that? No! no! you shall see," and ringing the bell, she summoned Joseph.

" Get the keys," she exclaimed, " and show Captain Hall my coffin." And turning to us, she added, " When you see it, I think you will admit that it is not likely to be refused admittance to the church on the score of want of strength, or, for that matter, for want of beauty."

' I confess I was not a little curious to discover how either strength or beauty could be given to a leaden coffin; I found, however, it was not made of lead but of iron, and so tastefully contrived, that it looked more like one of those ornamental pieces of sculpture which surmount some of the old monuments in Westminster Abbey, than a coffin intended for real use. Having removed three huge fantastically-shaped padlocks, we folded back the lid, and I was surprised to see two large bundles, neatly sewed up in white linen, lying in the coffin, one at each end. On stooping down and touching them, I discovered they were papers, and could read, in the Countess's handwriting, the following words—" *Our Letters.—J. A. Purgstall.*"—pp. 156-60.

But the time now approached when Captain Hall—who had no kind of idea of taking a lease, as it were, for the lady's life, of his apartments in Schloss Hainfeld—thought his visit had lasted long enough.

' We made our arrangements accordingly for setting off on the 10th of November, thinking that a visit of nearly six weeks, with such a party as ours, was quite as long as we could decently propose to make. But in this estimate we reckoned without our hostess; for when, on the first of the month, I ventured to mention the subject to her, and said, that in ten days or so, we meant to set off for Vienna, I thought the good old lady would have expired on the spot. Indeed, so earnest were her entreaties for us to stay, and so touching the appeals which she made to us not so soon to desert her, just as she was becoming acquainted with ourselves and the children, that, having really no particular motive for going away, we agreed to remain a little longer. . . .

' After a good deal of deliberation, therefore, we finally compromised matters by naming the 1st of December as the day of our departure, instead of the 10th of November.'—pp. 111-113.

But even this extension was evidently so little satisfactory to the Countess, that Captain Hall seems to have been afraid to announce it in person, and therefore did so by a note, to which the Countess made an amicable but by no means assentient reply; and the result was, that—after a series of notices to quit on the part of Captain Hall, and of entreaties, devices, stratagems, and even convulsions on that of the Countess to retain him—the spring found Captain Hall still a kind of semi-captive in the enchanted castle of the old fairy. In the beginning of March she had an attack of illness, which oppressed her at night though it left no traces by day. At this time Captain Hall ventured on one occasion

‘to say that I wondered to hear her talking of death, when, to all appearance, she seemed as well as we had ever seen her. “I think,” said she, “I must be allowed to be the best judge of my own condition. And under the conviction,” she continued, “that I shall speedily depart, I have written a few lines to you on a subject which hangs heavily on my mind. Take it to your room, read it, and think upon its contents, and afterwards we can talk the matter over.”’

‘I was astonished to find that she had strength to write at all; but the handwriting, though a little tremulous, was quite distinct. The note was as follows:—

“My dear Sir,—There is a circumstance that will require all your skill to rectify, if you have the kindness, as I trust in God you will have, to place my poor shattered head in the grave, where it can alone find repose.

“Advantage was taken of the absence of the family to place the bodies of strangers in our vault—(I say *our*, for it is personal property). The bailiff, out of negligence, or still worse motive, did not cause so much as one of them to be removed. Think of my anguish when, at the last awful funeral,* I saw no place was left for my coffin! I am assured that a family now extinct had a vault opposite to ours. Now, I conjure you, let a coffin be removed to the place where it ought to be, and let *us three* be, as we were, and I trust shall be eternally, mingling our ashes together.

“Do not spare money; all will be repaid to you. It will take a day, I believe, to arrange this business. I do not think you will understand what I write; but I shall try to explain the thing to you. I am sure Heaven will bless dear Mrs. Hall, and your darlings, and you, for all your respectable goodness to me.”’—pp. 293-295.

Captain Hall confesses—with a candour of which few men would be capable—that he began to wish for his liberation, even at the only price at which it seemed possible to obtain it:—

‘I took the earliest opportunity of her being visible to assure her that all that was requisite should be done; but I again said I could not see

* ‘That of her son in 1817.’

any reason for her thinking of such matters just now. She only smiled, shook her head, and said, "You'll see—you'll see."

'It may seem a little shocking, but scarcely can be thought strange, that we should have felt a hope at that moment that the good old lady's words would come true. Yet there surely was nothing but the truest friendship in the wish. She was all alone in the world, helpless and hopeless. In mind, so far as this life offered relief, she was without consolation; while her body was torn by almost constant racking pains, not only without a shadow of any expectation of amendment, but with the daily experience of things becoming less and less tolerable. It was clear, then, that whenever we went from her—as go from her it was evident we must, sooner or later—the poor Countess would once more be left without a friend to close her eyes—altogether adrift and deserted, like a dismantled wreck on the dismal ocean of life. Under such a painful combination of circumstances, it was surely not uncharitable to wish that the awful moment should come to pass before our other and more imperative duties should carry us far from her bed-side, and beyond the possibility of rendering her any assistance.'—pp. 295, 296.

But this indisposition passed away, and the end of the drama by the usual *tragical dénouement* seemed as distant as ever, for, on the 14th March, the Countess was as well as, according to the report of the people about her, she had been for many years. On that day, however, just as Captain Hall was forming a fresh project of escape, the old lady brought matters to an issue by a direct entreaty that he would engage to stay at Hainfeld *till she should die*:—

'The request to stay by her—(who, for aught we saw or heard from her doctor and her attendants, might live for years)—*till she died*, was a little startling; for if such an engagement were entered into, it was impossible to say how it could be fulfilled, without much more serious inconvenience than it was either our desire or our duty to incur. As the Countess spoke in a cheerful and almost playful tone, I replied in the same tone—"Pray, ma'am, when do you mean to die, for something will depend upon that?" The old lady laughed at my taking the matter up in this way, and exclaimed, "You are quite right, you cannot be expected to stay here for an indefinite period; and you would be as wrong to promise it, as I should be unreasonable to exact it. But," added she, in a more serious tone, and after pausing a minute or two, "I shall not keep you long. You know well how fatal to my happiness this period of the year has often proved. The 22nd of March is the most unfortunate day in my life. My husband expired on that day, four-and-twenty years ago, and *on that day* I think I may safely say to you that I shall die!"

'I looked, of course, not a little surprised. I cannot say I was shocked; for I could scarcely believe the Countess in earnest. Before I could muster any words to express what was proper on the occasion, she went on—

'"*Oblige me by staying over the equinox. It will come in a few days. Will you promise me that?*"

"Surely," I said, "we shall be most happy. We had intended," I added, "to proceed towards Vienna about the 20th; but we shall not now think of moving, however well you may be, before the 30th."

"Ah!" she sighed, "that will be long enough. Many days before that time arrives, you will, I trust, have laid me quietly in my grave; and I shall be joined again to those beings for whom alone I wished to live, and for whose sakes I am so anxious to die."

From that time forward she never spoke more on the subject. To all appearance also, she went on steadily improving in health, or rather not falling into greater illness. The only striking difference in her was that she could not read her letters; but she listened with much interest to their being read by us; and she insisted upon our resuming our daily readings with her as before her late violent attack. She conversed, too, nearly as formerly, and related anecdotes with all her wonted animation.

So complete, indeed, appeared to be her re-establishment, that, on the 20th of March, I wrote to her friends to state that I fully believed all immediate danger was past. . . .

But all this was no more than the flaring up of the taper just about to be extinguished! The equinox came, and found the Countess all but dead. On the 23d, and less than twenty-four hours after the time she had herself specified, the fatal blow was struck, and our poor friend was no more!—pp. 298-301.

Thus ended, under extraordinary circumstances, an extraordinary life and an extraordinary visit. Our extracts give, we fear, a very imperfect idea of this *romance of real life*, which is really conducted and finally wound up as if it were an artful and elaborate fiction, rather than a narrative of contemporaneous events. We have not space for the accounts of the details of the death, the lying in state, the funeral, or the burial, though all are marked with the same strange yet natural characteristics; but there is one subject on which we must say a word, chiefly because Captain Hall is altogether silent on it. It is remarkable that during the protracted illness of the Countess, no mention is made of her having sought the consolations of religion; and during her last days, of which Captain Hall gives copious and minute details, there seems to have been no intimation on her part of any concern about, or even belief in, a future state. No expression of affection, no mark of beneficence, no tenderness, no charity,—nothing that has even the appearance of a sentiment is recorded to have fallen from her lips, in those supreme moments, but her gratitude to Captain Hall, to his servants, and even to his infants, for their care of her. Her last recorded words were—

"I die contented, however, when I have you about me to see me laid in my grave, and know that, in spite of all the fears which have haunted me for so long a time, I shall not be left forlorn and desolate to die amongst strangers. You may well be happy to think of the good you have done and are doing me."—pp. 303-304.

This is the kind of lip-gratitude in which selfishness cloaks itself, but not a word escapes which shows any—the smallest feeling of Christianity or even of natural religion. Nor can this be supposed to be a mere omission on the part of such an ‘honest chronicler’ as Captain Hall, who, we are well aware, from his own right feeling on this point, would have been happy to have been able to add, that which would have at once softened, exalted, and purified the harsh and egotistical character of his heroine: the following passage, in his account of the funeral, proves that the subject had presented itself to Captain Hall’s mind:—

‘Lastly came the parish priest, for although the Countess *was a strict Protestant*, she had always lived on friendly terms with the Roman Catholic clergy of the neighbourhood. This gentleman, in particular, she had always esteemed; and Joseph, knowing how much it would gratify him, as well as how satisfactory it would prove to the people on the estate, very judiciously suggested his being invited. With corresponding delicacy and good taste, the priest did not attempt to interfere with what was going on, but sat at a little distance, as a deeply interested spectator, but no more.

‘Old Joseph, however, who was a good Catholic, thinking, I suppose, it might do no harm *to give his mistress’s soul a chance*, took advantage of my back being turned, and *stuck* a lighted candle into the old lady’s hand, a few minutes before she breathed her last. I was startled by this proceeding, and would have removed the candle; but Joseph, down whose cheeks the tears were flowing abundantly, beseeched me to let it remain. The effect was *not a little picturesque*, as it lighted up the dying woman’s face, and showed every change of countenance with the utmost distinctness. The lights and shades which is cast on the surrounding anxious groups—for every one now closed round the bed—were in the highest degree striking, and the moment of our poor friend’s death might have furnished admirable materials *for a picture*.’—pp. 307-308.

What Captain Hall can mean by saying that *she was a strict Protestant*, from whom, living or dying, no expression of Christian faith, or hope, escaped, and of whose death-bed the *best* he can say is that it was *picturesque*, we cannot understand; and knowing, as we have said, Captain Hall’s right sense and feeling in these matters, we cannot but express some degree of surprise, not only at his general silence as to the Countess’s religion, but at the light mode in which the subject is treated in the last extract.

We are not quite sure whether the surviving friends of the Countess may not consider themselves entitled to regret the exposure of such details of her life and death. Captain Hall has long been so very frank in his way of publishing about himself, that he may not perhaps be aware how averse many people are to see *anything* in print about their domestic affairs and connexions;—however this may be,—if the Captain’s volume were to reach

Lower Styria in an intelligible tongue, there certainly are one or two ladies who might, reasonably enough, complain at finding little foibles and follies of their own, which they naturally thought were buried in the obscurity of Schloss Hainfeld, making the tour of Europe with no very complimentary guide. On the other hand, it must be admitted that, under the singular responsibility in which Captain Hall became involved, he might naturally consider it to be his right, if not his duty, to explain, as widely as he might think proper, the very peculiar circumstances of the case in which he was left to be the only counsellor and protector of a desolate and dying woman; and it really appears to us, that, except perhaps the two fair Styrians before mentioned, and who, we hope, are far beyond the reach of Captain Hall's criticism, there is no living person of whom he has said anything that can offend any reasonable delicacy.

Though our extracts have been very copious, they give an inadequate idea of the amusement to be derived from this little volume. Anxious rather to exhibit the main points of the story, we have been obliged to omit the perhaps most amusing parts—the episodes descriptive of local manners and scenery, as seen by Captain Hall in the occasional visits made to the Countess by her neighbours, or in his own excursions in the adjacent countries: but we must find room for a letter addressed to the Countess by Sir Walter Scott in the year 1820,—at a time when that great and good man was at the height of his prosperity in all things:—

“ My Dear and much-valued Friend,—You cannot imagine how much I was interested and affected by receiving your token of your kind recollection, after the interval of so many years. Your brother Henry breakfasted with me yesterday, and gave me the letter and the book,* which served me as a matter of much melancholy reflection for many hours.

“ Hardly anything makes the mind recoil so much upon itself, as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long passed, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected. Do not think I have ever forgotten you, or the many happy days I passed in Frederick Street, in society which fate has separated so far, and for so many years.

“ The little volume was particularly acceptable to me, as it acquainted me with many circumstances, of which distance and imperfect communication had left me either entirely ignorant, or had transmitted only inaccurate information.

“ Alas! my dear friend, what can the utmost efforts of friendship offer you, beyond the sympathy which, however sincere, must sound like an empty compliment in the ear of affliction? God knows with what willingness I would undertake anything which might afford you

* Probably the *Denkmahl*, before mentioned.

the melancholy consolation of knowing how much your old and early friend interests himself in the sad event which has so deeply wounded your peace of mind. The verses, therefore, which conclude this letter,* must not be weighed according to their intrinsic value, for the more inadequate they are to express the feelings they would fain convey, the more they show the author's anxious wish to do what may be grateful to you.

"In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner, without continuing the game, till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy, or jealous of poetical fame—and both are strangers to my nature—I might comfort myself with the thought, that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so fearlessly as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority, than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for everything, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by.

"My health suffered horribly last year, I think from over labour and excitation; and though it is now apparently restored to its usual tone, yet during the long and painful disorder (spasms in the stomach) and the frightful process of cure, by a prolonged use of calomel, I learned that my frame was made of flesh, and not of iron, a conviction which I will long keep in remembrance, and avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating, as poetry must be, to be worth anything.

"In this humour, I often think of passing a few weeks on the continent—a summer vacation if I can—and of course my attraction to Gratz would be very strong. I fear this is the only chance of our meeting in this world, we, who once saw each other daily! For I understand from George and Henry, that there is little chance of your coming here. And when I look around me, and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion, amongst all you knew and loved; and how much, no sudden squall, or violent tempest, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellowships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze, I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure.

"The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction; and the brother suppers of Frederick Street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from her talents under whose auspices they were assembled.

"One of the most pleasant sights which you would see in Scotland,

* They have not been found.

as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale—Corehouse. I have promised often to go out with him, and assist him with my deep experience as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more upon my compositions for manure than on any other compositions whatsoever to which I was ever accessary. But so much does business of one sort or other engage us both, that we never have been able to fix a time which suited us both; and with the utmost wish to make out the party, perhaps we never may.

“This is a melancholy letter, but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours—who have had such real disasters to lament—while mine is only the humorous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends, and I think, no enemies—and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before.

“I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which, you know, is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and, therefore, I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph.

“Should things, therefore, change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without.”—pp. 342-347.

This beautiful letter will shed a tender interest round the memory of the Countess of Purgstall, when the eccentricities of her unfortunate old age shall be forgotten.

ART. VI.—*De la Démocratie en Amérique*. Par Alexis de Tocqueville. 2 vols. 8vo. 4th edition. Paris. 1836.

The same translated. By Henry Reeve, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

THE researches of Huber, Bonnar, and others, have made us pretty familiar with the internal economy of the bee-hive—that is to say, with its mechanical economy—for of the real workings of the system we know nothing, and our knowledge is necessarily limited to the results. So far as that goes, our curiosity is gratified; but how much more would be our satisfaction if, by any contrivance of human ingenuity, methods could be devised for

learning the language which the bees speak to one another, and if means could be discovered by which we could be present at their consultations, so as to watch the progress of their discipline, and ascertain the moving principles which, in our ignorance, we call by the evasive term instinct.

We think that Monsieur de Tocqueville has done something of this kind in the case of that wonderful microcosm—the United States; and we invite our countrymen to examine his book, with the same confidence of their being instructed and gratified, that we should do, had such a discovery been made in the trivial case of the bee-hive. Heretofore, almost every writer on the United States has confined himself, generally without any consciousness of the fact, to a description of the results; or, if he has indulged in speculations thereupon, it is mostly with a view to advance some favourite dogma of his own—to sustain those political views to which he is attached in his own country—or to amuse himself and his readers with the expansion of some philosophical principles which he considers of practical importance in the science of political economy. We speak just now of the foreigners who have undertaken to describe the United States. But the Americans themselves are not a whit more to be trusted, either as to facts or as to reasonings; nay, in many cases, they are even less to be relied on than foreigners. For they are all party men; and so vehemently do they feel interested in the honour of their country, that their judgment is almost inevitably distorted by their anxiety, at all hazards, to promulgate certain opinions.

The effect of all this has been, to introduce an extremely loose and incorrect notion of the true condition of the United States in Europe, and in no country are these vague and false impressions more generally diffused than in England, where, it might *à priori* have been supposed, there would have been the least chance of such prevalence of error. Whatever be the cause, indeed, the fact is certain, that with us almost every person who thinks on such matters at all, imagines he understands America perfectly. Accordingly, there is nothing which an Englishman receives with less favour—we had nearly said with more scorn—than those statements of travellers which happen to be opposed to his preconceived ideas upon the subject. Nor is this to be considered altogether without excuse; for the writers to whom we allude generally invite, as it were, the distrust of their readers, either by their prejudice and party spirit—sometimes avowed, more commonly betrayed—or by the exhibition of personal irritation, hardly admitting the exercise of sound judgment.

It is our opinion that M. de Tocqueville has approached the working of the American institutions in a better temper, and treated

it in a far more philosophical manner than any preceding writer. We ourselves had examined the subject carefully on the spot; we had also examined with no less care most of the works which treat upon it; and we had enjoyed the advantage of discussing it with the Americans themselves, not only on their own soil, but far from home and from those red-hot excitations which may be said to fuse their whole nation into one mass. Nevertheless, we have to acknowledge that M. Tocqueville's book has weeded out of us a great many long-cherished fallacies, and, in spite of ourselves, substituted solid-reasons for believing that to be right which we had believed to be wrong, and *vice versâ*. He has opened our eyes to the perception of numberless things which we had either entirely overlooked or entirely misconceived, or to which we had attached either too much or too little importance; and he has clearly explained to us a thousand anomalies which had perplexed our judgment or disturbed our temper. In truth, nothing has surprised us so much in reading this work, as the uniform composure with which the author engages in those discussions, the slightest touch of which has been sufficient to set other writers in a flame. We took the liberty once to say so to M. de Tocqueville himself; to ask him by what magical secret a man, by no means cold in temperament, and full of the most generous aspirations on all subjects connected with human rights and happiness, could contemplate with patience such scenes as we knew he had witnessed; above all, how he could write of them with a degree of good humour and kindly forbearance, which our English travellers seemed quite incapable even of affecting when treating of the United States? 'Ah!' replied he, 'had you, like me, been bred up in the midst of revolutions and counter-revolutions, despotisms, restorations, and all the miseries of insecurity, political and personal, you might have learned to view the worst that passes in America with calmness!'

And this leads us to point out the very important distinction between the circumstances under which a Frenchman and an Englishman writes about the United States. The Englishman, it is said, has the advantage in knowing the language better; and this is true, but only to a certain extent, as it sometimes leads him into serious mistakes. We speak not of insulated words, but rather of sentiments; and there is undoubtedly much in the current language of American society which conveys to an Englishman's mind a very different class of impressions from what the self-same words do to the understanding of a native. From the fallacies and misapprehensions to which this leads, a highly-gifted Frenchman like De Tocqueville, who acquired his practical knowledge of the English tongue in the United States, is exempted.

The Englishman never suspects that he is taking up a wrong idea ; the Frenchman distrusts himself, and inquires. But again—there is so very much in the institutions of America which assimilates them to the mother country, that an Englishman is extremely apt to overlook essential dissimilarities in the general resemblance ; and thus, on many occasions, he may miss those very points of distinction upon which the real merits of the question turn. To a Frenchman, on the contrary, the whole is so new, that he studies without any bias one way or the other. All the institutions, and their mutual workings, are so different from what he has left behind him in his own country, that he sets about examining their actions and reactions without being prejudiced—an Englishman almost inevitably is, by the multitude of notions which have grown up in his mind through the constant contemplation of circumstances so apparently similar, that it is always difficult and often impossible to disentangle them.

We feel, therefore, highly grateful to M. de Tocqueville for having acted towards us on this occasion the part of a travelling tutor. He has not only shown us the country, but explained to us the reasons why it exists in its present state ; and for the first time, so far as we are aware of, not only the true situation of that extraordinary people, but the true causes of their social and political situation, are clearly developed. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a sketch of what M. Tocqueville has done, but it must, of necessity, be merely a sketch. For the picture at large, the full representation, we must refer to the work itself ; and we do so with the most entire confidence as to the result on every reasonable mind. Persons, indeed, who seek in these pages for materials to advance any merely party, or other selfish purpose, will certainly be disappointed, for they are entirely free from 'envy, hatred, and malice, and from all uncharitableness.' Neither is there any satire contained in them, expressed or understood ; all is grave, and plain, and above-board, and withal so temperate, that even where we do not agree with his deductions, our confidence in his good faith and singleness of purpose remains unbroken. This is a great charm. We cannot, indeed, recall to our memory any work at all similar to this, in which there is no narrative, nor any other enlivening circumstance to give it animation, and yet in which the interest is sustained from beginning to end without once flagging.

We have heard French readers object to the first volume as being rather prolix ; but we ascribe this chiefly to the nature of the subject and all its details being quite foreign to their experience. Such a dose of novelties presently bewilders many whom the first mouthful most powerfully excites. To English readers,

on the other hand, we can imagine the first volume proving occasionally rather tedious from the opposite reason—that is to say, from the whole topic, and almost all the particulars, being so familiar as scarcely to require specific enunciation.

The translator appears, from an expression in his preface, to have had some apprehension of this danger—for he says that ‘at one time he had some thoughts of curtailing the chapters in which the author describes the system of local administration in America, as somewhat redundant to the English reader.’ This idea was soon abandoned—and we think fortunately; because it seems very possible that, in making such curtailments, Mr. Reeve might have cut away points of distinction, in his eye trivial as well as small, upon which, in fact, much of the value of M. de Tocqueville’s reasonings depends. It is scarcely possible fully to describe in definite terms, or to render either intelligible or striking, in particular instances, the numerous minute circumstances which, when combined, contribute so essentially to contradistinguish the two countries. To most foreigners these characteristic marks of distinction must be altogether imperceptible, and we think we have once or twice detected some which have escaped even the sagacity of M. de Tocqueville himself, in the very act of giving them expression, unconscious of their force and bearing! To very many English persons, too, most of these delicate shades, by which the national character of America has been modified, are quite unknown; because they have either not been remarked by travellers, or have not been duly described by them. But we feel confident that such of our countrymen as will seriously study M. de Tocqueville’s book, will find abundant evidence of the truth of what we have suggested; and as, in the higher classes of painting and sculpture, it is the ‘little more or the little less’ which determines the station of the work, so it will be found in the productions of real ability when employed in elucidating national character. Madame de Staël’s book on Germany is fertile in such touches, and though not by any means so profound as that of De Tocqueville, is so admirably true and searching and characteristic, that we would place them side by side without hesitation.

M. de Tocqueville, in his Introduction, opens at once the subject of democracy, and by positions equally startling and convincing, satisfies us of the importance of giving it the very gravest attention. Nothing, he says, struck him so forcibly during his stay in the United States, as the equality of condition; and he readily discovered the prodigious influence which this primary fact exercises on the whole affairs of the State, by giving peculiar impulses to the laws, and peculiar maxims to the governing powers.

powers. He soon discovered, likewise, what may be called its re-acting influence over the whole mass of civil society, not only in the creation of opinions and of sentiments, but in modifying what it does not actually produce. And he ended by seeing clearly, in this equality of conditions, the fundamental fact, or as he calls it, '*le fait générateur*,' from which every other appeared to flow; or, at all events, towards which, as a central point, his observations might constantly be traced.

From the New World he naturally turned with redoubled attention to the Old; and he presently satisfied himself, by means of the new lights reflected from America, that the equality of conditions amongst the nations of Europe was daily *progressing*, as Jonathan says, or as M. Tocqueville has it, '*s'approchait chaque jour davantage*,' to those extreme limits which it seems to have reached in the United States. From the moment he conceived this notion, he dates the origin of his book; and we must do him the justice to say that, although in the treatment of a subject so extensive and complicated, the generating idea may often be hid, it is never lost. Like the original air, or, as it is technically called, the *theme*, in a piece of music, this reference to the politics of Europe, and the sure advance of democracy, are felt through all the variations of his topic. At times, indeed, scarcely a note reaches the ear of which we can recognise the application, but sooner or later the whole is wrought into harmony; and the judgment of every candid observer must acknowledge the fidelity with which so difficult a task has been performed.

He assumes it, indeed, as all but self-evident, that a great democratic revolution is going on in Europe—yet he says there are two very different ways of viewing the matter. Some hold that it is a *new* phenomenon in politics, and as such may still be arrested; while others maintain that it is the most uniform, the most ancient, and the most permanent tendency, which is to be found in history. Let us look, says M. de Tocqueville, to the history of France during the last seven hundred years, and we shall find abundant proofs of this alarming fact. At first the territory was divided amongst a small number of military chiefs, and the right of governing descended with the family inheritance from generation to generation. Force was the only means by which man could act on man—landed property the only source of power. Presently the political influence of the clergy was founded. This opened the door to all classes—the poor as well as the rich, the villain as well as the lord. Equality penetrated through the church into the government, and he who must formerly have vegetated as a serf in perpetual bondage, now took his place as a priest amidst the nobles! As society became more complicated, the

the want of civil laws was felt, and the order of legal functionaries was revived. In like manner, while the monarchs were ruining themselves by warlike enterprises, and the nobles wasting their substance in private feuds, the lower orders gradually advanced into consequence and wealth by means of commerce; and when at length the influence of money became duly recognised, a new road to power was opened to all who had talents and enterprise. A taste for letters, science, and the arts, soon sprung up, and gave fresh impulses to genius and capacity in every department, but especially in the master art of government. The exclusive value attached to birth naturally diminished as these new paths to distinction were discovered. In the eleventh century nobility was beyond all price—in the thirteenth it was to be bought in the market. And thus equality was advanced by the aristocracy itself.

In process of time, as occasions of danger and difficulty arose, the nobles, in order to strengthen themselves in their struggles with the crown, granted a certain share of political rights to the people; or, more frequently, the king permitted the lower orders to enjoy a degree of power with the express view of repressing that of the aristocracy. Indeed, the kings of France have always been the chief levellers. When strong and ambitious, they spared no pains to raise the people to the level of the nobles; when weak, they allowed the people to rise above them. Some kings assisted the democracy by their talents—others by their vices. Louis XI. and Louis XIV. took all possible pains to reduce every rank below their own to the same subjection; while Louis XV. degraded himself and all his court to the very dust.

As soon as personal property conferred influence and power, every improvement in commerce or manufactures proved a fresh source of equality. New discoveries ministered to new luxuries. The love of war, the sway of fashion, and the most superficial as well as the deepest passions of the human heart, co-operated to enrich the poor and to impoverish the wealthy. From the moment that circumstances gave to the exercise of intellect the possession of power, every addition to science, every fresh truth, augmented the consequence of the people.

All the great events of European history during the period alluded to have had the same tendency to equalise ranks. The crusades, for example, and the fierce civil wars of England, broke down the possessions of our great Norman nobles, and the establishment of municipal bodies introduced the elements of democratic liberty into the very bosom of feudal monarchy. Then came the invention of fire-arms, which placed the noble and the villain pretty much on a par on the field of battle. Next the in-

vention of printing opened the same resources to all minds; and in process of time the post-offices spread far and wide the means of mutual communication. In ready aid of all these feelings came the Reformation, and as Protestantism proclaimed that all men are alike eligible to heaven, and competent to find their own road thither, a vast step was made in this equalizing process. The discovery of America, also, contributed its share by offering a thousand new paths for the exercise of enterprise heretofore lost in obscurity.

During all this time, adds M. de Tocqueville, it may be uniformly observed, that the 'noble' has been going down the social ladder, while the 'roturier' has been climbing up. 'Every half century,' says he, 'brings them nearer; and by and by they will meet.' We think he might have stated that this awkward meeting has already taken place in France, and that the 'roturier' used small ceremony in accelerating the descent of his opponent by tripping up his heels.

Let that pass, however; especially as he tells us,—with too much truth for those whose taste is all on the side of Conservatism—that, in whatsoever direction we cast our eyes, we shall witness the sweeping progress of the same revolution; that every occurrence of national existence, in every country of Europe, has turned to the advantage of democracy; that all men, by far the greater number unconsciously, have laboured in its cause.

This gradual development of the equality of conditions, M. de Tocqueville considers in the light of a law of heaven, or, as he calls it, 'un fait providentiel,' universal, enduring, and baffling all the efforts of man to check its course.

'Every word of this book has been written under the impression of a kind of religious terror, produced on the author's mind by the contemplation of this irresistible revolution which has advanced during so many centuries in spite of every obstacle, and which is still proceeding in the midst of the ruins it has made. It is not necessary that the Almighty should proclaim aloud what is his will: it is our business to discover it in the ordinary course of nature. Without any special revelation we know that the planets move in orbits traced by the Creator's finger. If,' he adds, 'the men of our time saw all these matters clearly, and were convinced that the social equality alluded to has been in reality decreed by Providence, they would of course see that to resist the progress of democracy were to resist the will of God, and they would resolutely endeavour to make the most of what they could not prevent. . . . The question then comes to this, If the torrent of democracy cannot be stopped, can it be guided? Is the fate of the Christian nations still in their hands? And if they wait a little longer, and take no note of these truths, may it not be too late?'—*Introduction*, p. xxii.

In short, in M. de Tocqueville's opinion, this democratic revolution

lution being inevitable, it becomes the duty of statesmen, and indeed of all men, who, by the superiority of their intellect, or the extent of their information, exercise an influence over their fellow-creatures, to view the evil—if such it be—manfully, and, instead of sinking in despair, to look about for such remedies or such modifications as are possible. The professed object of this work, then, is first to explain distinctly what is the nature and the tendency of the democracy which threatens to swallow us all up; and next, to suggest means not only for counteracting the impending mischief, but for appropriating the advantages which may essentially belong to its nature, in spite of its forbidding aspect.

‘The first duty,’ says he, ‘which at this time is imposed on those in whose hands the direction of society is placed, is to instruct the democracy; to animate and elevate its faith, if that be possible; to purify its manners; to direct its energies; to substitute, by slow degrees, a knowledge of business for its inexperience; and to supply the place of its blind and impetuous instincts, by a sound perception of its true interests. Finally, to teach the democracy how to adapt its administration of public affairs to time and place, and to modify its proceedings in such a manner as to suit the occurrences and the actors of the age.’—*Introduction*, p. xxii.

He then goes on to show how injudiciously not only the heads of the state, but all, or almost all, the powerful, intelligent, and most moral classes in France have stood aloof, and never attempted, by connecting themselves with the democracy, to obtain the means of guiding it. The mass of the people, therefore, that is to say, of the lower and least educated orders—the least competent, in every sense of the word, to direct such a prodigious movement—have been abandoned to their wild propensities. Thus left alone, they usurped the supreme power, which they were totally incapable of exercising in a rational manner; and in the end, when enfeebled and broken to pieces by their own monstrous excesses, the other parties—not unnaturally, but certainly without discretion—vainly sought to exclude the democracy altogether, instead of trying to instruct it, and, after correcting its vices, to turn its many native energies to the good of the state.

In former times, when the monarch was supported by the aristocracy, and the nations were governed peaceably, the power of a part of his subjects afforded a barrier to the tyranny of the prince—while he in like manner derived security from the same barrier against the attacks from below—and all parties might look with kindness on one another. The people, never having conceived the idea of a social condition different from that in which they were born, had no further aspirations, and received the

the benefits of their station without dreaming of their 'rights.' The noble, in like manner, never supposed it possible that any one could attempt to deprive him of the privileges which he believed to be legitimate; while the serf was perfectly contented with his inferiority. During the continuance of such a state of things, it is quite easy to imagine how a mutual exchange of good will might take place between two classes so differently gifted by nature, or rather by fortune. On one side was wealth, strength, and leisure—the refinements of luxury, intellectual enjoyments, and the cultivation of the fine arts. On the other, toil, gross tastes, and profound ignorance, mixed, it is true, occasionally with energetic passions, as well as generous sentiments and rude virtues. And states thus constructed might fairly boast of stability in their power, and of no small measure of glory. But now-a-days the scene is entirely changed in France; the barriers which had been raised between the different ranks are cast down—property is divided—the exercise of power is shared by all—the light of intelligence spreads—and information becomes general. Thus the nation has at last settled, or rather sunk under the empire of democracy, which has already interwoven itself with all the institutions and manners of the country.

He then sketches with great vigour of pencilling the existing state of France, and with a pathos in which it is impossible not to sympathise, he says

'I cannot recall to my mind a passage in history more worthy of sorrow and of pity than the scenes which are happening under my eyes. It seems as if the natural bond which unites the opinions of man to his tastes, and his actions to his principles, were broken, and all the laws of moral analogy abolished. The democracy of France, whether checked, or whether abandoned to its lawless passions, overturned everything which crossed its path; and those institutions which it did not destroy, it shook to their foundation. Its empire has not been gradually imposed on society, so as to have acquired a peaceable and secure establishment; but it has advanced rapidly in the midst of the disorders and agitations of actual conflict. Hence, in the absence of all calmness and discretion, we are compelled to be witnesses of the strange confusion before us.'—p. xxxi.

It has been far otherwise in the New World, or at least in that fortunate portion of it which it is the business of this book to describe, where the emigrants of the beginning of the seventeenth century, having severed the democratic principle in a great measure from those which repressed it in the heart of the old communities of Europe, fixed it unalloyed on the other side of the Atlantic. There it has been allowed to grow at liberty; and as it has advanced as the country advanced, it has peaceably established itself in connexion with the manners and the laws of the whole nation.

M. de Tocqueville considers it beyond a doubt that, sooner or later, the French society, like the American, must arrive at an equality almost complete. But he does not infer from thence that France must of necessity adopt a similar civil organization; he is, on the contrary, very far from believing that the Americans have discovered the only form of government which a democracy may assume. There is, however, in his opinion, a sufficient number of circumstances in common to the two countries, to render it a matter of immense interest to investigate the operation of the democratic principle. It is not, therefore, he protests, to satisfy a curiosity, in other respects quite legitimate, that he has studied the constitution of America, and watched its workings on the spot. He has been prompted by the desire of obtaining instruction which may be available at home in times to come. Neither, he assures us, has he any design of writing a panegyric, or of advocating any form of government in particular; nor does he even wish to discuss whether or not the great social revolution which he believes to be going on, and the progress of which he thinks irresistible, be, on the whole, advantageous or prejudicial to mankind. He holds that the democratic revolution has either been already brought about, or is on the eve of accomplishment, and therefore it is high time to study this overwhelming principle, in order to discern its natural consequences, and to distinguish the means by which it may be rendered profitable—to eliminate, as the mathematicians say, the elements which are mischievous, and lead to vice, misery, and national degradation, and to appropriate those which conduce to virtue, genuine freedom, and national prosperity. He, therefore, selects for description and for analysis—not as an example for imitation—that country in which, of all those which have witnessed this great change, the development of the democratic principle has been the most complete and the most peaceable. || We may have our doubts, certainly, whether the democratic principle has already made such extensive advances in Europe, or whether its future predominance is altogether so inevitable and irresistible, as our author believes; but we have no doubt of the high utility of the investigation he has undertaken.

He divides his task into two parts. In the first—which alone is yet published—he shows the direction which the democracy of America, almost entirely unrestrained, and let loose to follow its natural propensities, has given to the laws and to the general administration of public affairs. He, moreover, endeavours to trace its evils and advantages, and to learn what precautions have been used by statesmen in America to regulate this enormous machine, so as to render its movements subservient to the government of society. In the second part of his work—which we

are glad to say may be soon expected—M. de Tocqueville proposes to examine the influence which the equality of conditions, and the actual administration of affairs under a democratical government, have exercised on the habits, the opinions, the sentiments, and manners of the Americans : in short, to determine how far their moral character, their intellectual attainments, their pursuit of business or of pleasure, their intercourse with one another and with foreigners, and all their other private relations, have been modified by the complete establishment of the democratic system under circumstances entirely dissimilar to any which the world had heretofore witnessed.

We are apt, in judging of a human being, to commence the study of his character when he begins the career of manhood ; whereas we ought to commence much higher—to watch the infant in its mother's arms, and its progress in childhood, and study its earliest education, if we wish to understand the prejudices, habits, and passions which are to rule the man in after-life. The growth of nations, observes our author, presents something analogous to this. They all bear some marks of their origin ; and the circumstances which accompany their birth and contribute to their rise affect the whole term of their existence. He afterwards adverts, though too briefly, to the influence of *blood* in the descent, which is, of course, as remarkable in nations as it is in the families of which nations are composed. Unfortunately for the profitable study of history, we are in general prevented, by the obscurity of time, from examining the infancy of most nations ; so that we can do no more than infer by vague analogies what may have been the germs of those ruling prejudices, passions, sentiments, habits, and so forth, which constitute what we term national character. Had we the same means of investigating other cases that we have in that of America, we should doubtless be able to explain many anomalies, and understand the reason of certain customs apparently at variance with the prevailing manners—of laws in direct conflict with established principles—of opinions quite incoherent and unsubstantial, yet quite fixed in society, like those fragments of broken chains which we see hanging from the vault of an ancient edifice, and supporting nothing.

The spirit of inquiry, says M. de Tocqueville, has come upon most communities only in their old age, and when they set about investigating their origin, it is found enveloped in mists of ignorance, spangled over with the false gleams of vanity. At the time, however, that America was first settled, the national character of the emigrants was completely formed, and is abundantly known to us. We are, indeed, almost as well acquainted with the men of the sixteenth century as with our contemporaries ;

and thus we have displayed before us in full daylight all those political phenomena which the ignorance and rudeness of early ages conceals from us in the case of the nations of Europe.

‘Accordingly, it will probably be found that there is scarcely an opinion, a custom, or a law, and hardly an event upon record in America, which may not be explained by the circumstances which mark the origin of the nation.’—vol. i. p. 19.

The emigrants who came at different periods to occupy the wide territory now included in the federal Union were essentially distinguished from each other in some respects; and they governed themselves on principles marked by correspondent distinctions. But they all spoke the same language, and owned the same blood—and their manners and habits were, on the whole, of a similar nature. Their native country had been agitated for several centuries by the struggles of political parties, which were made alternately to govern and to submit. In this rude revolutionary school they had all learned, more or less, many notions of political rights, and become practically conversant with the principles of genuine freedom, of which their contemporaries on the continent of Europe were comparatively ignorant. At the period of the first emigration, for example, the system of parishes, or separate communities—called by M. de Tocqueville, ‘*le gouvernement communal*,’—had become deeply rooted in the habits of the English, and along with it the practical creed of the sovereignty of the people had been introduced into the very bosom of the monarchy of the house of Tudor. Again, the great religious controversies of the Christian world were then at their height—especially amongst the English. Their character, heretofore sedate and reflective, became austere and argumentative. General information expanded under all this discussion, and the minds of men became more thoroughly cultivated; and while religion formed the topic of such earnest debate, it had an important effect in purifying manners. These general and characteristic features are more or less discoverable in the physiognomy of all those adventurers who sought a new home on the other side of the sea.

Again, the emigrants carried with them few notions or feelings favourable to the erection of a Transatlantic aristocracy—for the prosperous and happy do not go into exile any more than the powerful; and poverty and misfortune are great levellers of condition. So that even when men of rank were driven to America by political or religious hostility, they were soon obliged to relinquish their distinctions. It was also discovered that, in order to bring uncleared land into cultivation, with any chance of advantage to the possessor, he must bestow upon it his own constant and personal

personal exertions, for the produce was found to be insufficient to enrich a farmer and a landlord at the same time. The land was therefore all broken up—each man cultivated his farm for himself; and the notion of forming large possessions, and handing them down from father to son—the only sure basis of an aristocracy—was entirely out of the question. Thus the principle of democracy was a natural consequence of the peculiar circumstances in which the soil itself was placed.

M. de Tocqueville then points out some important distinctions which mark the origin of the northern and the southern settlers. The fatal delusion that gold and silver mines are the sources of national wealth beset the first planters of Virginia. They were avaricious desperados; and their turbulent habits were rendered still more corrupt by the introduction of slavery—which, by dishonouring labour, introduces idleness—and with it, ignorance, pride, false luxury, and real distress. The influence of a system of slavery, grafted on the English character, will explain the state of manners in the Southern States.

In the north the same foundation of the genuine English character was modified by a very different class of circumstances; and M. de Tocqueville very properly enters into considerable details at this place, because several of the leading ideas which form the basis of the social theory, and the political practice of the Republic, were first combined in what was then called New England. The principles there first established spread gradually but steadily to the adjacent provinces; then passed, successively, to the more distant; and at length imbued the whole of the colonies, long before they detached themselves from the mother country, from whence these generous and manly aspirations had been originally imported.

Most colonies have been established by men without education, without resources, without character—some were peopled by persons actually convicted of crime—or by those who, like the buccaneers, made crime their profession. Such was the colony of St. Domingo—and such is Australia now. But the New England settlers had far higher motives. They belonged to the independent classes of their own country. They were not lords, nor were they of the common people—neither were they rich, nor were they poor; but they were all, without exception, educated, and many of them were known in Europe for their talents and acquirements. They brought with them habits of order and diligence, and a rigid purity of morals; and as they were accompanied by their wives and families, they landed in the new wilderness with all their domestic relations entire. What most distinguished these Pilgrims, as they called themselves, was the object of their undertaking.

taking. They did not cross the Atlantic in search of wealth, but of freedom. They belonged, it is true, to the party the austerity of whose religious principles had acquired for them the name of Puritans; but their principles were not merely religious—they were strongly tinctured with democratic and republican theories. Indeed, it was these tendencies which had roused the jealousy of their adversaries, and led to that persecution which drove them to seek some rude and unfrequented quarter of the globe, where they could live according to their own opinions, worship God, and govern themselves in peace. M. de Tocqueville has a long and very interesting chapter on the consequences, both immediate and remote, of this important peculiarity in the history of the first emigrants, namely,—that their piety, however ardent and sincere, was not exclusively of that speculative kind which takes no cognizance of the affairs of this world, since their religion was interwoven with, and gave its own solemn sanction to, their political doctrines.

The English government was not dissatisfied with an emigration which removed the elements of further revolutions; and owing to this, among other causes, these colonies always enjoyed much more political independence and real internal freedom than those of any other nation had done. Sometimes the King appointed a governor; sometimes grants of land were made to Companies, who governed the districts so ceded; and, lastly, the colonists, in some cases, were allowed to constitute a distinct political society, under the protection of the mother country, and to govern themselves in whatever was not contrary to her laws. This mode of colonization, so remarkably favourable to liberty, occurred in its fullest sense only in the New England States. The chief care of their early legislators was the maintenance of orderly conduct and good morals in the community; and to secure such objects they adopted many absurd regulations, but along with these they framed a system of political law, which, though composed two centuries ago, includes nearly all the essential elements of freedom, and the groundwork of modern constitutional governments. The principles were all borrowed, no doubt, from England, but in practice they came even sooner to maturity in the woods than at home; we allude especially to the intervention of the people in the conduct of public affairs—the power of voting taxes—the responsibility of public authorities—personal liberty—recognised security of property, and trial by jury. All these privileges were established in the new world as rights and without discussion. From these fertile principles flowed consequences of great importance, and without number or limit; such, for example, as the representative system under the practice of universal suffrage—the universal education of the people—and the township

or municipal independence, which seems to form the main spring of American liberty at the present hour. In fact, the townships were completely established as early as 1650, before the country was divided into counties, nay, before even any state could be said to be formed, still less a union of states.

Here M. de Tocqueville pauses to consider those two tendencies, distinct, but not opposite, which are constantly discernible in the manners as well as laws of America, and which sprung out of their ancestors being at the same time ardent religious sectarians, and daring political innovators.

‘Political principles and all human laws and institutions were moulded and altered at their pleasure; the barriers of the society in which they were born were broken down before them; the old principles which governed the world for ages were no more. . . . In the moral world, on the other hand, everything with them and with their successors is classed, adopted, decided, and foreseen, while in the political world everything is agitated, contested, uncertain. In the one we find a passive though voluntary obedience, in the other an independence laughing all experience to scorn, and jealous of every kind of authority.’—vol. i. p. 45.

Thus, there is much that is Puritanical, and much that is purely English, in many of the institutions and habits of the United States—much that belongs to the accidental circumstance of the first settlers having been members of a particular sect—and much to the great mass of the people having been brought up in habits of respect for the customs of England. So that, after all, as M. de Tocqueville says, ‘the surface of American society is covered, as it were, with a layer of democracy,’ (a pretty thick one, we guess,) ‘from beneath which the old aristocratic colours sometimes peep.’—(p. 48.)

Our author proceeds with remarkable clearness to explain the internal structure—first, of the particular States, and then of the federal Union. He shows that the most striking characteristic of the social condition of the Anglo-Americans is its essential democracy; and he traces the progress of this principle through all its stages. The equality of the early settlers was universal, and all their laws contributed to confirm this original feature, by weeding away from the old institutions and customs they had brought with them from England whatever might have a contrary tendency. For example—the laws of descent, including that of primogeniture, were presently set aside for others having the equal division of property for their object; and thus the large properties granted by the Crown to some of the early settlers were eventually broken up. In France the same process is going on; but much remains yet to be done. In America the work of destruction is already accomplished in most of the States. In the south, where slavery

prevails, and where the value of property would be seriously deteriorated by subdivision, the principle has been checked by the strong motives of interest overruling the natural tendency of the democratic principle. But in the northern and eastern States the stimulus of personal interest operating upon the great mass of society is quite the reverse. The principal clauses of the English law of descent have been universally rejected. If a man dies intestate, his property is equally divided amongst his heirs, without distinction of sex. This is the law in all the States except Vermont, where the male heir inherits a double portion. Previous to the Revolution, the colonies followed the English law of entail. Since then that law has been, in most of the States, so essentially modified as to deprive it of its aristocratic tendencies. But while the American law divides the property equally if there be no will, it still allows every man the liberty of disposing of his property, and of leaving it entire or dividing, as he chooses. And here it may be interesting to remark, that on this point the French legislation is infinitely more democratic than the American: for the French law has not modified, but abolished entail; and obliges every testator to divide his property equally, or nearly so, amongst his children.

‘If,’ says our author, ‘the social condition of the Americans is more democratic than that of the French, the laws of France are the more democratic of the two. This,’ he adds, ‘may be more easily explained than at first sight appears to be the case. In France democracy is still occupied in the work of destruction; in America it reigns quietly over the ruins it has made.’—vol. i. p. 284.

M. de Tocqueville next grapples with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and shows how this power gradually advanced itself in the States even before the Revolution—how it became developed by their political independence—and how, in the end, it has gained irresistible sway in the wide extension of the elective franchise. In America the people—that is to say, the mass of the people, the numerical majority—regulate all things, and, in fact, govern the country; they appoint the legislative as well as the executive power; they nominate the judges and the juries; they elect their representatives directly, and for the most part annually; and thus, in every possible way, although the government be nominally what is called representative, it is evident that the opinions of the majority, however fluctuating or inconsistent—*their* passions, however violent—and *their* prejudices, however absurd—or *their* interests, however selfish—do, in all cases, exercise a perpetual influence on society. Formerly there existed two great and distinct parties—the Federalists and the Republicans; but these distinctions are now quite obliterated.

The federalists have been completely beaten, and the republicans or democrats, as they love to call themselves, have it now so completely to themselves, that none other dare show himself—that is to say, no man—unless his opinions coincide with theirs—dare express them either in speech, in writing, or in action. After the severe ‘war of independence,’ the country fell into a state so nearly approaching to anarchy, that the federalists, who were the champions of order and steady government, were permitted to rule for ten or twelve years; but during all that time the hostile current became every day stronger and stronger, and in 1801 the republicans got possession of all the power. Jefferson was named President, and he brought the weight of his talents and his immense popularity to aid the rising cause of democracy, which from that hour went on increasing in strength, till it has finally acquired such absolute supremacy in the country, that no other has even a voice, still less any hope of being heard.

‘In the absence of great parties, the United States abound with lesser controversies, and public opinion is divided into a thousand minute shades of difference upon questions of very little moment. The pains which are taken to create parties are inconceivable. In the United States there is no religious animosity, because all religion is respected and no sect is predominant; there is no jealousy of rank, because the people is everything and no one can contest its authority; lastly, there is no public misery to serve as a means of agitation, because the physical position of the country opens so wide a field to industry, that man is able to accomplish the most surprising undertakings with his native resources. . . . But since ambitious men find it difficult to eject a person from power upon the mere ground that his place is coveted by others, they are obliged to create parties; and in this disturbing process lies their chief talent. It is owing to this cause that the domestic controversies of the Americans appear to a stranger so puerile, and often totally incomprehensible. He knows not at first whether to pity the people, who busy themselves with such arrant trifles, or to envy the happiness which enables them to discuss such things seriously. But in process of time he discovers that they have all a definite object. One party labours, and labours in vain, to limit the popular authority; the other, with triumphant success, seeks to extend its influence. Thus, either the aristocratic or the democratic passion may be detected at the bottom of every faction in the United States.’—vol. ii. p. 11.

This part of the book will remind our readers of some curious passages which we quoted a year or two ago from the *Marie* of M. de Beaumont, who was M. de Tocqueville’s companion in his American travels. Our author says, for example,

‘The wealthy individuals in that country, and there are many such, bear a secret ill-will to the democracy. The nation seems to be inspired with but one spirit—but this apparent unanimity is merely a cloak to alarming dissensions and perpetual opposition. At the present day the
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more affluent members of society are so entirely removed from the direction of public affairs in America, that wealth, far from conferring a right to the exercise of power, is rather an obstacle than a means of obtaining it.'—vol. ii. p. 12.

M. de Tocqueville then draws the picture of a monied man in the United States, an insulated, distrusted being, who concentrates all his pleasures in the privacy of his house, where alone he can assume the rank which is denied him in public. They submit because they cannot help themselves, and we may even hear them lauding in public the delights of the republican government, which they detest. 'Next to hating their enemies,' remarks our author, 'men are most inclined to flatter them.' But it is not merely individuals, or even individual classes, in America, who, from their pecuniary or other circumstances, are excluded from their just share in the administration of public affairs. There is a mass, and a very large mass, of the whole nation who have been brought under the influence of a despotism in many respects more severe than that of any monarchy, ancient or modern.

To render this thoroughly intelligible to our readers would require much more space than we can spare; and we must refer to M. de Tocqueville's pages, in which he describes (chap. iii. vol. ii.) the influence of a *cheap press*, and the action of *political associations* in America (chap. iv. vol. ii.), as well as to chap. v., in which the *actual government* of the democracy is analyzed in a manner the most interesting. The true nature of universal suffrage, and its effects on the electors and elected, are here placed vividly before us. We see, too, how completely every description of public officer is not only held responsible, as doubtless he should be, to the PEOPLE (in the proper sense of that abused word)—but how completely he is under the direct, daily, practical control of the POPULACE. * We would direct particular attention to the author's picture of the influence of this mob-power on the finances of the Union, and its interference with the operations of the executive in all the foreign relations of the country.] But we have unfortunately no room for any part of these very curious and valuable speculations, and hasten to appropriate what little space is left us to that part of the work which we consider as the most original, and in many respects the most important.

Having shown that, by one means and another, the majority in the United States have gained possession of unlimited and almost uncontrolled power, he proceeds to point out the consequences. In the first place, although there be two Chambers both in the federal government and in that of each separate State, the members of the different houses are taken from the same class in society, and are nominated in the same manner; so that the move-

ments of the double legislature are almost as rapid, and quite as irresistible, as those of a single body. From the same causes, the executive has been gradually deprived of all stability and independence; and even the judicial authority has been brought directly under the all-absorbing sway of the majority. In several of the States the judges are elected for a limited period by the people, and in all of them the bench is made dependent on their pleasure, by their representatives having the power annually to regulate the stipend of the judges.

‘Custom, however,’ adds he, ‘has done even more than law. A proceeding, which will in the end set all the guarantees of representative government at nought, is becoming more and more general in the United States: it frequently happens that the electors, in choosing a deputy, point out a certain line of conduct to him, and impose upon him a certain number of positive obligations which he is pledged to fulfil. With the exception of the tumult, this comes to the same thing as if the majority of the populace held its deliberations in the market-place.’—vol. ii. p. 145.

The system of pledges, however (as indeed he elsewhere observes), is, though a natural, almost a superfluous feature. Even without that, when the period for which a representative is elected is made very short, as it is universally in America, he becomes almost necessarily a mere delegate. He is not allowed time to establish, by the test of experience, the solidity of his own political character; and at the end of his year of service he is inevitably dismissed unless he has servilely adopted the accidental passions of those who elected him. Thus it may fairly be said, that in America there is hardly a single public man who is at liberty to take an enlarged view of affairs, or who is not the absolute slave of the capricious will of his arbitrary constituents, to the utter disregard of the general interests of the commonwealth.

In Europe, of old, it used to be held that the sovereign could do no wrong, or that, if he did, the blame should be imputed to his responsible advisers. The Americans hold the same doctrine with respect to their *sovereign majority*, but where shall we look for its responsible advisers?

‘The majority in that country exercises a prodigious actual authority, and a moral influence which is scarcely less preponderant; and when once it has taken an opinion into its head, no obstacles exist which—I shall not say can stop,—but which can even impede its progress, or which can induce it to heed the complaints of those whom it crushes in its path.’—vol. ii. p. 147.

In America, where the authority of the popular representation stands alone, nothing prevents it from executing its headlong wishes the moment they are formed; and thus, since the members

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are changed every year, and each set has a new pack of fancies to promulgate, the laws succeed one another with astonishing rapidity.

‘The omnipotence of the majority, and the rapid as well as absolute manner in which its decisions are executed in America, has not only the effect of rendering the laws unstable, but it exercises the same baneful influence on the execution of the law and the conduct of the public administration. As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all projects are taken up with the greatest ardour; but no sooner is its attention distracted, than all this ardour ceases. In the free states of Europe the administration is at once independent and secure, so that the projects it originates it can carry through, while, at the same time, its attention may be directed to other objects.

‘I hold it to be an impious and execrable maxim that, in the affairs of government, the majority of a people has the right to do everything—and yet I have asserted that all authority lies in the will of the majority. But there is no contradiction in this. A general law, which bears the name of justice, has been made and sanctioned not merely by a majority of this or that people, but by a majority of mankind. The true rights of every people are consequently confined within the limits of what is just. A nation may be considered in the light of a jury empowered to represent society at large, and to apply the great and general law of justice. Ought such a jury, which represents society, to have more power than the society in which the laws it applies originate?

‘It is clear, that, accurately speaking, no such thing as a mixed government—according to the meaning usually given to that term—can exist, because some one principle must predominate. Some one social power must always be superior to all the rest; but I consider that liberty is in danger when that power is not checked by any obstacle which may retard its course, and compel it to moderate its own vehemence.’—vol. ii. p. 153.

God alone can be omnipotent without danger—because his wisdom and justice are always equal to his power. But on earth there is no authority so worthy of honour for itself, or which is invested with a right so sacred, that it can be safely trusted with uncontrolled power.

‘When an individual or a party is exposed to injustice in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If he appeals to public opinion, he finds that public opinion forms the majority; if to the legislature, he discovers that it represents the majority, which has bound its members down to obey blindly its instructions; if he claims the protection of the executive, he is soon made sensible that they are appointed by the majority, and that they are passive tools in its hands. The public force is nothing but the majority under arms; juries are merely committees of the majority appointed to hear judicial cases; and in certain states even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous, therefore, or unreasonable, be the measures of which you complain, you *must* submit!’—vol. ii. p. 155.

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In a note at this place (vol. ii. p. 155) M. de Tocqueville gives some curious illustrations of the sort of tyranny exercised by the majority. In one instance the editor of a newspaper had offended their majesties by advocating peace with England. The people assembled—broke up the presses, and attacked the houses of the editors. The militia was called out, but no one dared to obey the call, and the only means of saving the lives of these ‘best public instructors’ was to throw them into prison. But even this precaution was ineffectual: the *majority* again collected, the magistrates again ineffectually called out the militia—the prison was forced, and one of the editors of the paper which had presumed to hold an opinion opposed to the will of the sovereign mob was killed on the spot, and the others left for dead. Finally, when the leaders in the outrage were brought to trial, the jury, acting under the terrors of the majority, acquitted them! M. de Tocqueville does not say that abuses of such a flagrant and marked character frequently occur in America at the present day: but he maintains that there is no sure barrier against them—that the causes which mitigate such tyranny are to be found in the peculiar circumstances of the country and manners of the people—not in the laws themselves.

‘We must take care,’ continues our acute author, ‘to distinguish between tyranny and arbitrary power. Tyranny may be exercised by means of the law, and in that case it is not arbitrary; on the other hand, arbitrary power may be exercised for the good of the community at large, in which case it is not tyrannical. Tyranny generally employs arbitrary means; but, if necessary, it rules without them; and, in the United States, the unbounded power of the majority, which is favourable to the legal despotism of the legislature, is likewise favourable to the arbitrary power of the magistrate. The majority has an entire control over the law, not only when it is made, but when it is executed; and as it possesses an equal authority over those who are in power, and over the community at large, it considers public officers as its passive agents, and readily confides the task of serving its designs to their vigilance.’—vol. ii. p. 158.

But it is not merely over the persons and property and external privileges of the citizens, that this tyranny of the majority is exercised. Its domination extends to the thoughts of men, and suppresses not merely the exposition, but the very existence, so far as is possible, of all opinions in any way hostile to its arbitrary will and pleasure.

‘The most absolute monarchies of Europe, it is well known, are unable to prevent certain notions which are opposed to their authority from circulating in secret, and to a great extent, throughout their dominions. Such is not the case in America. As long as it is not decided

decided which party is in the majority, discussion is carried on; but as soon as its decision is irrevocably pronounced, a submissive silence is observed.

¶ 'I am not acquainted with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind and so little freedom of discussion, as in America. The authority of a king is purely physical; it controls the actions of the subject without subduing his private will; but the majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest but all controversy. . . .

'In any constitutional state in Europe every sort of religious or political theory may be freely promulgated, for there is none of its nations so subdued by any single authority, as not to contain citizens who are ready to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth. If he is unfortunate enough to live under an absolute government, the people are on his side; if he inhabits a free country, he may find the shelter he requires behind the authority of the throne. In some countries the aristocracy will support him—in others the democracy—but in a nation where the democracy is organized as it is in the United States, there is but one sole authority, one single element of force and success—with nothing beyond it. . . .

'In America the majority draws a formidable circle round the exercise of thought. Within its limits an author is at liberty to write what he pleases—but woe to him that dares to pass them! Not that he is threatened with an "auto da fé," but he is exposed to annoyances of every sort, and to daily persecutions. His political career is for ever closed if once he offends the only power which can open it to him. Every kind of compensation is refused him, even that of celebrity. Before he published his opinions, he imagined he had partizans—but no sooner has he declared them openly than he is loudly censured by his opponents, whilst those who think with him, without having equal courage to give expression to their thoughts, hold their peace and abandon him. He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and he subsides into silence, as if he were tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth.

'Fetters and the headsman were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has refined the arts of despotism which one might have imagined sufficiently perfect before. The excesses of monarchical power devised a variety of physical means of oppression; the democratic republics of our day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind as that will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of a single despot, the body was roughly attacked in order that the soul might be subdued; but the soul, escaping from the blows directed against it, rose superior to the attempt. Such, however, is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; it leaves the body free, but it enslaves the mind. The sovereign can no longer say, "You shall think as I do, and

and act as I wish, or you die;" but the tyrant majority says, "You are free to think differently from me, and you may retain your life—but henceforth you are an alien among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they will be rendered useless to you; for if you solicit the suffrages of your fellow-citizens, they will be refused to you; and if you court their esteem, they will affect to despise you. You will remain amongst men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow-creatures will shun you like an impure being; and even those who are persuaded of your innocence will abandon you likewise, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but I have taken care to make it worse than death."

'Absolute monarchies have degraded despotism—let us beware lest democratical republics bring it again into favour, and, by making oppression still more onerous to the few, render it less odious and less degrading in the eyes of the many.'—vol. ii. pp. 159-162.

This is pretty strong—but, we may ask, is there no hope of better things? Are there no writers who, directly or indirectly, attack a state of things so humiliating? Are there no La Bruyères or Molières to criticize the manners of the sovereign people as the wits and philosophers did those of the court of France? Hear what M. de Tocqueville says—

'The ruling power in the United States must not be jested with; the smallest reproach irritates its sensibility; the slightest joke which has any foundation in truth renders it indignant; everything must be made the subject of encomium, from the very structure of their language to their more solid virtues.' (We might add, they will not even allow you to criticize "their weather," as they call it, without taking offence.) 'No writer, whatever be his eminence, can escape from this tribute of adulation to his fellow-citizens. The majority lives in the perpetual practice of self-applause, and it is only from strangers, or from actual experience, that the Americans have any chance of learning some truths. If no great writers have as yet appeared in America, the reason is clear. Literary genius cannot exist without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America.'—vol. ii. p. 162.

These extracts will serve to give some notion of the extent of authority assumed by the tyrant majority; but we must refer to M. de Tocqueville's book for the full development of the principle. After having described the operations of the authority alluded to, he proceeds to show its consequences on the political condition of America, and nothing can be more instructive than the lesson which such an investigation teaches. We have no space to do more than slightly touch some of the leading effects of this overwhelming principle which so essentially, as we conceive, interferes with the action of genuine freedom, and renders us a thousand times more in love with our own system, in which alone,

as far as our experience and observation have gone—true liberty exists. What struck our author above everything was the *general* lowering of the standard of human intellect in all things—but especially in the department of politics—

‘In that immense crowd which throngs the avenues to power,’ writes M. de Tocqueville, ‘I found very few men who displayed any of that manly candour and that masculine independence of opinion which often distinguished the Americans of former times, and which constitutes the leading feature in distinguished characters wheresoever they may be found. It seems, at first sight, as if the minds of all the Americans were formed upon one model, so accurately do they correspond in their manner of judging. A stranger does, indeed, sometimes meet with Americans who quit the stiffness of formal ideas, or with others who deplore the defects of the laws, and the mutability and ignorance of the democracy—or who go so far as to comment on the evils which impair the national character, and to point out such remedies as might be taken to correct the mischief. But all this is confided to no one besides yourself, and you to whom the secret confession is made are a stranger and a bird of passage. The Americans are very ready to communicate to you such truths as it is useless for you to hear, but in public they hold a totally different language.’—vol. ii. p. 166.

M. de Tocqueville considers it quite a mistake, though a common one in Europe, to suppose that the democratical institutions of America are likely to perish from weakness; their chief danger, in his opinion, arising from their own enormous power. This universal and uncontrollable influence, he thinks, may at some future time urge the oppressed minorities to desperation, and oblige them to seek relief by the hazardous experiment of a physical collision. ‘Anarchy will then be the result; but it will have been brought about by despotism’ (vol. ii. p. 170). In support of this opinion, he quotes two great American names, that of General Hamilton, and that of Jefferson. Hamilton’s authority, indeed, is now worth very little amongst a people who abhor the very name of a federalist. But as that of Jefferson—‘the most powerful advocate that democracy has ever set forth’—is higher now than ever, we shall copy the quotation from a letter of his to Madison, dated 18th March, 1789—

‘The executive power in our government is not the only, perhaps not even the principal object of my solicitude. The tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue to be so for many years to come. The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period.’

Having now run over what M. de Tocqueville pronounces the evils attendant upon the American democracy, we shall gladly imitate his fairness by giving a sketch of what he considers to be

the causes which mitigate this tyranny of the majority. The first of these he holds to be the absence of centralization in the government—

‘The majority, it is true, frequently displays the tastes and propensities of a despot; but, fortunately, it is destitute of the more perfect instruments of tyranny. The national majority may influence and modify, but it does not pretend actually to conduct the details of business. The majority has become more and more absolute; but it has not invested the executive with more authority; and however the predominant party may be carried away by its passions, it cannot oblige all the citizens to comply with its desires in the same manner and at the same time throughout the country. The majority, through the government, may issue a decree, but it must entrust the execution of its will to agents whom it frequently has no control over, and at all events cannot perpetually direct. The townships, the municipal bodies, and the whole system of local administration, both in town and country, may be looked upon as concealed breakwaters, which check or part the tide of popular excitement. Were an oppressive law passed, the liberties of the people would still be protected by the means which that law would put in execution—the majority cannot descend to the details and puerilities of administrative tyranny.’—vol. ii. p. 174.

In fact he thinks that the majority are as yet unconscious of the increased resources which their power would acquire from the *art of government*, and he considers this point well worthy of the attention of statesmen.

‘If a democratic republic,’ says he, ‘similar to that of the United States, were ever founded in a country where the power of a single individual had previously subsisted, and the effects of a centralized administration had sunk deep into the habits and laws of the people, I do not hesitate to assert, that in that country, a more insufferable despotism would prevail than any which now exists in the absolute monarchical states of Europe, and we should have to pass into Asia to find anything to compare with such a government.’—*ibid.*

The next conservative circumstance which serves to counterpoise the evils of the democracy is one which we will venture to say very few of M. de Tocqueville’s English readers would have guessed at—few even of those most familiar with America, either by reading or by personal observation, or by both, as we ourselves happen to be. It is no other than the nature as well as the immense weight of influence exercised by the members of the legal profession. We always knew that the Americans were litigious in the highest degree; we have had abundant means of knowing how this most ruinous of all the varieties of the vice of gambling is augmented in their country by the nominal blessing, but real curse, of *cheap justice*, as it is falsely called; and we knew also how much they love to tyrannize over one another through the instrumentality

instrumentality of the law; but until we read M. de Tocqueville's ingenious discussion on this point (vol. ii. pp. 175 to 188) we certainly had not sufficiently appreciated the good which the Americans derive (unconsciously and indirectly) from this characteristic propensity. He says,

'In all ages of the political history of Europe the lawyers have taken an important part in the vicissitudes of political society. In the middle ages they afforded a powerful support to the crown; and since that period they have exerted themselves to the utmost to limit the royal prerogative. In England, they have long contracted a close alliance with the aristocracy; in France, they have proved the most dangerous enemies of that class.'—p. 175.

He proceeds to explain in what way American lawyers, by their education and habits, acquire instinctively tastes hostile to the revolutionary spirit and unreflecting passions of the multitude. Their special information, and their ten thousand technicalities, which it is utterly impossible that any one but themselves can understand, still less apply to practice, ensure them a separate station in every society. They are the masters of a science which is necessary, but which is not generally known, and as they serve as arbiters between the citizens, and direct, more or less, the blind passions of parties in litigation, they acquire a sort of habitual scorn for the judgment of the multitude. In short, they form a *body*, connected in mind by the analogy of their studies and the uniformity of their proceedings.

'A portion of the tastes and habits of the aristocracy may consequently be discovered in the characters of men in the profession of the law; they participate in the same instinctive love of order and formalities, and they entertain the same strong repugnance to the actions of the multitude, and the same secret contempt of the government of the people.'—p. 177. 'The object of the legal profession is not to overthrow the institutions of democracy; but they constantly endeavour to give it an impulse which diverts it from its real tendency by means of which the others know nothing.'—p. 181.

'The indispensable want of legal assistance which is felt in England and in the United States, and the high opinion which is generally entertained of the ability of the legal profession, tend to separate it more and more from the people, and to place it in a distinct class. The French lawyer is simply a man extensively acquainted with the statutes of his country, for although the French *codes* are often difficult of apprehension, they may be read by every one. On the other hand, nothing can be more impenetrable to the uninitiated than a legislation founded on precedents; so that the English or American lawyer resembles the hierophants of Egypt, for like them he is the sole interpreter of an occult science.'—p. 183.

'In America there are no nobility and no literary men; and as the people distrust the wealthy, the professors of the law form the highest

political class, and the most cultivated circle of society. They have nothing to gain by innovation, which adds a conservative interest to their natural taste for public order. If I were asked where I place the American aristocracy, I should reply, without hesitation, that it is not composed of the rich, who are united together by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and the bar. The more, too, that we reflect upon all that occurs in the United States, the more we shall be persuaded that the members of the legal profession, as a body, form the most powerful, if not the only counterpoise to the democratic element. When the American people is intoxicated by passion, or carried away by the impetuosity of its ideas, it is checked and moderated by the almost invisible influence of its legal counsellors, who secretly oppose their aristocratic propensities to its democratic instincts—their superstitious attachment to what is ancient, to its love of novelty—their circumscribed views, to its immense designs—and their habitual procrastination, to its ardent impatience.’—p. 185.

We do not quite assent to what our author alleges as to the main cause of the *democratical* tendency of the French, as opposed to the *aristocratical* tendency of the English and American lawyers. In our opinion, were the work of *destruction* once complete in France, the lawyers would be found acting there quite as aristocratically as they now dare to do in America. But the circumstance which M. de Tocqueville adverts to is still an important one; and accordingly we find all our own philosophical radicals strongly infected with their master, the sublime Jeremy Bentham’s hatred of ‘judge-made law,’ and love of what is called, in the same dialect, ‘Codification.’

We have not room for our author’s equally luminous exposition of various other *conservative* circumstances in the condition of the American republic—such as her having no neighbours—a wide territory of virgin soil—and last, not least, of her having *no metropolis*. Were there a Paris or a London in America, the whole system would go to shivers in a single twelvemonth; and this too was the distinct belief of Jefferson, expressed in one of his letters from Paris, while the French Revolution was going on—a revolution, by the bye, in the reality of which the said Jefferson never believed, until the bloody head of Madame de Lamballe was dabbled against his window one morning, while he was reading the newspaper over his chocolate.

¶The following remarks are very important in many senses:—

‘It cannot be doubted that in the United States the instruction of the people powerfully contributes to the support of a democratic republic—and such must always be the case I believe where the instruction which awakens the understanding is not separated from the moral education which regulates manners. Yet I by no means wish to lay too much stress on this advantage; and I am far from thinking, as many people in Europe do, that men can be instantaneously made good

citizens by teaching them to read and write. True information is mainly derived from experience; and if the Americans had not been gradually accustomed to govern themselves, their book-learning would not assist them much at the present day.'

'I have lived a great deal,' he continues, 'with the people of the United States, and I cannot express how much I admire their experience and their good sense. An American should never be led to speak of Europe, for he will then probably display a vast deal of presumption and very foolish pride. He will take up with those crude and vague notions upon which the ignorant all over the world love to dwell. But if you question him respecting his own country, the cloud which dimmed his intelligence will immediately disperse, and his language will become as clear and precise as his thoughts. He will inform you what his rights are, and by what means he exercises them; and he will be able to point out the customs which obtain in the political world. You will find he is well acquainted with the rules of the administration, and that he is familiar with the mechanism of the laws. The citizen of the United States does not acquire his practical science nor his positive notions from books: he learns to know the laws from participating in the act of legislating—he takes lessons in the forms of government from governing; the great work of society is ever going on before his eyes, and, as it were, under his hands. In the United States politics are the end and aim of education—in Europe, its powerful object is to fit men for private life.'—vol. ii. p. 254.

Of all the moral influences, however, which mitigate the tyranny, and therefore tend to prolong the existence, of the democratical institutions of America, we agree with M. de Tocqueville in considering the prevalence of religious feelings in the great mass of the people themselves as by far the most powerful.

'The greatest part of British America was peopled,' says our author, 'by men who, after having shaken off the authority of the Pope, acknowledged no other religious supremacy; they brought with them into the new world a form of Christianity, which I cannot better describe than by styling it a democratic and republican religion. The sect contributed powerfully to the establishment of a democracy and a republic, and from the earliest settlement of the emigrants politics and religion contracted an alliance which has never been dissolved.

'Nature and circumstances concur to make the Americans bold men, as is sufficiently attested by the enterprising spirit with which they seek for fortune. If, however, their minds were free from these restraints, they would very shortly become the most daring innovators and the most implacable disputants in the world. But the revolutionists of America are forced to profess an ostensible respect for Christian morality and equity. Thus, while the law permits them to do what they please, religion prevents them even from conceiving, and forbids them to commit what is rash and unjust.

'Religion, indeed, takes no direct part in the government of American society, but it must nevertheless be regarded as the foremost of the political

tical institutions of that country; for, if it does not impart a taste for freedom, it greatly facilitates its use. Despotism may govern without faith, but Liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which political theorists describe in glowing colours, than in the monarchy which they attack, and it is more needed in democratic republics than in any others. How is it possible that society should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed?—and what can be done with a people which is its own master, if it be not submissive to the Deity?’—vol. ii. p. 236.

M. de Tocqueville is a firm believer in the Roman Catholic creed; and yet (we think) he has not failed to obtain some glimpses of the danger to which America is at present exposed by the spread of a Roman Catholic population within her territory.

‘I think,’ says he, ‘the Catholic religion has been erroneously looked upon as the natural enemy of the *democracy*. Amongst the various sects of Christianity, Catholicism seems to me, on the contrary, the most favourable to the equality of conditions. In the Catholic church the religious community is composed of two elements, the priest and the people. The priest alone rises above the rank of his flock, and all below him are equal. On doctrinal points the Catholic faith places all human capacities upon the same level: it subjects the wise and the ignorant, the man of genius and the clown, to the observances of the same creed; it imposes the same authorities on the strong and the weak; it listens to no compromise with mortal man, but reducing all the human race to the same standard, it confounds all the distinctions of society at the same altar, even as they are confounded in the sight of God.’—vol. ii. p. 224.

This is one way of putting the theoretical question; but the practical result at least is clear—

‘There are, at present, more than a million of Christians professing the truths of the Church of Rome in the Union. These Catholics are faithful to the observances of their religion; nevertheless they constitute the *most republican and the most democratic class of citizens in the United States.*’—*ibid.*

In our humble opinion the real object of the Romish priesthood, all the world over, always was and will be *power*; and they seek it in different ways according to the circumstances of the age and the country in which their operations are carried on. In a monarchy their ambition is to master the mind of the prince; in an aristocratical republic they endeavour to establish their sway among the noble senators; in a democracy they are sure to bend all their exertions to the acquisition of power over the dominant mass; and we should not be at all surprised to find that the results of their experience in this last field were such as to convince them, that the finest thing in the world for them would be the universal establishment of democracies—each ostensibly omnipotent within itself,

itself, but each eventually the slave of their own compact all-penetrating influence. Already, as M. de Tocqueville knows, the *Irish Catholic* mob has made itself the ruling power in the elections of New York; he well knows that this mob acts in blind obedience to the orders of its priests—that is to say, of its Bishops—the only men, by-the-bye, in the American Union who are at this day styled *Lords*; and he must also be well aware that this mob could never have acquired the tithe of such influence but for the hardihood with which ruffians, landed from Connaught or Kerry but a week before, take false oaths as to residence in America, which alone enable them to march to the poll, and vote for the candidate who is so fortunate as to have the support of those holy personages.

It is due to Mr. Reeve, the translator of M. de Tocqueville's very nice and delicate language, to bear our testimony to the fidelity with which he has executed a task of considerable difficulty. We strongly recommend him to use his influence with his publisher, to bring out the book in a cheaper shape, in order that the interesting information and practical wisdom with which it abounds may be placed within the reach of those classes where prejudice and error take their firmest stand. In conclusion, we once more congratulate the public on their having at last obtained a popular account of America, written in the very purest spirit of philosophy, and with such rare temperance, that persons of all parties, and of all shades of parties, may read it not only with profit, but without their patience being ruffled. It may be thought that we ought to have introduced it sooner to our readers; but we are glad that we deferred the matter; for it is our sincere belief that thousands will now consider M. de Tocqueville's statements with calmness who but a year ago were beyond the reach of temperate discussion upon such topics.

ART. VII.—*The Mountain-Decameron.* By Joseph Downes. 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1836.

THOUGH every season brings a new swarm of novels and romances written with cleverness, the display of any masculine power of imagination, or vivid eloquence of language, was never perhaps rarer in works of this class than it has been for some years past. In the volumes named at the head of this paper it is impossible not to recognise many traces of *genius*, and therefore we think it our duty to notice them; but we regret to add we must do so very briefly. A finer field than the characters and manners of the Welsh peasantry no novelist could have selected;

selected; and Mr. Downes understands them thoroughly. The scenery of their district is perhaps richer in the combination of beauty and sublimity than any other in the empire; and he has observed it with a patient enthusiasm worthy of the most interesting of his heroes, described by himself as 'a poet by instinct.' But he has chosen, for the most part, to bring out his portraiture of animate and inanimate existence in the course of stories so purely painful—exploring, above all, so many of the forbidden agonies of sexual passion—that it would be difficult to discuss any one of the ten days of his Mountain-Decameron without projecting thoughts and images on which we are at a loss to conceive how a man of such ability should ever have permitted his fancy to brood; and his narrative style, with scattered felicities which any writer might envy, is not only deformed by as many startling atrocities, but it is, as a whole, so redundant and exaggerated, that we could scarcely give a satisfactory notion of it by citation, without at once offending the taste of our readers, and exceeding the limits which a quarterly journal can usually afford to a publication of this kind.

Notwithstanding, however, some weak and wild rhapsodies about his literary ambition, in which the author has indulged, we are impressed, on closing his book, with such respect for his faculties and attainments, that we think it probable he will rather wish, a few years hence, that we had said nothing at all of the Mountain-Decameron, than complain of our having allotted to its consideration only two or three of our pages. His worst faults are on the safe side; if he be a young writer—(a young man he obviously is not)—we are almost disposed to augur the better from them of his future performance. The weeds thrown up when a deep soil is first broken may be as noisome as gorgeous, but they show where cultivation might be profitably employed; and, with very rare exceptions, imaginative authors of the higher order have exhibited at the outset errors, both in thought and language, akin to those of Mr. Downes.

He says in a preface, which, though rambling and inconclusive, at once satisfies the reader that he is in the presence of no common man,—

'Wales is very nearly unbroken ground in English literature—quite such in the romantic department. Yet who, alive to taste or feeling, can look without some impulse toward the tragic—some touch of romantic melancholy—on its lone cataracts, its cloud-capt rocks—its vestiges of departed greatness—its mighty wrecks of castles breasting stormy seas—of abbeys, crumbling in the olive-coloured glooms of russet heights and leafy umbrage,—its *Carneddau*, its ruins, and its tombs? or who roam vacant through the summer valleys, with the river-blue, and cottage-white intermingled,—with the universal

green colour of the very air among so many pastoral mountains, joined to such poetical modes of life, without something of lyrical inspiration under such lingering reflections of a golden age? The common nomenclature of its topography involves both poetry and historical romance, and often deep tragedy, like the solemn conjectural whisperings from almost fabulous times to ours, in the half-effaced, hardly deciphered, hieroglyphical memorials on an age-worn tomb, or coffin-stone of Egypt. There is the *Fynnon Waedog*—"Bloody Well"—the *Pant y Gwaye*—the "Hollow of Woe"—the *Maen Achwynfan*—the "Stone of Lamentation"—the *Llysan Gwaed Gwyr*—the "Plant of the Blood of Man." What a terrible mystery of some dark actual tragedy of life, now buried under pleasant daisied fields, and mountain banks now echoing only bleatings and lowings, do these more than half unveil—and by a single name!

'All these characteristics seemed to the author to give to North and South Wales great attractions, as a solemn, a beautiful, and a *new* stage, for the enactment of "high actions"—that is, actions *rendered high by height of passion*—"every new-sprung turn" of which is—according to Dryden—"an *action* in itself"—in which a peasant (even a modern and a Welsh one) may certainly figure as proudly or even fearfully as a prince.'

Elsewhere he says—and every lawyer who has gone the Welsh circuit will confirm the truth of his statement,—

'The Welsh breeder of sheep and tender of cattle, leads a life truly curious to the curious in man's nature—one of pastoral peace, if not pastoral vagrancy, that leaves little to the imagination to fill up for that of an ancient man of woolly wealth, or a modern one among the Bedouin Arabs. When you read of the picture of primitive modes of even Cambrian life being now wholly lost, of MacAdam and the Schoolmaster having swept both Ignorance and Pastoral in their primitive character out of Britain, you may, I am very sorry and happy to say, suspend your belief.

'Persons accustomed to consider a corrupt metropolis as the chief stage of high adventure in the range of the stormy passions, and a pastoral region, such as Wales, as that of rural innocence, or minor offences only, would feel some surprise at the character of many events occurring in the most peaceful districts of the mountains. Light as is the Welsh calendar in the *number* of criminals (a maiden assize being no unfrequent occurrence), yet, in the dye of the *crime*, when such *does* spot this general fair fame of the Principality, there is a deeper shade than marks the average of crime in England, or wherever the many diversions of minds and hearts into multiform modes of selfishness, soften down the moral surface of the common-place society into one level of wider but less deep depravity. Certain it is, that at intervals (the interim being beautifully void of almost all offence), there stands, startling the general gentle spirit of a pastoral people, at the bar of justice, some tremendous culprit, morally grim all over in black and blood. The circumstances rising dismal to light, as each shuddering witness diffuses his own awed and tremulous solemnity of feeling over the whole

whole court, death-silent in expectation, are of such a nature as transports the cultured listener's mind to lands very different from the rustic Wales of his previous ideas, to those where live "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun." He is astonished on recalling his thought to what is present, to see at the bar on trial of life or death, a rustic, a mere *real* shepherd! a man whose outer life is all calm and monotony, but his inward a very hurricane of passions.'—pp. 29-31.

He adds:—

' However imperfectly, the writer will prefer trying to catch the voice of Nature—the mighty prompter, to trusting the false prompter Fashion. Should the imagined crisis be one to set Nature weeping, or even raging in the sublime of despair and agony,—he will not be deterred by any squeamish prudery of reproof, or cold-blooded ridicule. To arouse, to transport, to "storm the breast," which even the frigid Johnson recognises as the highest glory of Shakspeare, is to be disgusting, or ridiculous to modern pretended adorers of Shakspeare. For example, *madness* is often pronounced something too awful to be the subject of imaginative pleasure; as if midnight murder, the stealing of a husband to the bed of a wife who is to be smothered—as if, in short, the very staple of tragedy were not terrible as well as madness.'

We assure Mr. Downes, that if he had chosen no subjects but such as he here alludes to, we should have had no quarrel with his selection; but he has failed to observe how completely Shakspeare abstains from the class of delineations in which the minor dramatists of Shakspeare's age most delighted; and the truth is, that we should have said nothing of Mr. Downes, had we not perceived in him signs of a strength that might safely dispense, not with murder and madness, but with those unhallowed perversions of one particular passion, on which comparatively puny and sterile imaginations have ever been prone to depend for their chief element of interest. There is a field—wide enough for all manly ambition—that lies equally remote from the frivolous on one side and the hideous on the other. It was not necessary, because he despised the pasting of moths, that he should degrade a firm hand and a keen knife to the dissection of toad and asp. He has, we suspect, hinted the whole truth of his own case when he makes one of his interlocutors say—

' Were it not somewhat late in life's day, I would learn *German*, devote my whole mind to acquiring its graces and powers, and write tragedy for the German Stage. *There is yet a crevice open for dramatic talent.*'—vol. i. pp. 269, 270.

The author also anticipates various objections to the lavish imagery of his style. He pleads, he tells us, for

' No novelty in composition, which he conceits himself the inventor of, but merely a *bonâ fide* return to that honest, heartfelt, fearless tone of expression, which distinguished our glorious old dramatists—for a little

little indulgence to those flowers, even in prose, which Jeremy Taylor did not deem unworthy of divinity, nor Bacon disdain to strew, even copiously, over philosophy's rugged path. What has been published in imitation of the writers of the Elizabethan age, in the dramatic walk, breathes more of the obsolete mannerism, than the substantial genius of that period—*according to the critics.*'

And are *the critics* so wrong in this? Will Mr. Downes be so kind as to point out to us those modern imitations of the Elizabethan drama which breathe *more* of the 'substantial genius' than of the 'obsolete mannerism of that period?' But the fault we find with Mr. Downes's own prose is not that it contains too many of such poetical figures as found favour with Jeremy Taylor, but that he has inlaid his mimicry of the quaintnesses of an elder age, more especially of Sir Thomas Browne, upon a modern substratum, on which it produces as incongruous and disagreeable an effect as the flourishes of a Gothic carver would do upon the pannels of a Soane. Mr. Downes himself, however, offers the true and the best apology for this, and for worse errors too, in the last and most touching page of his Introduction—

'Doubtless, if I be as ignorant of the heart and human character, as I am of the world and the worldly character, my authorship will be a woful failure. Something, I hope, is to be allowed for the self-delusions of an almost literal hermit. Shut up or wandering among mountains for these many years past, conversing with few but the rudest people, I have not the advantage of literary or other refined society, to freshen my stagnating thoughts, or correct my erroneous ones; to tell me where those thoughts are not duly elicited, or where it were more graceful to suppress them. I am my own adviser and my own critic, my own "pensive public," and hence, perhaps, ought to be less severely quizzed if I become, as in the previous lines—my "own trumpeter." Nor do mountains alone constitute my solitude, but the misfortune of antedating old age by the loss of friends. The splendid streets of your huge metropolis, with their immense throngs of people, are to some few bosom-aliens among them, more deeply solitary than mountain-avenues, with their multitude of trees and moving flocks. For myself, I can say that the mighty "hum" of those crowds no more disturbs me, who neither share in the chase of their many interests nor swell the cry, than does the constant roar of the cataracts of my home country. Nor do I state this without a latent conceit that possibly such a recluse, addressing such an audience as the "Reading Public," may be regarded as a curious kind of monster. In such solitude, it is natural for the unguided mind (especially if in old time enthusiastic) both to hope and despond to excess.

'The decline of life is a sort of Calabrian soil, ashy as well as tremulous, and success and failure alike lose their intense effect under that eternal looking-for. He can patiently await critical insult or injustice, who knows that few or none survive, of those for the sake of whose opinion such insult would have been distressing. A prouder issue of his literary adventure would perhaps not prove a happier one. Total failure

is perhaps not so painful as the success that comes *too late*. To the dead, to the buried bosom-friend or wife, the crowned hero is still uncrowned, and the most popular poet still an obscure rhymers. What he was when that companion left him lonely on the earth, he is still and must be for ever and ever.'

We have taken a liberty which the author will perhaps not approve, in striking out what seemed to us offensive superfluities in one or two of the passages now quoted. By doing so we have lost the opportunity of justifying at once some of our previous remarks on his manner—but this consideration weighs nothing with us. Our object is first to call his own attention to errors, lying on the very surface, and which he might easily extirpate; but still more to call the attention of our readers to the appearance of a new writer qualified, in our opinion, to analyze the higher emotions of our nature, and who might by a little training produce the results of his analysis in language as chaste as it is already vigorous.

Of his descriptions of scenery we must give an example—the approach to the small watering place of Llanwrtyd:—

'A beautiful situation is so rare a concomitant, I think, of the medicinal wells, that where it does occur, we enjoy it for its novelty. The wildest brown mountains form the vestibule to the deep repose of this green and sylvan temple of Hygeia, and the tract to be crossed being but short, if the approach be made by the village of Llangammarch, the circumstance heightens the effect of the sudden bursting on the eye of a deep dale, running up into the very heart of grand mountains, many, and wild of summit, and richly pastoral below. The bowered river serpentine along this truly sylvan dale, smoking cottages (true Welsh ones, such as landscape painters love), dot the bright green borders of it with their old grey stone, their thatches and thatch-crops, flowery and deep of grass, and beautify even the placid blue of the summer atmosphere above, by the added placidity and beautiful motion of those lonely smoke-wreaths, lingering over the free wild groves of oaks, ashes, and hazel clumps, that partly hide each happy hut, whose very look makes poverty beautiful to imagination. Nor is here squalid or mourning poverty known. Good peatstacks, big as the house, lean against almost every house-end. The singing of *adult* persons is frequent in the total stillness of a midsummer day, broken only by the distant axe of some woodman up some wild forest-clothed outlet, opening by a chasm in the mighty wall of mountain, a bleat from its blue-arched top, and that simple song of some "knitter in the sun."

'At the beginning of this delicious river-dale stands a goodly mansion, divided by only a gravel-walk from the translucent stream, green-tinted by profuse foliage all about, as well as the closeness of the green mountains embosoming it. This mansion is Dol Coed, on the ground of which the medicinal water rises, bubbling out over a beautiful green-sward, but now built over with convenient baths and rooms for visitors.'

—vol. ii. p. 192.

Several copies of verses are dispersed throughout these volumes ; few of them are without indications of poetical force, but they are mostly so rough that we think no critical friend would have advised the author to retain them. The best fragments are those in the simplest measure—of which one specimen may suffice :—

‘ September woods, September skies, so soft and sunny all !
 Unfaded and unfaill’n your leaves, and yet so soon to fall :
 Ah, what avails that dying smile which gilds your fading green ?
 White Winter peeps, like Death, behind, to shut the farewell scene !
 Stretch’d beautiful the landscape lies, a mockery of May,
 Like some fair corpse, yet beautiful, laid out but for decay :
 Howl, ye wild winds ! beat, wintry rains ! heaven’s groans and
 tears ! more meet
 Than such a smile o’er Summer dead,—so green a winding-sheet !
 Less sad the wild woods yellowing, their empty arms less sad,
 When all their leaves as torn-off hair they strew, like mourners mad,
 On all the winds, and naked stand, the mountain’s skeletons,
 High beating o’er the waterfalls that thunder back their groans.
 September skies, September woods ! how like life’s soft decline,
 When round a heart too old to hope, its farewell beauties shine !
 When every pangless minute steals a mournful preciousness—
 Till e’en life’s blessings turn to pain, so soon no more to bless !’
 vol. iii. pp. 211-212.

Of the tales, as tales, by far the best seems to us to be that of ‘ The Daughter of the Doomed Family ’ at the beginning of the second volume. In this there is deep interest, sustained with excellent skill, and all the interest is perfectly legitimate. If we except a certain story in ‘ The Doctor, &c., ’ we have not met, in recent literature, with a more touching miniature romance. Our next favourite is that of ‘ The Hermit Vicar, ’ in volume the third, where again there occurs nothing—we mean nothing in the structure of the fable—with which the most delicate reader can take offence ; but the pure passions of gentle hearts are worked out with that power of real tragedy which seldom, if ever, fails to leave at the close a soft and soothing impression on the mind. Had Mr. Downes given us ten such talés as these, and omitted all his diatribes on temporary politics, we venture to say his volumes would have at once attained a high place in public favour. As they stand, we hope they will have a measure of success sufficient to encourage further and more judicious exertion of his remarkable talents.

ART. VIII.—*Outlines of Phrenology*. By George Combe, Esq., President of the Phrenological Society. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1836.

THIS is very kind of Mr. President Combe. There are many readers who could not possibly be brought to encounter even one octavo *volume* upon the science over which this gentleman presides; and here he has given them a pamphlet—brief, cheap, and containing, what to most of them, we suspect, will prove quite sufficient, a compendium of the principles of phrenology. We have perused the document with patience, and shall take this opportunity of investigating the principles of phrenology, with a brevity corresponding to the account here presented of them.

We wish, in the first place, to point attention to the following glaring contradiction, if not in the system of phrenology, at least in the language of its teachers. The brain, we are told, is divided into a number of distinct organs, the material instruments of thought. There are the perceptive organs, whose objects are such as form, colour, number, and place; there are the reflective organs, called by the names of causality and comparison; and there are organs of propensities and sentiments, such as those of destructiveness and benevolence. Each of these organs is said to be as strictly limited to its peculiar object as the eye to light, or the ear to sound. Yet no sooner are they represented in operation—no sooner is the cerebral machinery set to work, than those very organs which were described as limited, it may be to a solitary sentiment, are found to be invested with half the faculties of the human head. ‘The optic nerve,’ says Mr. Combe, ‘when *stimulated by light*, induces the active state called *seeing* in the mind; and the organ of benevolence, *excited by an object of distress*, produces the mental state called *compassion*.’—(p. 3.) What light, therefore, is to the optic nerve, an object of distress is to the organ of benevolence. But an object of distress is only known to be such from certain circumstances which indicate the presence of pain or misery; and the organ of benevolence, in order to become cognizant of *its* appropriate object, must be capable of perceiving the external form of things, their hue, their locality—and must be endowed, moreover, with some capacity of reasoning to draw from these the necessary conclusion. We shall be told that the perceptive and reflective organs perform these offices—that *they* represent the pallor of countenance, the emaciation of frame—and decide on the connexion between these appearances and the existence of disease or affliction. But the *organ of benevolence* must itself also understand the picture thus produced before it. There is no conceivable manner in which an image of affliction can become

become the object of the organ of benevolence, but by being perceived and understood; and thus the instrument of a single feeling is found to be invested with the greater part of the faculties of the human mind.

If the productions of one organ are represented as the objects of another, it follows that every organ, as we ascend in the scale of mental development, must, in order to be affected by its own specific object, be endowed not only with its own peculiar faculty, but with those of the previously developed organs. Thus the reflective organs must be capable of perception, and the sentimental both of perception and of reasoning. What now becomes of that nice division of our intellectual functions amongst the several portions of the brain, which constitutes the very essence of phrenology? After allotting out the faculties of the mind to separate independent organs, it is discovered that these organs have usurped other powers than their own, and have often become, as it were, little minds of themselves.

We will endeavour to extricate the phrenologist from a difficulty which at the very outset threatens the confusion and overthrow of his system; but we can extricate him only by divesting his hypothesis of that convenient ambiguity of language which disguises its naked absurdity. As the real object of an organ of sense—of vision, for instance—is not the tree, or the human form which we seem instantaneously to behold—(this object being composed of the remembered intimations of several senses which are brought rapidly before us by their association with the sensation of colour)—but merely the impulses received on the retina by the particles of light; so, in phrenology, it is not the image of distress which ought to have been described as the object of the organ of benevolence, but the impulse received from the activity of other organs of the brain—as of form, colour, and comparison—whose activity again might be traced to the vibrations of the organs of sense, which last are affected by the operations of the external world. This is the only intelligible manner in which the system of the phrenologist can be stated. Here the analogy between his organs of thought and those of the senses, is strictly preserved. As vibrations communicated to the optic nerve produce the sensation of colour—so pulsations, communicated from one part of the brain to another, produce in each portion of the cerebral substance a peculiar mode of thought or feeling.

When, however, the matter is stated thus broadly, we think we see sufficient reason why the phrenologist should seek a shelter in the obscurities of language; for what can be more improbable or grotesque, than the hypothesis here presented to our view! A number of distinct and conflicting organs are set in motion by each

each other, creating each its own especial feeling or cogitation. This is a machinery for madness, not an organization for a reasonable being. It reminds us of nothing higher—nor can we find a similitude more fitting—than the bells of a household which have been waggishly tied together, so that one being pulled, the whole peal goes off in a continuous clatter.

The phrenologist, we suppose, will content himself with asserting that this body of independent organs act on each other after such laws, and form together so harmonious and amicable a republic, as to produce all the order and congruity observed in the human mind. We cannot demonstrate the absolute impossibility of this, knowing, as we do, so little of these organs of thought. He claims the benefit of the utter darkness of his subject, and we yield it him.

Admitting, then, the *possibility* of his system, we proceed to make our observations—first, upon the list of organs which the phrenologist has set forth as containing a classification of mental phenomena; and, secondly, on the evidence by which the existence of these organs is professedly established.

In criticising the phrenological theory as a new account of the human mind, we shall avoid, as much as possible, all reference to the peculiar tenets of any one school of metaphysics, and appeal only to those facts which every intelligent man will be ready to admit. We shall not require the categories of Kant to be marshalled on the forehead, or exact that the skull be mapped out into the few large provinces which the analysis of Brown, or of Mill, might teach us to expect. We shall shun all disputable ground; but at the same time let it be remarked, that the phrenologist is not released, more than any other metaphysician, from the difficulties which beset the subject of mental philosophy. He boasts, indeed, of appealing to the palpable experience of eyesight and the touch; but this experience is nothing but inasmuch as it corresponds to the reports of his own consciousness. In making up his list of organs, he must continually refer for their verification to that fine internal experience of his own mental operations, on which the science of metaphysics is founded, and over which so much doubt is supposed to hang. Let no one imagine that, in embracing phrenology, he has escaped from all the perplexities of psychological investigation, and landed at once on the *terra firma* of natural philosophy.

We have no desire to fasten upon the phrenologist the charge of materialism. If he object to the accusation, he is at liberty to avoid it by acknowledging that there is, or there may be, a spiritual substratum, in which inhere the thoughts and feelings produced in it by the cerebral organs. The existence of this spiritual
substratum

substratum is a question that stands out quite by itself; and it is a question, we are willing to concede, which is not peculiar to an inquiry into the nature of the human mind—to the science of anthropology—but which may be canvassed in relation to all animal life. Take the instance of a simple sensation in a creature of the lowest ranks of zoology. A nerve touched produces a sense of pleasure or pain. Does the nerve feel, it may be asked, or does the sensation exist in some immaterial essence, which feels through the instrumentality of the nerve? We ask exactly the same question when we inquire of the phrenologist, whether the brain thinks, or whether thought inheres in some totally different substance, which cogitates through the medium of the brain? The phrenologist will be satisfied, we presume, if we allow him to have proved the same intimate connexion between his organ of causality, for instance, and the process of reasoning, as exists between the nerve of the animal and its sensation. He need not take upon himself to deny that a spiritual power pervades both the one and the other.

But though we will not dwell on the imputation of materialism, which may possibly be offensive, yet we beg it to be remembered that, according to the phrenologist, every mental condition, in whatever substance it inheres, is the immediate product of a material organ. The intelligence has no operation of *its own*. Its faculties—its varied states of consciousness—the psychological phenomena, by whatever term we signify them—are the result of a number of independent organs; and the word *mind* (when not applied to that occult essence of which we have been speaking) *can be* only an expression for the totality of these results. This it will be found indispensable to keep always in view, while investigating the problems of phrenology. The phrenologist, when he ascribes all the mental phenomena to certain organs, must be assured that they are equal to the task allotted them. He must not, after this, leave anything to be done by a sort of *general agent* called *the mind*.

We require, then, of these cerebral organs of the phrenologist, that, on the one hand, they should not be redundant, and, on the other, that they should be sufficiently numerous to perform all those intellectual operations which manifestly *are* performed. Now, we think it impossible for any one to run his eye down the list of them without perceiving that it supplies us, on some occasions, with superfluous organization—and is, on others, lamentably deficient. A few instances of each of these failings must suffice.

We have both *Form* and *Size*. In the language of metaphysics, a knowledge of *extension* includes the two. For what is *form* but the

the comparative extension of the several parts of the same object? or size but the comparative extension of two separate objects?

The services rendered to us by the organ of *Destructiveness* (see p. 9) are almost identical with those attributed to *Combateness*, except that we are told that one use of *Destructiveness* is to teach us 'to kill for food!' which led us to expect some organ whose province it was to *dig* for food—to *roast* or *boil* for food.

The organ of *Veneration* is not supposed to furnish us with the idea of God, but only with a feeling which may be turned towards that, or any other less sublime object. An organ for veneration, therefore, was superfluous, as this sentiment is evidently resolvable into a mixture of other feelings—love, fear, and admiration.

We are told, and we think with propriety, that *Attention* ought not to be described as a separate faculty, but as a vigorous exercise of any power of the mind, due to some strong desire to which that power is subservient. Yet when *two* faculties are in simultaneous activity, it seems that a third power is found necessary, called *Concentrativeness*, to keep them applied to their task. This is exactly repeating of *Concentrativeness* what had been exploded when applied to *Attention*. What office does this new agent perform which was not fulfilled already by that emotion or desire to which the two faculties were acting in subservience? Or does Mr. Combe intend, after assigning a certain passion to the mind, to provide it with another power simply to infuse strength into that passion, and sustain it in its functions?

But we are more disposed to insist on that *deficiency* of organization which, notwithstanding this slovenly superfluity, is manifest on other occasions. Some doubt may hang over the clearest analyses of our mental operation; and the resolution of a complex feeling into others of a more simple nature, can hardly be made so evident as not to admit of cavil or dispute. But if phrenology supplies us with no agent to perform that which nevertheless is undoubtedly accomplished, this is a defect so gross and palpable, that it must prove fatal to the science.

It is a leading doctrine of phrenology that Memory and Judgment are not distinct faculties, but that each faculty has its memory and judgment. Thus *tune* remembers and judges of *tune*, *locality* of place, and so on. It is plain that the mental phenomena admit of being classed after this fashion. We may, if we please, arrange our intellectual acts according to the objects about which they are engaged, and not the nature of the operations themselves. In like manner, if we had chosen, instead of speaking of the general faculty of vision, we might have made our classification to run upon the various objects of sight, and spoken of book-sight, tree-sight, man-sight. We prefer the old method of generalizing, but

since the phrenologist has adopted another, we have only now to see that he has embraced under his new classification all the facts that were included in the old.

Now keeping in view that we want an organ for every distinct species of object on which memory and judgment are exercised, we shall find a woful deficiency. The eye affords us the perception of colour, and the sense of touch that of extension; but, as there is no such thing as a general faculty of memory or judgment, a colour-organ which remembers and judges of colour—and a form-organ which remembers and judges of form—are supplied to us. But we have two other senses—those of taste and smell. It is undeniable that we remember and judge of the sensations offered to us by the palate and the olfactory nerves, yet we have no taste-organ and no smell-organ to perform these functions which, without any question, *are* performed. We leave the reader to follow this out further for himself. He will find that it reveals an enormous gap in the system of phrenology.

A word on the explanation given of memory. It is denied to be an original faculty, and is described as the repeated activity of the organ under whose cognizance the subject of remembrance is placed. This might be a sufficiently accurate account of what, in the language of Stewart, is called conception. But there is in memory something more than the recurrence of the image—there is the recognition of its having been entertained before. Why should not the image appear always new?—always perceived, or thought of, as for the first time? The renewed activity of the organ supplies us with a repetition of the sensation or idea, but the very circumstance, by the addition of which it becomes a case of memory, is left unexplained. Resolve this if you will—and it is the simplest account which has ever been attempted—into an association with previous trains of thought, and still it is unexplained by the phrenologist.

If we are told that the organ which is said to remember not only repeats the image, but does this with a consciousness of having produced it before, then, since its second mode of activity is so different from the first, what is gained by denying memory to be an original faculty? All that the phrenologist has done is this—he has made it a distinct original faculty of each of his remembering organs.

There is not a better established fact in the science of metaphysics than that our ideas and feelings, by frequent association, coalesce, so as to become apparently one simple idea, or feeling. This is strikingly exemplified in an act of vision, which is allowed, on all hands, to be not a simple process, but a result of certain inextricable associations of the products of the eye, the touch, and

the muscular movement. Here is something accomplished by the mind—we ourselves attempt no further explanation of it—we speak of it as an undoubted, ultimate fact. What provision has the phrenologist made for the performance of this mental operation? His organs have each their independent consciousness—there is no other consciousness of which he can speak—there is no such thing as a general power called the mind which the phrenologist can call upon to mould and unite the products of the several organs. How is this mental chemistry performed? ‘Association,’ we are instructed, ‘expresses the mutual influence of the organs.’ While association refers only to the *successive* activity of these organs, this may contain sufficient explanation, but no ‘mutual influence’ which we can conceive of, can account for one simple consciousness resulting from the activity of several independent organs. Let it not be said that the rapidity of successive operations has this effect *upon the mind*, just as colours painted on a revolving wheel appear white to the eye of a spectator. The mind is nothing here but these operations themselves. The mind is not the eye looking on the wheel, but—to carry forward the illustration—it is the successive colours in the wheel each conscious only of itself.

Into the list of propensities and sentiments we shall not enter. It proceeds upon no intelligible principle. For instance, we have an organ for cupidity—or, as it is called, acquisitiveness—but none for ambition, for the love of power. Reduce this latter sentiment, if you will, to the general desire of happiness, to which the possession of power is subservient, but then apply the same analysis to the case of acquisitiveness. The love of power is as original a passion as the love of wealth. Indeed, avarice has been generally held to submit itself to an analysis of this kind more readily than ambition.

The reflective organs are but two, and even here there is either a superabundance, or a deficiency. To *comparison* would naturally be attributed all that Locke includes under his customary expression, the perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas. This seems to embrace the whole province of reasoning. If we are to limit the operation of comparison in order to obtain a department for *causality*, we shall find, if we act with any consistency, that we have created a want for a still greater number of reflective faculties. ‘Causality perceives,’ we are told, ‘the dependencies of phenomena, and it furnishes the idea of causation as implying something more than mere juxta-position, or sequence.’—(p. 24.) By the way, the organ is said to be large upon the head of Dr. Brown, to whom it certainly failed in suggesting any such idea of causation. Now, granting that there is this ‘some-

thing more' in causation than the prediction that arises from the invariable order of events (a question with which we are not at present concerned), if every leading idea that is involved in our reasoning is to be provided with a separate organ, we cannot stop so soon as this. *That every sensation inheres in a sentient being*, will be considered by many to be a maxim of belief as well deserving of a separate organ, as *that everything which begins to exist has had a cause*. The perception of the relation of *equality*, the foundation of all reasoning in logic and mathematics, might also claim the same honour.

Thus much for phrenology as a theory of the mind. The reader, if he is disposed, can easily carry on the examination for himself. We promise him he will find many more examples of both those defects on which we have been animadverting; but we cannot promise that he will find much entertainment in the investigation. For never yet was language used in a more obscure and slovenly manner than—judging from the specimen before us—by the phrenologist. When you read the bare catalogue of his organs you have some idea—or you think you have—of what is meant by the names attached to them. But on advancing to the description itself of the organ—of its object, and its scope of operation—the confusion thickens just in proportion as the account is prolonged. Take, for instance, the following description of the first in order of the intellectual faculties—Individuality. 'This faculty,' says Mr. Combe, 'gives the desire, accompanied by the ability, to know objects *as mere existences or substances, without regard to their qualities, their modes of action, or their effects*.' A strange knowledge of an object this! For how can we know an object but by an acquaintance with its qualities, its modes of action, and its effects? These being withdrawn, what remains but an abstract, unrepresented entity? Perhaps we have fallen upon the organ which, akin to that of *causality*, supplies us with the metaphysical idea of *substance*. But no, the residue of the description forbids us to rest in this conclusion. 'It prompts to observation'—this faculty that overlooks qualities, and modes of action, and effects!—'and is an element in a genius for those sciences which consist in a knowledge of specific existences, such as natural history, botany, mineralogy, and anatomy;'—all which have nothing to do with qualities and effects! 'It forms the class of ideas designated by nouns substantive. When deficient, the power of observation is feeble. Established'!!—*Established?*

We now proceed to the second part of our subject, the evidence on which this strange theory is founded. And here we cannot be expected to go into particulars, into the discussion of this or that pericranium—the debate would be interminable, and, as we shall

show, necessarily fruitless—but we shall content ourselves with such general remarks on the *nature* of the evidence, as will go far to prove, we think, its utter inadequacy.

What proof is there, we ask, of the existence of these separate organs of the brain? No Sir Astley Cooper or Sir Charles Bell, by his finest operation, can detect their presence. No anatomical skill can lay bare from the mass of the brain those distinct conical portions which the language of phrenology leads us to expect; neither has our consciousness ever informed us of the possession of these organs. We readily admit, that the not being immediately conscious of their operation is no proof of their non-existence. In a healthy state of the body we are not aware of the activity of our internal mechanism. The stomach and the liver perform their unimpeded functions in silence and in secrecy; nor are we immediately cognizant of the operations of the organs of sense. If the eye had stood always open, and we had not been assisted to the discovery by other sensations, we should not have attributed the sense of colour to the organ of vision. But the wonder here is that no pain or fatigue—no contemporary sensation whatever—should have conducted us to the knowledge of these organs—that the same circumstances which have rendered us conscious that hearing is in the ear and vision in the eye, should never have intimated that our intellectual faculties lie in one region of the head, and our passions in another. Was it ever found that one part of the forehead ached while the reader was puzzling at his Locke, and that another throbbed while he hung over the pages of Milton? Or was it ever discovered that the poet endured pain in the region of *ideality*—that the temples of the orator ached in *comparison*, and of the metaphysician in *causality*? A set of organs, the presence of which no anatomist can detect—the possession of which no fatigue, or derangement, or accessory sensation whatever, has ever rendered us conscious of—must be announced, to say the least, under singular disadvantages.

In the absence of that testimony which we naturally expect of the existence of bodily organs, what is the proof afforded us? We are first supplied with a series of presumptions which should induce us 'to regard the brain as an aggregate of distinct organs.' Let us hear this string of presumptions—

1. 'The mental faculties appear and come to maturity successively,—just as in *some* animals hearing precedes sight.'—A fact as easily explicable on any other hypothesis. For how could the mind reason till materials were supplied? or how experience certain sentiments till the circumstances had made their appearance on which they are necessarily founded? This order in our mental development is very intelligible—it is not just as *some* animals hear

before

before they see—it is just as *all* animals see before they run and gambol on their pastures.

2. 'Genius is generally partial: a man is often an excellent musician who has no talent for painting or metaphysics.'—Genius is generally partial, for it is not often in the power of man to give that time and undisturbed attention to more than one pursuit which is necessary for great eminence. The causes which may divert an individual mind into any one track are many. A delicate organization, either in the eye or the ear, may be the proximate cause which induces, in a susceptible mind, a love of painting, or music. The physical temperament of an individual has a strong influence in directing his intellectual powers, whether, for instance, to poetry or metaphysics. Circumstances of life operate still more in deciding the current of his thoughts. If after these general remarks there is any mystery still hanging over the simple fact that men's minds are not all equal, but surpass each other, some in this talent, and some in that, we, at least, are not oppressed by the difficulty. We find it just as easy to admit an original disparity in that existence we call *the mind*, as an original difference in the size of *the phrenological organs*.

3. 'In dreaming, one or more faculties are awake, while others are asleep; and if all acted by means of one organ, they could not possibly be in different states at the same time.'—What are the faculties that can be positively pronounced asleep during the hours of dreaming? Our ideas proceed, at this time, in a very loose, disorderly manner, but what one faculty can be said to be absolutely inactive? We imagine strange things, and reason very oddly, and entertain very perverse sentiments, but still we feel, and reason, and imagine. But—if certain faculties *were* shown to be decidedly torpid in the state of dreaming, this would afford no presumption in favour of a multitude of organs. It is quite as difficult to understand why one of the intellectual organs should fall asleep while the others are awake, as why the mind should continue to act in some of its modes, and cease as to others.

4. 'Idiocy and insanity are generally partial, which *could not* be if all the faculties depended upon one organ.'—Here is another 'could not be' which, however positively affirmed, has no warrant whatever. That all the faculties really depend upon one organ it is not our business to prove; for of the corporeal organization through which the mind operates, we confess ourselves in ignorance. But the existence of partial insanity is quite as possible on this hypothesis as on that of the phrenologist. Partial insanity, according to him, results from the derangement of one of the organs. What is meant by this derangement but that the organ acts imperfectly on some occasions and perfectly on others? The nature

of the cases of partial insanity forbids him from describing the organ as altogether and utterly impaired. What the phrenologist may assert of one of his organs, surely another individual may predicate of the whole brain, considered as an entire organ, and describe this also as acting perfectly on some occasions, and imperfectly on others.

5. 'Partial injuries of the brain do not equally affect all the mental powers; which they would do if the organ of the mind were single.'—This is bold strategy on the part of the phrenologist, to seize that for an argument of his own which he knows will be thrown as an obstacle in his way. We shall content ourselves with asking—*Do partial injuries of the brain affect the mental powers in the manner they ought to do if phrenology were true?*

Such are the presumptions which are to induce us to expect with eagerness, and to receive with confidence, the more direct testimony which the phrenologist has to offer for the existence of these unheard-of organs. This he now proceeds to demonstrate by strict inductions of experience. The head is marked with a number of prominences,—these he measures,—and taking note, at the same time, of the mental and moral qualifications of the individual,—pronounces that there is a strict conformity between the size of the former, and the degree of strength and vigour of the latter. Can any procedure be more simple—more philosophical—more Baconian?

Now, that which first occurs to us is the extreme difficulty—the impossibility we might say—of deciding, in the far greater number of cases, on the degree in which a mental faculty is possessed by the subject of experiment. The swellings of the head admit, indeed, of admeasurement, and stand before us in unalterable reality, but the swellings of the man's mind and character shift and fluctuate with our changeful appreciation. If, of two subjects between which it is proposed to institute a comparison, the one is uncertain and fluctuating, it is in vain that you insist on the steady and stable character of the other. The phrenologist appeals to length and breadth during one-half of his process—but his process is worth nothing till the other half is completed, and during this latter half his *data* are very obscure and unsatisfactory. With so complicated and flexible a subject as a human character to deal with, he may find no difficulty in multiplying his list of seeming proofs; but this very circumstance, which obtains for him an easy and ostentatious triumph, renders it almost hopeless that he should ever secure for his observations a steadfast and indisputable authority.

We admit that the phrenologist can exhibit to us the busts of many

eminent men very distinctly marked with those protuberances supposed to indicate the talents for which they were really celebrated. But we know also that protuberances of the same kind, and quite as ample, may be detected on the foreheads of people not at all remarkable for the qualifications these are said to portend. Many a man, we are well assured, who passes through life in noiseless and happy mediocrity, ought to be a great genius if credit were but given to the elevations of his skull.

Here we are met with a host of explanations. These cases of disparity between the mental and the craniological development are owing, it seems, to the different degrees of *exercise* which the brain has received; for though the organ, we are elsewhere told, 'will always seek its own gratification,' it may yet be repressed by invincible circumstances, or it may be encouraged to a disproportionate activity by favourable events. Again, the *temperament* of the individual is to be taken into consideration, 'because two brains may be of the same size; but if the one be of the lymphatic, and the other of the nervous temperament, there will be great difference in the powers of manifesting the faculties.' Age, also, and ill health, produce deceptive appearances on the skull, so that demonstrative evidence is to be looked for 'in healthy individuals not beyond the middle period of life.' Now, we quarrel not with these explanatory circumstances, but let the reader call to mind that we are still in search for evidence to establish the *existence* of the phrenological organs; and that these causes of disturbance must be taken into consideration as well in those cases which have seemed favourable to the theory, as those which are adverse. We wish to draw attention to the following observation:—If the natural predominance of an organ may be thwarted by the contradiction of circumstances—if the degree of exercise it has received may endow it with a disproportionate energy—if the temperament of its possessor may greatly influence its powers—if age and sickness may interfere with its external manifestations—and if, moreover, according to the analogy of the senses, its *quality* as well as *magnitude* ought to be an element in the calculation—how little is left to be determined by the mere *size* of the organ! How very rarely could two cases be found, which, agreeing in all these secondary circumstances, admitted of any safe deduction being drawn from the measurement alone of the external form! How hopeless the endeavour to prove that any two cases *have* this necessary congruity! The phrenologist has seen *too much*, if, after this, he pretends to any palpable evidence; yet, without very palpable evidence, he cannot, in the first place, establish his hypothesis. Doubtless, it is extremely unfortunate for the cause of truth; but, according to his own array of circumstances, it seems impossible

impossible that he should obtain any satisfactory testimony of the existence of these organs by (what is the only means at his disposal) the measurement of the surface of the head. The only mode of discovery which he professes—the comparison of size—is rendered utterly inadequate by the number of other influential circumstances, the force of which he never, or very rarely, can determine.

Much stress is laid upon the different formation of skull observable in the various races of mankind—a difference which is *pronounced* to be in strict accordance with the principles of phrenology; but this argument must wait for whatever cogency it may possess, till it is decided whether these national diversities are due to those adventitious circumstances which conduct to civilization, or are the result of in-born tendencies. Our British ancestors were a race of painted barbarians, yet they possessed the Caucasian formation. We must wait till the Malay savage has undergone the same tuition of fortunate circumstances, before we pronounce that his receding forehead has condemned him to a life of ignorant and headstrong passion.

Neither are we greatly affected by the feats said to be performed in prisons and in mad-houses by the discriminating phrenologist. In a company of thieves, M. Gall, or Spurzheim, we forget which, saw the organ of theft very largely and uniformly developed. This organ has since acquired the more respectable name of *acquisitiveness*, and now the Gall or Spurzheim of the day can behold it, we presume, equally developed in any company he enters.

Such is the kind of evidence on which is founded one of the most extraordinary theories that ever disgraced the unfortunate science of mental philosophy! By rapidly assuming the truth of his hypothesis, the phrenologist is capable of making a stand by means of that very complication and obscurity of his subject which ought to have been present to his mind at the first step of his progress. Once grant the existence of the thirty-six organs, reciprocally acting on each other, and influenced by adventitious circumstances, and he is a man of little ingenuity who cannot prove any possible arrangement of them to accord with the character of any given individual, or provide a plausible account for the apparent discrepancy. 'We build on facts,' exclaim the phrenologists. 'What avail your abstract reasonings!—You must convict us with contradictory facts, and this is impossible.' We acknowledge that it is impossible. There are bumps upon the head, and there are faculties in the mind; and if you have once convinced yourself that these exist as cause and effect, we confess that you are so strong in the weakness, obscurity, and flexibility of your materials,

that it is impossible to dislodge you from this position. You are, nevertheless, very bad reasoners for having assumed it. In the days of astrology, there were stars shining in the heavens, and there were diversities of fate amongst the inhabitants of the earth; and the reasoner, who had once persuaded himself that the changeful aspects of those luminous bodies occasioned the vicissitudes of human affairs, was proof against every argument derived from facts. How could he possibly be refuted by the facts of the case, when he had already shown himself incapable of estimating their value?

We have thus scrutinized—with more attention, perhaps, than our readers will think the subject deserved—the theory of phrenology and the evidence on which it is founded. That such a system, and so supported, should have attained any favour, ought to be somewhat humiliating to our intellectual pride. There is a pleasure, however, in dogmatizing on the character of our neighbour, of understanding the most secret processes of his mind,—and this phrenology has rendered quite easy to persons heretofore considered as remarkable for anything but acuteness and perspicacity. We are willing to believe that some may have assumed a nominal belief in the *science* (!) merely for that air of surpassing knowledge which it gives to the adept. Many more, we know, are pleased to let it run its course, in hope that the observations of its disciples, by whatever system directed, may lead ultimately to some curious facts on the connexion between the brain and the phenomena of thought: this is its most favourable aspect. How much longer the absurdity has to live we pretend not to divine; reasoning, we suspect, however cogent, will do but little towards its extermination; and the doctors and disciples, groping and canting away in their complacent coteries, are far above attaching any sort of importance to the undeniable fact that no man of distinguished general ability has hitherto announced his adhesion to their creed.

ART. IX.—*A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review in Reply to certain Strictures in that Publication on the Rev. Dr. Keith's 'Evidence of Prophecy.'* From the Rev. James Brewster, Minister of Craig. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1836.*

RELUCTANT as we in general are, to notice controversially the appeals which authors are so apt to make from the judgment of their reviewers, we should have had great pleasure in giving circulation to *this* reply if we could honestly say that it

* See Article VI. in No. CV. of the *Quarterly Review*.

had removed the unfavourable impression which we had received as to Dr. Keith's use, or, as we must still call it, abuse, of Bishop Newton's work on the Prophecies. Thinking, on the contrary, that this attempt at defence only makes the matter worse, we should certainly have been silent about it—for the sake of Dr. Keith—(who, though he has placed himself in an awkward literary position, is, we understand, a very amiable man)—and for that of his book, which (however concocted) is, as we have always said, a valuable addition to sacred literature; but the Doctor; or rather, we believe, his friend and champion, Mr. Brewster, is so importunate that we should, *as a matter of justice*, notice his Reply, that we cannot but comply with the requisition.

This Reply consists of two parts: one—much the greater in extent—by Mr. Brewster, is more an indictment against us for ignorance, inaccuracy, and even *fraud*, than a defence of Dr. Keith; the other—three pages of explanation from Dr. Keith's own pen.

It is obvious that when the principal in such a question as this, the essential truth of which can be *known with certainty* to himself alone, makes his own personal explanation, the auxiliary amplifications of his advocate must be of secondary importance; for the *former must* know how the fact really is, while the *latter*, however able or ingenious he may be, can never go beyond *inference and probability*. We might therefore be excused if, having Dr. Keith's own succinct defence, we were to disregard altogether Mr. Brewster's accusatory treatise; but as Mr. Brewster charges us, in no measured terms, with not merely *ignorance* but *fraud*, it becomes absolutely necessary that we should notice so grave an accusation from the mouth of a clergyman. As to Mr. Brewster's allegations of particular mistakes or general ignorance on our parts—(temptingly as most of them exhibit the very defects they profess to arraign)—we shall say nothing; first, because they certainly cannot affect the facts whether Dr. Keith did or did not make an *unavowed* and therefore unfair use of Bishop Newton's work; but secondly, because we do not feel authorized to occupy our own pages or weary the patience of the general reader with such personal details. Those who may be disposed to enter into that part of the question, we fearlessly refer to the most minute examination of our article and of Mr. Brewster's elaborately erroneous comments. But on the *fraud* we cannot be silent.

The first and gravest instance is what Mr. Brewster calls '*the gross fabrication*' and '*the disgraceful trickery*' of our having exhibited the resemblance between Dr. Keith and Bishop Newton in the following form:—

KEITH.

' KEITH.

- Ch. I. Introduction.
 Ch. II. Prophecies concerning Christ and the Christian religion.
 Ch. III. The Destruction of Jerusalem.
 Ch. IV. The Jews.
 Ch. V. The land of Judæa and the circumjacent countries.
 Ch. VI. Nineveh.
 Babylon.
 Tyre.
 Egypt.
 Ch. VII. The Arabs—Slavery of the Africans—European Colonies in Asia.
 Ch. VIII. Seven churches in Asia.
 Ch. IX. Daniel's prophecy of the things noted in the Scripture of truth.
 Conclusion.

NEWTON.

- Introduction.
 Jesus is the Messiah, Diss. IV. § 2.
 Moses' prophecy of a prophet like himself, Diss. VI.
 The Destruction of Jerusalem, Diss. VII. and XVIII.
 The Jews, Diss. VIII.
 Other prophecies concerning the Jews.
 Desolation of Judæa, Diss. VIII.
 Nineveh, Diss. IX.
 Babylon, Diss. X.
 Tyre, Diss. XI.
 Egypt, Diss. XII.
 Prophecies concerning Ishmael, Diss. II.
Not in Newton, NOR IN KEITH'S first four editions.
 Daniel's prophecy of the things noted in the Scripture of truth, Diss. XIV.
 Conclusion.'

The disgraceful trickery is, it seems, that we selected, up and down in Newton, the chapters which we have confronted with Keith's: but how, we ask, is it possible in any other mode to compare two works, of which, though one may contain every syllable of the other, it does not contain them under the same capitular numbers nor in the same order? Suppose we had had to show how many of the sneers in Gibbon's celebrated chapters against Christianity were borrowed from Voltaire and other sceptical writers, would it have been *disgraceful trickery* to have collected from the various works and confronted with Gibbon's pages, the borrowed paragraphs? When Mr. Erskine, in the case of the rival road-books of *Cary* and *Patterson*, collected and confronted the imitated passages from different parts of the two works, did the judge or jury think it a *disgraceful trickery*? In fact, there is no other possible mode of proceeding, unless in the extreme case of the plagiarism being an actual *reprint*, page for page, of the original, which would then be not *plagiarism* but *piracy*. We gave Dr. Keith's chapters and contents *in full and in his own order*, and we selected and placed opposite to the respective chapters of Keith the corresponding chapters of Bishop Newton.

Newton. Mr. Brewster thinks that we should, as he has done, have exhibited side by side the tables of contents of the two books *each* in its own order—which, for Mr. Brewster's object, might be convenient enough, for it would be absolutely unintelligible; as, for instance, by Mr. Brewster's very singular mode of *comparison*, Keith's chapter of *Nineveh* stands confronted to Newton's dissertation on *our Saviour's prophecy concerning Jerusalem*, and Newton's dissertation of *Nineveh* stands compared with Keith's section of the *nature of the Christian religion*; and it is, it seems, 'disgraceful trickery' to have compared Keith's *Nineveh* with Newton's *Nineveh*, and to have proved—as we *did insist*, and *do insist*, that we *have most fully done*,—that the two chapters are identical in substance, and that of course Keith's must be *plagiarism*.

But this is not all: to this first instance of 'gross fabrication' and 'disgraceful trickery' Mr. Brewster adds,

'there is evidently no similarity except what the reviewer has *created* by the few *disjecta membra* of Newton which he has brought together as the *FULL BODY* of his (Newton's) *work*.'—p. 11.

This really is wonderful! Our readers, by looking at the table, will see that we quoted, of Newton's *twenty-six* dissertations, only the II., IV., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIV., and XVIII., *eleven* in all—that of course we did not conceal that there were fifteen *other* dissertations—and therefore that we did not pretend to give our selections as the *FULL BODY* of the work.

But moreover we had previously stated that 'Newton had treated a *large class* of prophecy which Keith excluded, and which therefore could not enter into our comparison.' And again we *quoted* Dr. Keith's own assertion that 'to bring the argument within narrow limits, prophecies were excluded which were fulfilled previously to the era of the last of the prophets, or of which the meaning is obscure or the application doubtful;' whereas a large portion of Newton is employed on such: and again, we stated that the 'order of topics in Keith and Newton *was different*, because Newton followed, for the most part, the chronology of the prophecy, and Keith seemed to us to have no order at all;' and finally, we expressly told the reader that the comparison was to be made '*referendo singula singulis*,' a phrase which implies that the corresponding passages were not to be found in the two books in the *same order*, but were *selected* and confronted when they treated of the *same subject*.

So much for the *gross fabrication* and *disgraceful trickery* of the comparative table. We are not surprised that Mr. Brewster should be desirous to obscure or evade the irresistible proof which that table supplies on the *main point* of the case; but we do wonder

wonder that he should have hoped to produce any favourable effect by such arguments advanced in such language.

He then proceeds at considerable length to perplex* himself and his readers with an examination of the details of the table; we could easily expose twenty errors, some of them actual misstatements, in this part of his pamphlet; but we shall only notice, by way of example, two or three in which he continues his charge against us of *fabrication*. He observes that our caputular titles

‘KEITH.

NEWTON.

Ch. IV. *The Jews.*

| *The Jews*, Diss. VIII.’

are not correct; and that we have improperly placed them in juxtaposition; for that the real title of Newton's dissertation should have been ‘*Prophecies of other prophets (than Moses) concerning the Jews.*’ Now, the difference between saying ‘Diss. VIII., *the Jews,*’ and ‘Diss. VIII., *Prophecies concerning the Jews,*’ would not be very serious—particularly as, in the *very next line*, the enlarged title with the same reference is given; but what will our readers think of Mr. Brewster's candour when we show that, in this slight abridgment of the title, we have only followed Dr. Keith's own example in the very passage? In Dr. Keith's first edition his chapter was entitled

‘Ch. IV. *Prophecies concerning the Jews;*’

so that had we been labouring to mark imitation, we might have exhibited the comparison still more strikingly thus:—

KEITH.

NEWTON.

Ch. IV.—*Prophecies concerning the Jews.*

| Diss. VIII.—(Other) *Prophecies concerning the Jews*—

but in his later editions, Dr. Keith himself thought fit to abridge his own title into ‘Chap. IV. *The Jews,*’ and we, of course, thought we were authorized to abridge Newton's similar title in the same way—particularly, as we added in the very next line the *title in full*. To what shifts must an apologist be reduced who can waste time on such trifles—and what must be his accuracy and candour, when it turns out that, even in this trifle, we only followed Dr. Keith's own example!

Mr. Brewster then proceeds to give another instance of what he now calls our *legerdemain*,—a softer word than he generally uses, but of equally offensive import:—

KEITH.

NEWTON.

Ch. V.—*The Land of Judea and circumjacent countries.*

| Diss. VIII.—Other *Prophecies concerning the Jews. Desolation of Judea.*

* By, no doubt, an error of the press of XIV. for VIII., in the seventh line of the table, one of Mr. Brewster's main attacks upon us is rendered unintelligible to the ordinary reader; by correcting the error, we have made not only it, but its *utter futility*, intelligible.

On this Mr. Brewster says—

‘ Upon opening Newton’s book it may be seen at once, from the list of the real capitular titles of his twenty-six dissertations, that “the desolation of Judea” forms *no part of any one of them*, as the reviewer has represented.’

‘ *No part of any one of them* ’!—The italics are Mr. Brewster’s.

Now, will it be believed that, ‘ upon opening Newton’s book it may be seen at once,’ (p. xi. of the table of contents) that—after the general head—‘ Diss. VIII. *Prophecies of other Prophets concerning the Jews*’—several sectional heads are added, and that one of them is ‘ *The desolation of Judea*,’ which words Mr. Brewster has the boldness to say ‘ *form no part of any of the capitular titles of the twenty-six dissertations* ’?

Another of our alleged ‘ *falsehoods* ’ is, that we called a reference, which occurs in page 232 of Dr. Keith’s 12th edition—that which we used, as the last and fullest—‘ the *first* acknowledged quotation from Newton which occurs in the work.’ To which Mr. Brewster replies shortly and decidedly,

‘ This is *not* the *FIRST* acknowledged quotation from Newton.’—p. 45.

But he more prudently omits to tell us where any *prior* quotation is to be found in that edition—if Mr. Brewster means to say that in some earlier editions Bishop Newton’s name did previously occur, it would not invalidate our assertion that it was the first that occurred in the edition which we were reviewing, (and which we distinctly stated to be *that* which we were reviewing)—Indeed we should not have been justified in quoting, from a former edition, a passage which Dr. Keith had *on deliberation* thought proper to omit! We shall by-and-by take notice of some very remarkable omissions and variations which occur in the *successive editions*; but we here repeat our assertion, ‘ that the reference in p. 232, 12th ed., is the *first* acknowledged quotation from Bishop Newton’ that we can find in that edition, and we invite Mr. Brewster to show a prior.

Another charge is, that in saying that we had selected for detailed examination ‘ the chapter of Nineveh, as the *shortest* and most suitable to our limits,’ we were again guilty, as is stated, of a positive *falsehood*, and, as is insinuated, with a malicious design. First, says Mr. Brewster, ‘ it is not a *chapter*—but a *section* ;’ to which we reply, that the word *section* no where occurs in Dr. Keith’s work. His dissertations on Nineveh—Babylon—The Arabs—African Slavery, &c., are all separate and unconnected treatises, but without *any* divisional title—we, therefore, called them chapters—as we occasionally called Bishop Newton’s dissertations *chapters*; and as any other capitular division is commonly called a *chapter*; and chapters they undoubtedly are, though

though it has pleased Dr. Keith 'not so to designate them; if he had called them *sections*, or given them *any other* divisional name, we should have adopted it; but we really cannot reproach ourselves with any serious offence, in having called these separate and *untitled* divisions by the ordinary name of *chapters*. But it seems we not only falsified the *name*, but the *fact*, for

'the section of Nineveh is not even the shortest *section*—that on the Arabs, in which *there is not a single reference to the same authorities as in Newton*, is still shorter.'—Brewster, p. 40.

We candidly confess, that it appears we were inaccurate in saying the *shortest*—but we think we have some excuse. Mr. Brewster states, that the number of pages in the section of Nineveh is *four*, while that on the Arabs is only *three and a half*: and this is substantially the fact: but when he descends to such a minuteness as *half a page*, to prove *fraud* against an antagonist, he might have stated the case with still greater accuracy. The space occupied by these sections varies in the different editions, but in the octavo—dignified with the title of the '*Library edition*'—we find the section of Nineveh consists of three whole and two broken pages, and that that of the Arabs likewise extends over three whole and two broken pages, but on counting the exact number of *lines* in the whole five pages, we admit that the section of Nineveh is the longer by *twenty-five lines*.

But, according to Mr. Brewster, we were guilty of this grave inaccuracy—so very grave in Mr. Brewster's opinion, that he triumphs over it in three different places—because the *very shortest* chapter, that of the Arabs, would not have suited our malevolent design against Dr. Keith, as '*there is not a single reference to the same authorities as in Newton*.'

Now, the chapter of the Arabs did not fall within our scope, because it is almost wholly made up of extracts from, or comments on, *Gibbon* and *Sir Robert Ker Porter*—authors published since Bishop Newton wrote, and, therefore, by necessity, and *ex hypothesi*, excluded from the argument—but Mr. Brewster says, *it does not contain a single reference to the same authorities as Newton*. It is really surprising how Mr. Brewster can make such assertions. In all Dr. Keith's earlier editions, there are—exclusive of two to *Gibbon* and one to *Sir Robert Ker Porter*, and which *could not be in Newton*—but two references, or, if Mr. Brewster pleases, one double one, thus—to *Genesis* xvi. 12—xvii. 20.

Now, these two passages are not only referred to in Newton (p. 17), but quoted, and they are in Newton—as they are in Keith, the *two first*—the *two main* and, in Keith, the *two only* references (with the exception of *Gibbon* and *Porter*), in the respective accounts of the *Arabs*.

In Dr. Keith's recent editions, he has added a kind of post-script to this section of the Arabs, which—as the matter is thus presented to us—we must notice as an additional instance of the art with which Dr. Keith, even when he seems to acknowledge an obligation to another work, does so in a manner that we cannot but call *deceptive*. The passage in question is as follows: we print it *literatim et punctatim*, and beg of our readers to observe even the marks of quotation and reference—they are not unimportant.

'Recent discoveries have also brought to light the miraculous preservation and existence, as a distinct people, of a less numerous but not less interesting race—"a plant which grew up under the mighty cedar of Israel, but was destined to flourish when that proud tree was levelled to the earth."* "Thus saith the Lord God of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."† The Beni Rechab, sons of Rechab, still exist a "distinct and easily distinguishable" people. They boast their descent from Rechab, profess pure Judaism, and all know Hebrew. Yet they live in the neighbourhood of Mecca, the chief seat of Mohammedanism, and their number is stated to be sixty thousand. The account given of them by Benjamin of Tudela, in the 12th century,‡ has very recently been confirmed by Wolff, and as he witnessed and heard from an intrepid "Rechabite cavalier," there is not a man wanting to stand up as a son of Rechab.'—Keith, p. 323, 12th edition.

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXV., p. 142.

† Jeremiah xxxv. 19.

‡ Basnage's History, p. 620.

Now, is there any one who, reading this passage and attending to the marks of quotation and reference, would not believe that the passage—

'A plant which grew up under the mighty cedar of Israel, but was destined to flourish when that proud tree was levelled with the earth,'—was *all* that the author had quoted from the 'Quarterly Review?' or that *at most* the two other phrases—'distinct and easily distinguishable'—and 'Rechabite cavalier'—also marked as quotations, might be referable to that source: but as these marks of quotation confess and limit the exact extent of his obligations to the 'Quarterly Review,' all the rest must be taken to be *his own*. The text from Jeremiah—the allusion to Benjamin of Tudela—the account of Mr. Wolff's recent discoveries—all of course, except the acknowledged quotations, must be the result of Dr. Keith's own reading and reasoning. Not a bit of it!—the whole passage from the first word to the last—the text—Benjamin of Tudela—Mr. Wolff—all—*every syllable* is taken from the 'Quarterly Review,' just as much as the short and comparatively insignificant passage *so scrupulously distinguished* with marks of quotation! With one exception—the 'Quarterly' does *not* state that 'Benjamin of Tudela lived in the twelfth century,'

nor

nor of course does it refer to '*Basnage*' for that fact. These then may be Dr. Keith's own. Alas! no. From Bishop Newton's seventh Dissertation, already so largely pillaged for more important objects, this trifle is also taken.—'*Benjamin of Tudela, a celebrated Jew of the twelfth century.*'—Newt. Diss. p. 96, with, at foot, a reference to '*Basnage*.'

We believe it will now be admitted that an examination of the chapter of Arabs would not have been much more favourable to Dr. Keith than that of Nineveh.

We shall waste no more time in our personal defence against Mr. Brewster, and we would not have gone even so far, if the passages had not had some relation to the main question. To which we must now more particularly call the attention of our readers, with reference to Dr. Keith's own personal statement.

The questions raised by us, from the *prima facie* evidence of 'Dr. Keith's earlier editions,' were these—

1. Did not Dr. Keith affect to be ignorant that such a work as Bishop Newton's existed?

2. And yet did he not borrow from it, not only without acknowledgment, but *with a studious attempt at concealment*, the main design and plan of his book, his most valuable facts and arguments, and the chief authorities and illustrations which appear in his earlier editions?

To both these questions, after a careful and conscientious review both of Newton and Keith, and of Mr. Brewster's observations, we are obliged to repeat the affirmative; for not only do we adhere to the reasons stated in our former article, but the reconsideration of the subject, and Dr. Keith's and Mr. Brewster's own admissions, have furnished some still more convincing proofs, and have changed what we stated as a *prima facie* case of strong suspicion into demonstrated proof.

On the first point we have been vehemently assailed by Mr. Brewster, and more gently reprehended by Dr. Keith, for supposing it possible that Dr. Keith could have affected to be ignorant of the existence of Bishop Newton's well-known work—a supposition asserted to be manifestly impossible from the notoriety of the Bishop's work, and from the numerous places in which *Newton is quoted* by Dr. Keith. Now Dr. Keith himself shall prove not only the possibility but the probability, nay, the justice of this reprobated supposition.

'*The main design,*' says Dr. Keith, '*of my treatise was formed, and the plan partly executed, and all the subjects it contains were alluded to in the Introduction, at a time, I am confident, when I had not a copy of Bishop Newton in my possession, and DID NOT EVEN KNOW OR REMEMBER, if I had ever known, THE PLAN AND CONTENTS OF IT!*'—p. 63.

Our readers will at once see that this wonderful confession is absolutely decisive of the first question—for if the main design was formed, and the plan partly executed, and *all* the subjects selected, and the prefatory matter actually written *before* he knew anything of Bishop Newton's work, it must needs follow that he was *ignorant of its existence*, and, of course, it can be no wonder that *we* should have said that he appeared to be ignorant of it. This alone is enough for our justification, who only said that Dr. Keith *professed* to be ignorant of what he now asserts that he *really* was ignorant; but into what irreconcilable inconsistencies and contradictions does not this throw all Mr. Brewster's and Dr. Keith's arguments! Dr. Keith had said in his preface, that he had *in vain sought a concise view of the prophecies considered exclusively as matters of evidence*. We insisted that Bishop Newton's was just *such* a work; and we therefore inferred that Dr. Keith meant to deny his knowledge of the existence of that work. To this Mr. Brewster and Dr. Keith reply, that the Doctor did *not* mean to deny knowledge of the existence of Bishop Newton's work, but only to assert that the Bishop's work was not of *that description* he was in quest of—viz. *concise*—a difference from us as to the *character* of the work, but not a denial of its *existence*. Yet we have just seen Dr. Keith's own admission, that he could not have known whether Newton's work was *concise* or not, '*because he had never known, or if he had known, did not remember,*' anything about 'PLAN or CONTENTS.' Bishop Newton had happened to meet an infidel who, untouched by other reasoning, '*was much struck with the argument from prophecy*'—to satisfy his mind the Bishop wrote *his* work. Dr. Keith, as he tells us, also happened to meet an infidel who, untouched by other reasoning, was much struck with the argument from prophecy, and to satisfy his mind Dr. Keith, *not being able to find a concise work fit for the purpose*, wrote his own. Why, we asked, did he not offer his friend Bishop Newton's work, actually written for an occasion identically similar? To this Dr. Keith replies, '*For two reasons—first, Bishop Newton's work is not concise—and secondly, because I had never heard, or did not remember, anything about any such work.*' To our understandings it is clear that *both* these reasons cannot be true, and that the second is directly contradictory of the first. We had thought that Bishop Newton's '*Dissertations*' had been very extensively known; but it seems we were mistaken, since Dr. Keith not only knew nothing about them, but he tells us that he applied to his now champion Mr. Brewster and another clerical friend, who it seems were equally ignorant; for it was not till *after* he had consulted them—without being able to hear of any such work—*after* he had therefore formed

his design, selected *all* his subjects, and written a portion of his work, that he discovered that there was such a book as Newton on the Prophecies. This little accidental exposure quickens, we suppose, Mr. Brewster's zeal to make common cause with Dr. Keith, since it seems to show that they had been labouring under a joint but most uncommon ignorance of one of the best known books on the subject of their inquiries. Dr. Keith and his friend are prodigiously proud that his work had gone through *twelve* editions; but what, alas! is human fame, when we find these three learned divines had never heard of a book in their own profession, of which the *fifteenth* edition is now before us? Out of the dilemma in which Dr. Keith has thus placed himself by his assertion that he rejected Newton's work because it was not concise, and 'not "*exactly*" such a work as he sought for,' and his confession that he did not know of such a work at all, we cannot imagine how he is to escape.

Dr. Keith does not state at what stage of his work he became *for the first time* acquainted with Bishop Newton's Dissertations, which, however, he boasts of having referred or alluded to no less than twelve times, as Mr. Brewster says, in his first edition; but it is strange that when Dr. Keith 'refers' the reader, who may not be satisfied with his summary, 'to the excellent treatise of *Bishop Chandler*, and to the works of *Barrow* and *Clarke*' (p. 20), he should not have so much as mentioned—in that or in any other prominent place—*Bishop Newton*, an author whom he acknowledges to have subsequently quoted twelve times, and from whom *we assert* that he had *both before and after* largely borrowed.

We shall not here repeat any of the reasons that we before stated as leading to this conclusion, and to which we implicitly adhere; but Dr. Keith's and Mr. Brewster's defence have suggested some additional reasons, which we feel it to be our duty to state.

Their allusion to the *first edition* has led us to look more narrowly into the *successive editions*, and that inspection has revealed some curious and, in our opinion, important facts, which satisfy us of what we before suspected, that Dr. Keith felt from the beginning that he was *on hollow ground*, and made divers shifts to evade his difficulties—with no other success, however, than the usual one of affording stronger traces of the fact he was striving to conceal.

1. In the first edition—and it is by a comparison with the *first* edition that, as regards the main question of plagiarism, Dr. Keith must stand or fall—in the *first* edition he *hesitates* about even claiming the *authorship* of the book. In the last sentence of his introductory chapter he states, that if any success attends his work—
'if one atom be added to the mass of evidence [in favour of Christianity],
the

the author—or rather the COMPILER—of this little work has not lost his reward—*operæ pretium est.*—Ed. 1823, p. 16.

This was a tolerably fair description of Dr. Keith's real share in the matter; and would have relieved him from any such charge as we have been obliged to make against him, if it had been accompanied by any general acknowledgment, or even reference to Bishop Newton—such even as he made to *Chandler, Barrow, and Clarke*, to whom he owes comparatively nothing—and, above all, *if he had adhered to it.*

BUT, after the work had been three years published, without, as it appears, any observation having been made concerning his obligations to Newton, a second edition was called for, and in that edition he grows bolder—changes his tone in the most remarkable and ominous manner—and the last sentence of the Introduction is thus remodelled—

‘If one atom be added to the mass of evidence, the *author* of this little work will have neither lost his reward nor spent his labour in vain.’—*Second Edition*, 1826, p. 16—

omitting the pregnant words ‘*or rather COMPILER*’; and so it has remained in all subsequent editions.

Perhaps it may be asked whether the subsequent editions did not contain such an increase of *original* matter as to justify this change. The later editions have certainly had large, and as we formerly stated, most interesting additions; but these additions are all extracts from successive modern travellers, and consist of what may be called *compilations*, much more than that first edition, of which Dr. Keith professed to be only the *compiler*. In the strict sense of the words, the first edition included more—and if Newton were out of the question, *infinitely* more—of what might be called *authorship*, than the subsequent editions, which were successively swelled by compilations—valuable and well-managed compilations—but still, if such a distinction is to be made, essentially *compilations*.

2. This singular omission is duly followed up by others equally indicative of a change of purpose. In page 87 of the *first* edition we find a passage against the idol-worship of the Roman Catholics, with this reference:—‘*Limborch, Collat. cum Jud. p. 102, quoted by Bishop Newton.*’

This passage, which is the first in which Bishop Newton is mentioned, does not contain one word or reference to lead one to think that it was Bishop Newton's *Dissertations on the Prophecies* which was referred to; further—whatever might be the work meant, it was not cited as having furnished anything but the mere quotation from Limborch. This acknowledgment, therefore, of a

mere reference to another book, from one who, as we allege, was copying whole pages of unacknowledged matter of the utmost importance, was of less than no value; for it was like the quotation which we have just mentioned from the 'Quarterly Review,' in which the acknowledgment of a trifle is introduced to screen a weightier obligation. But the very mention of Bishop Newton's name, even in this obscure and insufficient way, had now, we suppose, become a nervous affair with Dr. Keith, and in the third and all future editions the whole was OMITTED!

By this omission *all mention* of Bishop Newton was expunged, till we arrive at the 137th page of the first edition,—the 232nd of the second, the 235th of the third, &c.—that is to say, expunged from above the first two-thirds of each volume.

3. But at the pages just mentioned, we find as an introduction to Dr. Keith's treatises,—we must not it seems call them *chapters*,—on Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon, &c.; that

'they have been so fully illustrated in the learned works of Prideaux and Bishop Newton,'

that Dr. Keith thinks a long detail would be unnecessary; but he professes to subjoin a brief summary or abstract of the principal facts.

This, as an insulated passage, might seem a fair acknowledgment, even although, as is the case, nine-tenths of what follows were substantially taken from Newton; but again, the reader will observe, that there is a careful abstinence from mentioning *which* or what part of Bishop Newton's works is alluded to. But mark how even this vague reference seems to have disturbed Dr. Keith, for in the subsequent editions this allusion also is wholly OMITTED!

4. Next we find, in p. 140, first edition,—p. 236 of the second edition—at the conclusion of the *chapter*—or *section*—on Nineveh,—a long extract from *Bishop Newton*, thus introduced—

'This, perhaps,' in the words of Bishop Newton, 'may strike us,' &c. Still not the slightest hint of *what work* of the Bishop's is referred to, nor any intimation that any further obligation is owed than for the mere passage cited; and this special and *carefully marked* quotation of some *general observations* of Bishop Newton's is introduced at the conclusion of a chapter, almost every syllable of which, we repeat, is borrowed, even to its minutest details and quotations, from the Bishop's *work on the Prophecies*. But again, this mention of Bishop Newton becomes embarrassing to the assumed authorship of Dr. Keith, and again this quotation from Newton is from the third edition absolutely *expunged* and OMITTED!

5. Once

5. Once more, in p. 192, first edition, we find a passage—

'Bishop Newton, whose *Dissertations on the Prophecies* were published seventy-nine years ago,' &c.

Here, then, within two pages of Dr. Keith's *conclusion*, we hear, for the first time, of Bishop Newton's *Dissertations*; but, like its vaguer predecessors, this passage is doomed to a short existence: in the second, and all future editions, this whole quotation is OMITTED!

And now, we appeal to the common sense of mankind to couple the omission of the modest designation of *compiler* with the corresponding suppression from the ensuing editions of these four passages relative to Bishop Newton, and then to give a verdict as to what must have been Dr. Keith's motive for these *singular* variations, made successively as the new editions passing without detection *might* have emboldened the *compiler* to set up for the *author*. Mr. Brewster accuses *us* of *legerdemain*! What, we should ask, is all this shuffling and juggling with the name of Bishop Newton?

Dr. Keith asks us, very triumphantly, whether, under the head Tyre, he has not in the text of *all the editions* mentioned Bishop Newton, as 'having showed, at length, how all the prophecies concerning Tyre were fulfilled?' We admit it; and we also admit, and in our former article stated, that in the *margin* of the *later* editions he has, in one or two places, *replaced* the name of Bishop Newton after it had been omitted from the *text*; but it is always in the same vague way, and always by limiting the reference to a *particular passage* of little or no importance, so to exclude all idea of his having been obliged to Newton for *more* than he thus acknowledges, which is, in point of quantity, not one-fiftieth part, and in point of quality, not one-hundredth part of, as we the more and more firmly believe, his *real obligations*.

Dr. Keith may, perhaps, attempt to give explanations of these alternate omissions and dislocations of the quotations from, and the references to Bishop Newton; but if he should make the attempt, we beg of him also to explain the following extraordinary fact:—His first edition contains, according to our reckoning, above 400 *references*, and of all these references we can find no omissions or dislocations in the text of the subsequent editions, *except in the case of Bishop Newton alone!** He *alone*, we believe, of all

* There are three other references in the *notes* of the *first* omitted in the subsequent editions—one to Grotius, p. 68, and one to Josephus, p. 75, but these were evidently *errors of the press*. The third omission is more remarkable. In stating the arithmetical calculation of probabilities in favour of the prophetic evidence, Dr. Keith refers at foot to 'Ozenham's Math. Recreations—Dr. Olinthus Gregory on the Christian Religion—Emerson on Chances—and Wood's Algebra;' but in the

all the authors, is *but once* referred to by the name of his work and *never* by the capitular title. He *alone*, of all the authors quoted (with the exceptions stated in the note), has been *omitted* in the subsequent editions. Why is he *alone* thus singularly, thus unaccountably, as it may seem, treated? Dr. Keith must excuse us, but we cannot but confess that we believe the reason to be that he was *conscience-stricken* at the very name of Newton, and that he omitted it four times in the hope of escaping detection; and then again, taking fright, he introduced it in one or two *different* places in such a way as he hoped might not be observed, or, if observed, might help him, or his champion, to mystify the matter, and say, as we surmised in our first article he would say, and as he now does say, — ‘How could you accuse me of concealing my obligations to an author whom I quoted?’

Another main point of Mr. Brewster's defence is, that Dr. Keith *might* have borrowed, and had a clear right to borrow, and (as he rather infers however than asserts) *did* borrow the several questionable passages from the *original* authorities which Bishop Newton had used. Who ever could doubt that he *might* have done so? We stated that Dr. Keith *might* no doubt have consulted the original authors and translated the passages for his own use; but was it probable, we asked, that he could have *chanced* upon the *very particular passages* which Bishop Newton had selected, and even the very identical words in which the Bishop had translated these selected passages?

But, replies Mr. Brewster, Bishop Newton himself appears to have made use in *one* passage of an ancient translation of Eusebius. We have not been able to see this translation, to which Mr. Brewster gives no other clue than its date (1692). Well, suppose his statement be correct, and suppose Dr. Keith copied this passage from the old Eusebius, and not from Newton, would that not substantiate another of our suspicions, that Dr. Keith had not consulted Josephus in the original?—And again; if Mr. Brewster can find but *one* such passage, how does he account for the *other* translations, obviously borrowed from Newton, without any pretence that Newton had borrowed them from any other writer? But the passage in question, as quoted by Mr. Brewster

subsequent editions he omits such vulgar authorities as Gregory and Wood, and substitutes ‘*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités, par M. Le Comte [Comte] de La Place.*’ But this piece of philosophical pedantry is made utterly ridiculous by the fact, that though he has thus changed the *reference*, he has *not changed one syllable* of the *text* to which the reference applies, so that M. Le Comte de La Place is introduced as a mere *stepfather* to the doctrine of Wood and Gregory. As Dr. Keith is, it seems, such a French scholar, we can assure him, in that tongue, ‘*qu’il n’y trouvera pas son COMPTE,*’

from the old Eusebius, is, though very like, not identical; and Mr. Brewster, feeling that it is by no means conclusive, even in his own narrow view of it, supplies the deficiency as follows:—

‘But any writer who had never seen either Josephus, or Eusebius, or Bishop Newton, *might* have hit upon the exact same form of expression again and again, by consulting the most popular perhaps of all commentaries upon the same verses, in reference to the same passages from the same books of Josephus. “Women snatched the food out of the very mouths of their husbands, and sons of their fathers, and (what is most miserable) mothers of their infants.” Jos. book v. 10, 3—“In every house, if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relations fought with one another, snatching away the miserable provisions of life.”” Book vi. 3, 3. *Scott's Commentary*, Deut. xxviii. 49.

We thank Mr. Brewster—though Dr. Keith will not—for this extraordinary apology. Scott's popular Commentary, which he asserts *might* have afforded this translation to one who *might* never have seen *Newton*, is a *modern* work (the first edition being, we believe, of 1810) which makes an ample and *avowed* use of Newton's previous labours, and which undoubtedly copied these passages from the Bishop—for the *notes* of Scott's Commentary in the page where this translation occurs, and in the page before, and in the page after, contain large and *acknowledged* extracts from the text of Newton, and expressly refer to the Bishop *by name* four times over.

But there is another little circumstance which has escaped Mr. Brewster, and which clinches the fact he endeavours to shake—and it is this:—Dr. Keith, by copying Bishop Newton too hastily, was accidentally led into an *erroneous* reference, quoting the two passages as being *both* in the *sixth* book, *third* chapter, *fourth* section; whereas Scott took care not to fall into that mistake, and quotes accurately the first passage from the *fifth* book, *tenth* chapter, *third* section.

The mistake, as our readers will see, was impossible if Keith had copied from Scott:—it was obviously thus occasioned;—Bishop Newton had not thought fit to separate the passages quite so distinctly in his text, as he might have done—Keith, in his hurry, took it for granted that passages so similar lay together—and therefore copied only the reference to the last.—Can demonstration go further?

There is yet another important particular in Dr. Keith's defence, which it gives us pain to be obliged to notice. In addition to the first account given of the origin of the work—of its being suggested by finding the effect which the argument from prophecy had on an infidel—which is the identical motive assigned by Newton for his—Dr. Keith now details some *other* circumstances. He

says, that his infidel and *anonymous* friend, in the course of their discussions, handed him *Collins's* 'Discourse on the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion,' and he implies that his antagonist also employed *Hume's* argument against miracles, to which Bishop Newton's work even if he, Dr. Keith, had known that work, could have afforded no antidote, as '*Hume's* argument was unknown at the time Newton wrote.'—p. 63. Now is it not marvellous that the first edition of Dr. Keith's work—originally written, as we are now told, to answer Collins's infidelity and Hume's sophistry, which Newton, not knowing, could not reply to—does not, as far as our best diligence can discover, so much as mention either *Collins* or *Hume*? Voltaire, Volney, Gibbon, &c., are quoted and answered; but *Hume* and *Collins*, against whom Dr. Keith now professes to have chiefly directed his argument, are not so much as named; nor, that we can discover, are their peculiar arguments even alluded to. Dr. Keith affirms, that 'in his Introduction he alludes to Hume's argument;' we can see no such allusion, any more than to Collins. In the subsequent editions, indeed, there is, towards the very end of the book, a slight and insufficient mention of *Hume*; but none of *Collins*; and if the work originally contemplated a refutation of their arguments, it is in the first edition such mention would have naturally found its place. But, moreover, if the fact had been as Dr. Keith now states it, why was it not so stated when he was giving in his preface his motives for undertaking the work; and why, we ask, is it, that—at this stage only of the discussion—we and the public hear, for the first time from Dr. Keith, of his design of replying to Collins? And we must further ask, whether it was not we ourselves who, in our former article, first mentioned Collins at all? and showed, that Newton, and Dr. Keith in that part of his work which is his own, had produced arguments and facts which, powerfully, unexpectedly—and on Dr. Keith's part unconsciously—refuted both Collins and Hume. If Dr. Keith's work was produced by having received from his friend a copy of Collins's book, is it not remarkable that it should be left to us,—first to mention that work, and to apply Dr. Keith's arguments against those whom he says he was answering, but to whom he never originally alluded? This seems to us quite unaccountable!

Dr. Keith and his advocate tell us that are some hundreds of references and quotations, particularly in the later editions, which are not to be found in Newton;—admitted—we always stated and applauded the industry and ability with which Dr. Keith successively added to his *original compilation from Newton* the discoveries of modern travellers;—and of course all this additional matter, which has doubled the size, and more than doubled the

interest and value of his book, has supplied a vast number of quotations which are not in Newton, and *could not be*, as they have all accrued *since* the Bishop's work was published; but we repeat our original suspicion, now strengthened into certainty, that in his earlier editions he borrowed from Newton—(not only without adequate acknowledgment, but with a studious attempt at concealment)—the main design and plan of his work, his most valuable facts and arguments, and his chief authorities and illustrations; and any doubt—which we might have been willing to entertain while awaiting Dr. Keith's explanation—must be removed by the general insufficiency of the defence, and especially by the flagrant contradiction now brought to light between his assertion of having undertaken the work, because he found Bishop Newton's not suited to his particular purpose, and that other assertion, that it was not until after he had planned, and in a great degree executed, his work, that he so much as knew that such a book as Bishop Newton's existed. This is, to us, a most painful conclusion to have arrived at, and we would most gladly have avoided the necessity of stating it; but as Mr. Brewster and Dr. Keith have insisted, in the most peremptory, and even offensive manner, upon having our opinion—they have it; and if any reader who wishes to prolong the inquiry will only compare Dr. Keith's first edition, and its hundreds of coincidences, with the corresponding passages of Newton, he will, we are satisfied, be convinced, as we are, that Dr. Keith's original work was either a *plagiarism* or a *miracle*.*

ART. X.—*Lectures on Subjects connected with Clinical Medicine.* By P. M. Latham, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. London. Vol. I. 8vo. 1836.

DR. LATHAM has been long known as one of the most conscientious and judicious cultivators of his profession. As a physician of, perhaps, the largest hospital in the metropolis, his opportunities of investigating disease have been equal to his industry in making use of them. Independently of diligence and

* Let it not be supposed, that if we have not followed Mr. Brewster into the innumerable little details with which he has endeavoured to mystify the question, it has been for want of answers to these details. Our limits only admit, and the question only requires, that we should vindicate our own fairness, and deal with the single substantial question of the case. There are also many observations suggested by Mr. Brewster's and Dr. Keith's defence, which we have not stated, simply because, for the reasons already hinted, we had no inclination to extend the controversy beyond what had been inevitably forced on us.

occasion, those main springs of acquirement, circumstances have been favourable to him, as to all those who, situated similarly to himself, have lived to track the great improvements of physic made in this century, from their origin to their completion. These discoveries sprung up in their youth and have advanced with their maturer years, and in a rapidly progressive age it is a great advantage when the mind ripens with ripening events. Truths already common do not rouse the vigour of youthful powers : and elder minds are too rigid and inductile to be swayed or impressed by new thoughts. Dr. Latham's work bears all the marks of one who has begun with a new subject at an age when the entanglements of truth and error do not daunt nor disgust, who has followed it up with patient labour, and who has from much experience in teaching learned how to communicate clearly the knowledge which he has painfully collected. The volume in which he has embodied his thoughts is addressed to students in a peculiar, perhaps a quaint style, occasionally overdone with illustration, but oftener so picturesquely written as to carry us back to that vigorous English which pervaded the Elizabethan age, and the last example of which, in its application to medicine, is found in the works of the great Harvey.

Although a variety of topics are discussed by Dr. Latham, we shall confine ourselves to the single one of 'Auscultation,' or that method of investigating diseases of the chest which Laënnec discovered in 1816, and which has at length wiped off, with regard to an immense range of disease, the vulgar opprobrium of the uncertainty of medicine. They who have cast this reproach on the physician and his art, have not considered the nature of the evidence which guides him. The certainty of the conclusion in surgery as opposed to physic, has had its effect in depreciating the latter in the public mind, or at least, in the minds of those who have not the inclination or the power to look at the very different foundation of surgical and medical discipline. The surgeon investigates external maladies, and the evidence is as rapid as the eyesight and as undeceptive as the touch. The physician has to determine the existence of a malady hidden from his senses, and its investigation is and must be as painful and as fallible as thought. The surgeon need not in a majority of cases ask a single question. The physician has to learn the new, difficult, and obscure language of disease—often doubtfully, oftener mysteriously expressed, and which is not seldom at variance with the oral communications of his patient. The surgeon need not hesitate an instant, for he has direct evidence of the bleeding artery or the broken limb. The physician must and ought to admit a wholesome delay, in weighing the circumstantial evidence which

enables him to determine at length, with the certainty of sense, not only what invisible organ labours, but what part of it.

As soon as anatomical knowledge could be obtained, surgery advanced rapidly, and the history of this branch of science shows that it does not, like physic, require an indefinite time to extend its empire. A few gifted men have in their day carried on the land-marks of their province immeasurably beyond its former limits. Whereas in physic, the prime antithesis of the length of art and the shortness of life has always been felt, so that its perfections are due rather to the aggregate efforts of generations than to those of individuals.

‘One reason,’ says our author, ‘why surgery is more popular than medicine is, that it is easier. Do not, I beseech you, imagine that I wish to disparage surgery. In a profession like ours, nothing can show such bad feeling, or such bad taste, as purposely to let fall expressions which cast an imputation of inferiority upon those who happen to cultivate a different portion of the same field of science and usefulness from our own. And even here I will allow, if you please, that cases occur in the department of surgery, beset with difficulties and perplexities, which we in the department of medicine do not meet with, and which require information, and judgment, and skill of the highest order, to surmount. But I am now speaking of the ordinary routine of cases, such as we find them in hospitals; and upon a comparison of such cases, surgery is certainly much easier than medicine; and students take to it the more kindly because it is easier.

‘Surgery, for the most part, requires fewer circumstances to bring you to a knowledge of its object than medicine does. In surgery there are prominent points of interest, which arrest and command the attention at once; in medicine the points of interest are to be sought after, and, being found, are to be retained and cherished by much labour of the understanding. External sores, external inflammation, and broken bones, require only to be seen and handled in order to be known. But the same knowledge which, in surgery, is obtained by the use of the senses, in medicine, which is conversant with internal disease, can only be acquired by a process of reasoning; and reasoning is more difficult than seeing and touching, and its conclusions are more uncertain, and much more liable to error.

‘Moreover, the adaptation of curative means requires more vigilance in medicine than in surgery. There is no end of the circumstances to be taken into consideration day after day, in order to practise medicine with tolerable success. A man has an *external* inflammation: the surgeon sees it, and is at once sure of its existence; he prescribes for it, and sees its gradual decline as plainly as he first saw its rise and progress. A man has an *internal* inflammation; but the physician, not seeing it, is obliged to come to the knowledge of its existence by a great variety of considerations: he prescribes for it, and is again obliged to enter into a variety of considerations before he can know that it has begun to decline or has ceased. The uncertainty of physic I readily admit;

admit; but I do not admit the vulgar reproach which has followed from it. There is nothing absolutely sure but what rests upon the basis of numbers, or falls within the sphere of the senses. Where reasoning begins, there begins uncertainty; and on this account the highest and the best things in the world are all uncertain, and so is our profession. But from this very uncertainty those who practise it successfully claim their greatest honour: for where there is no possibility of error, no praise is due to the judgment of what is right.'—pp. 39-42.

To come at once to the subject of Auscultation,—by this one happy and happily improved discovery the physicians of the present age have forced one half of human diseases to give us a more direct and open statement of their nature. We find that they have a language of their own which, though varying with the varying malady, is still clear and distinct, and intelligible, to all who have ears to hear, and a patient mind to understand. All the diseases of the chest, whether of the heart, or the great vessels, or of the lungs, are now ascertainable—and where, from their nature and our present limited knowledge, they are not curable, still may they be alleviated. Not only the entire organ, but each separate portion of it can be scrutinized. Not only can the modern practitioner state where the respiration labours and what part is clogged, but why, and how it is impeded. In a word, he now knows not merely the symptom but the disease.

'Auscultation,' says Dr. Latham, 'professes to make us acquainted with the actual condition of the lungs in many of the most important diseases incident to them; their actual condition at any *particular time*; and their changes from one condition to another *from time to time*.

'I am not aware that, before auscultation lent its aid to diagnosis, we could do more than speak generally concerning the diseases of the lungs during the life of the patient. We could affirm generally that the lungs were inflamed; and, knowing, from our acquaintance with morbid processes, that it was the tendency of inflammation to produce such and such changes of their structure, we were aware what perils it involved, and could anticipate with tolerable accuracy what we should meet with when the patient died. So, too, we could affirm generally that there were tubercles or vomicae in the lungs; and, understanding the forms and processes of phthisical disease, we could foretell in the main what we should find after death.

'But auscultation anticipates the disclosures of morbid anatomy. Nearly all that dissection can unfold, it tells while the patient is yet alive. It does more: it brings us acquainted with diseases long before they have reached their fatal stage. By dissection we come in with our knowledge *at last*, and gain assurance of the disease from its ultimate results. By auscultation we are often—very often—enabled to make our knowledge keep pace with the disease from its least and earliest beginnings, through all the stages of its progress to the end.'—pp. 168, 169,

The *comfort* of such knowledge can only be conceived by him who

who possesses it, and feels the duties which belong to one intrusted with human life. But the indirect benefits derived by society from any method which gives accuracy to medicine, are neither few nor unimportant. Formerly, for example, when physicians had no certain information to give us concerning the forms and stages of consumption, every species of trial was enjoined and carried into effect, with regard to this disease. One man mewed his patients for months in cow-houses—a second shut his up in well-stoved rooms—a third exposed his to the open heavens under every variety of atmosphere, and stuffed them with beef-steaks. Tar-vapour and tar-water were the specifics with one class of practitioners, caustic washes with another. And all, amidst their diversity of earlier practice, agreed on removing the despairing sufferer, too often quite uselessly, to another climate. The errors of this empiricism were great aggravations of the natural course of the malady. There is a double death for one who parts to die; and though his days, under whatever management, may be but few and full of sorrow, the absence from friends, from home, and from his country, will scarcely alleviate the pangs of the last hour.

Auscultation implies a listening—the ear, especially if assisted by a small trumpet-shaped tube, can hear many sounds which arise from the healthy action of our internal organs. Thus, the beat of the heart may be heard, as also the rush of blood along the arteries. Thus, too, the ingress of air into the lungs is accompanied by a murmuring noise, which is very distinct in most healthy individuals and audible in all. In some parts of the pulmonary tissues, the sound is louder than in others; and we find that this is accounted for by the natural structure of such parts, for the air tubes are here larger. If the ear is accustomed to recognize the sound which attends the act of respiration in a healthy lung, it readily detects any deviations from it in the diseased lung. Then the sole question that remains to be determined is, the nature of the malady producing these deviations; and this is answered by the investigation of the diseased organ in those who have succumbed. In short, by the repeated examination of the act of breathing, we learn that certain sounds are heard only in a healthy structure; and that certain deviations from such sounds denote a change in such structure—which change is disease. Let us apply this general proposition to the investigation of pulmonary diseases, But in order to render ourselves intelligible, we must give a popular, and therefore imperfect, description of the intimate structure of the lungs.

The lungs may be looked on as a set of tubes, which ramify like the branches of a tree, and end in tiny bladders. Perhaps a bunch of grapes when the fruit is just appearing, and is small in proportion

proportion to the stalk, will assist the imagination in figuring the lung. The minute bladders or air-cells are not, however, loose like each grape, but in apposition with each other like the cells of a honeycomb.

The *trachea* or windpipe, a tube about four inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, is the stem from which all the branches are given off. Immediately after it has entered the chest it divides into two tubes, one of which goes to the right, the other to the left lung. That to the right sends off a branch to each of the three compartments or *lobes* of the lung of that side : while that to the left sends off but two, one to each of two lobes. These larger branches of the windpipe, called *bronchi*, are then subdivided into numberless gradually diminishing tubes, the least of which terminate in those bladders, or air-cells, or vesicles, which are in diameter not more than 16-100th parts of an inch. The whole of these tubes and cells are lined with a mucous membrane, similar to that on the inside of the cheek, on which innumerable minute blood-vessels are spread, for the purpose of being brought into contact with the air, which passes from the windpipe through the bronchi to these cells.

Of all parts of the lung the mucous membrane is the most liable to become diseased. It is essential to our hearing the healthy sound in breathing, termed the respiratory murmur, that the great air-tubes and their ramifications should be, not only pervious but lubricated—yet not in excess. If there is an excess of the natural moisture secreted by the mucous membrane, the air in passing through the bronchi will become entangled in the fluid, and form bubbles, which burst and crepitate during the act of breathing—and so are readily heard. These Dr. Latham has called ‘moist sounds.’ If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of fluid, then the sounds have been termed ‘dry sounds;’ of which Dr. Latham has made two varieties, a hoarser (*rhonchus*), a shriller (*sibilus*)—and from what is familiarly known of the sound produced by blowing into tubes of greater or less calibre, it will readily be understood that the shriller noise proceeds from the smaller, and the hoarser from the larger ramifications of the bronchi. Of the moist sounds he has also made but two varieties, the large and the small crepitation. The large crepitation occurs in the larger *bronchi*, for here there is sufficient space for the formation of an ampler bubble ; while the small crepitation arises in the minuter tubes, where the struggle between the passing air and entangling fluid is carried on in a more confined space. Thus, to a certain extent, the kind of sound denotes not only the excess of fluid, but the part of the lung in which that excess exists. Let us apply these facts to the investigation of diseases of the lining membrane of the lungs.

Of those sounds which are not 'moist,' the hoarser or *rhonchus* is the most common and most variable. Its commonest cause is a tough piece of phlegm adhering to the sides of the larger *bronchi*, too solid to permit the air to pass into it, or do more than make it vibrate like the tongue of a Jew's harp. Persons in the most perfect health may have *rhonchus*, which an effort of coughing will remove. A more dangerous cause for the occurrence of this sound will be found in obstructions of the great air-tubes, from tumours or ossifications, which narrow their calibre. *Sibilus*, or the shrill dry sound, cannot be regarded as so trifling a symptom as *rhonchus*. It is usually heard with the sound called the small crepitation, and there is in such cases an alternate predominance of either sound. The diminution or increase of the *sibilus* coincides with the diminution or increase of the inflammatory symptoms, and with the increase or diminution of the expectoration, so that there is little or no expectoration when we hear the *sibilus*, and much when these shrill sounds cease. The following examples will illustrate the importance of the foregoing remarks. Dr. Latham says—

'There are cases of (what I suppose would be called) genuine asthma, that present some such symptoms as these: dyspnoea, or rather an agony and fighting for breath; livid lips; cold and livid extremities; and a dry ineffectual cough, terminated and relieved, after an uncertain interval, by a copious puriform expectoration. Here, during the agony or paroxysm—(and unfortunately it often continues long enough to allow a very leisurely examination of the chest by the ear—sometimes many days, sometimes a week or two)—the sole auscultatory sign is a *sibilus*, pervading a larger or smaller portion of the lungs, according to the severity of the case. And, as the agony lessens, and the expectoration begins to appear, crepitation is found mingling itself with *sibilus*; and, when the agony has *entirely* ceased, and the expectoration become more copious and free, crepitation, and crepitation alone, is then heard in the same situations, and to the same extent, that *sibilus*, and *sibilus* alone, was heard before. I have witnessed instances of asthma in several individuals, and several attacks of asthma in the same individual, where the auscultatory signs have had as strict and definite a correspondence with the stages, progress, and prominent symptoms of the disease, as that which I have here described. Now, if absolute dryness can be ever safely predicated of the respiratory passages, and can be ever safely reckoned among the pathological ingredients of their diseases, and ever clearly notified by one express symptom, it is in spasmodic asthma, of which it seems the chief pathological ingredient during its first and often most protracted stage, and is clearly notified by a widely diffused *sibilus*. I am persuaded that the natural moisture of the respiratory passages is *then* really in defect, and that *sibilus* is really an index of the fact. *Sibilus* may then, if ever, be truly called a dry sound. But I am not sure that

the sibilus directly results from the mere condition of dryness; I doubt whether simple dryness alone would naturally produce it. In consequence of its dryness the mucous membrane may lose its elasticity, and become to a certain degree unyielding; or it may undergo wrinklings or puckerings at various spaces, or its general tumefaction may produce a narrowing of the smaller tubes, and thus present obstacles to the passage of air, and impart to it new vibrations; and hence the sibilus. But does sibilus ever occur in acute bronchial or vesicular inflammation? And does it ever so occur as to throw essential light upon morbid processes going on, and upon modes of treatment? Inflammation of the bronchial ramifications perhaps never exists without the natural secretion of their mucous surface being either diminished or increased, and, consequently, without the accompaniment of those sounds which indicate its defect or excess, *i. e.* without sibilus or crepitation. Sibilus is apt to occur at the beginning of such inflammation; and thus it corresponds with the pathological condition out of which it arises, the mucous membrane, when it is inflamed, becoming drier than ordinary before it yields a more abundant secretion. Sibilus, too, after it has arisen, is apt to be of short duration, seldom abiding long as the *sole* auscultatory symptom of such inflammation. And herein also it corresponds with the pathological condition from which it proceeds; for the dryness of the mucous surface generally soon gives place to moisture. Hence it happens that sibilus is so seldom met with in practice, except with some mixture of crepitation. The inflammation is, in truth, not submitted to our observation until the stage of *dry* sounds is passing, or has already passed, into the the stage of *moist* sounds. Nevertheless, there are cases in which sibilus is the sole and abiding symptom derived from auscultation, and a dryness of the air-passages the sole and abiding morbid condition. They are cases distinct from asthma—cases of genuine inflammation, and so remarkable as to require an especial notice. I have met with a frightful affection in children; but what its nature was I could never tell, until auscultation enabled me to unravel it. It commonly passes for inflammation of the lungs. But, when children have got well, they have got well so soon and so entirely, that I could never believe the disease to be pneumonia, although the symptoms seemed to indicate that it could be nothing else.

‘ Last summer I went out of town to see a little boy, seven or eight years of age, whose life was very precious to his family. He was thought to be dying of inflammation of the lungs. I found him raised up in bed, supported by his nurse, and breathing with all his might. His skin was hot; his face flushed; and his chest heaved, and his nostrils quivered frightfully. There was no croupy sound. Whatever the disease was, it was all within the chest. I percussed the chest: it sounded well in every part. I listened: the air entered freely, and reached every cell and vesicle of the lungs; but there was not the least perception of the natural respiratory murmur: a shrill sibilus had taken place of it altogether. Wherever you applied your ear to the chest, you might fancy you heard the piping and screaming of a nest full of unfledged birds.

' But what was this disease? Surely it was inflammation largely diffused over the mucous surface throughout the bronchial ramifications, but inflammation as yet only in its *first* stage; for the air, as it passed through them, did not mingle with a particle of fluid anywhere, and the sound it produced was a dry sibilus only. But *how* inflammation yet only in its *first* stage? The boy had been already ill four days. Still it might be inflammation in its *first* stage. The boy continued ill two days longer, with the same kind and the same degree of suffering; and then, under the influence of tartar emetic, the fever began gradually to subside, and the dyspnœa to abate. The sibilus gradually gave way to the healthy respiratory murmur, and he was well again *without expectoration of any kind*. The inflammation began and ended with the *first* stage; and, although it continued with great severity for a week, it never got beyond the *first* stage. This is an instance, which strikingly shows the value of auscultation in detecting at once the state of things, about which you might go on conjecturing and conjecturing for ever what it *possibly* might be, and not gain the least assurance what it *actually* was.

' In adults sometimes, but not so frequently as in children, I have met with the same evidences of acute inflammation widely diffused through the bronchial ramifications, and remaining in this its first stage for days and days together. In the mean time their mucous surface has still been dry throughout a great part of both lungs, and the ear has continued for days and days together to hear no other unnatural sound but a sibilus. Convalescence has taken place without expectoration, and the sibilus has given way, without the intervention of any *moist* sound, at once to the murmur of health. But such inflammation, after lingering long in the first stage, will sometimes pass beyond it; and the whole mucous surface that was previously dry will pour forth an enormous secretion, and the widely diffused sibilus will be changed into a widely diffused crepitation. Still the lungs are unhurt beyond the lining membrane of the air-passages, and the patient will get well, if he be not suffocated by the enormous expectoration. I am speaking of a disease which must be distinguished from asthma, according to the usual acceptation—a disease not habitual to the individual, and of which, perhaps, he has never suffered a previous attack. I am speaking of acute inflammation extending throughout the bronchial ramifications, and reaching, perhaps, the vesicular structure of the lungs, putting on a peculiar form, and affecting a peculiar course; but still of acute inflammation, as further evidenced by the remedies necessary for its relief.

' During the last summer I saw a gentleman who had been, two days previously, seized rather suddenly with feverish symptoms, and with the most dreadful dyspnœa. His lips were blue; he was labouring for breath, and coughing with hard and ineffectual efforts to rid himself of something which seemed to tease the larynx, but no expectoration followed. Cupping on various parts of the chest (the state of vascular action required that blood should be drawn), and tartar emetic in frequent doses, were the remedies employed; but in the same state of agony he remained for a week,
propped

propped up in bed, striving with all his might to free himself from his oppression, coughing and endeavouring to expectorate, but ineffectually. What was going on all this time? There was anguish enough for any disease of the most formidable name; for fluid in the pericardium; for extensive hydrothorax [water in the chest]; for induration of a whole lung; for stricture at some orifice of the heart. A few years ago the most sagacious physician could only have guessed at the real state of disease, and probably would have guessed wrong. Such severe dyspnoea, so long continued, without expectoration, would probably have determined his diagnosis to hydrothorax. But what was the disease? Every part of the chest sounded well to percussion. The heart beat regularly, and with a natural sound, only with too great frequency. What could it be? There reached the ear from every part of the chest to which it was applied a loud sibilus. The disease was an inflammation largely diffused through all, perhaps, of the bronchial passages, great and small; inflammation abiding long in its first stage, and limiting itself to one structure. But in this case the inflammation ultimately passed beyond its first stage; for ultimately there arose an immense expectoration, and so the disease reached a favourable termination.'—pp. 189-196.

Moist sounds or crepitations are among the commonest of auscultatory signs, proving, in the generality of cases, the moisture of the air-passages to be in excess. In some persons they endure for weeks or months, and are harmless; in others they are accompanied by fever and great danger. In chronic diseases of the heart, in pulmonary hæmorrhage, and in the habitual coughs of the aged, crepitation may be recognised.

Now, while the great constitutional symptoms are our paramount guides to the full knowledge and treatment of each of these diseases as a whole, it is to this crepitation we are to look in each particular case for information as to what the disease is in the lung—its exact seat, extent, and the stage of its progress. A patient exhibits the following group of symptoms: cough, oppression of breathing, slight expectoration, a bounding pulse, and much fever. These are the signs of disease of the lung; they betoken, moreover, inflammation of the lungs. But what is its seat? Is it the large tubes or the small and vesicular structure? Is it equally indifferent whether the disease be in one or the other? These are questions to which the physician could only have answered by a guess a few years ago; but, at this day, he is enabled to distinguish with certainty cases having the same general aspect, yet varying in their probability of cure. If he found in the fore-mentioned patient that the crepitation was large exclusively, while the ear could detect the rush of air into the pulmonary vesicles, he would be warranted in concluding the excess of fluid to be in the large air-tubes—that these were exclusively the seat of inflammation, and that the result would be favourable; for he knows that even the acutest inflammation of the larger bronchi is

unapt to involve other parts of the pulmonary tissue in disease. On the other hand, if the crepitation heard be small exclusively, it denotes the excess of fluid to be in the air-cells. There is no respiratory murmur audible. The malady is a dangerous one—for the inflammation of the lesser tubes and air-cells is apt to extend over the whole of the lung. Accordingly, he finds that the malady increases—the explosions of minute bubbles cease—the inflammatory process, the tendency of which is always to effuse some kind of fluid, has caused it to be poured out in such quantities as to fill and obliterate the air-cells and minute bronchi, and so to render them impervious to air. Thus the function of the lung is almost destroyed and life is put in imminent peril. Even here, however, his remedies may still help the labouring organ—and then again auscultation gives him the earliest intelligence of the moment when hope may rationally be entertained.

‘This,’ says Dr. L., ‘is a painful period of suspense in every case of pneumonia, when a whole lung, or a large part of it, has ceased to admit air, and the patient still survives. The disease may go farther than auscultation can follow it. Auscultation only discovers that the lung does not admit air; that it has become solid from having been permeable. But its texture may be softened; its cohesion destroyed; and it may be reduced to a state of pulp and rottenness, which is irreparable. But if its texture be *not* thus disorganized, it is yet capable of reparation; and then, the inflammation having ceased, auscultation beautifully takes up its part again, and gives the first notice of reparation, as it gave the first notice of disease. Crepitation again begins to be heard where there was no sound; at first in a small space—then more extensively; then some vesicular breathing is mixed with it; and the respiratory murmur and the crepitation seem as if contending with each other for the mastery, until the respiratory murmur is predominant; and then all is well.

‘And what is going on all the while within the structure of the lungs? Even this. The lymph within and around the pulmonary vesicles is gradually absorbed, and the air gradually finds admission within them. At first, it is impeded by the extravasated fluid it meets with in its passage; but as the permeable texture of the lungs gets disentangled and set free, it glides through them unobstructed and alone, and with the genuine murmur of health.’—pp. 215, 216.

Hitherto we have only considered the auscultatory signs of disease in the mucous membrane of the lungs as heard during the act of respiration; but when other parts of this organ are diseased, other sounds indicate the nature of the malady. If instead of the natural respiratory murmur, we hear gusts of air puffed in and out of the lung, this has been termed ‘bronchial respiration;’ and if, in the same spot, there is a humming, muttering, though inarticulate sound, when the patient speaks, this is termed the ‘bronchial voice,’ or ‘bronchophony.’ They have

been so called because both are formed in the larger bronchi. Here we have an exaggeration of sound not only in the act of breathing, but in the resonance of the voice in speaking. Why are the lungs now better conductors of sound? We know that solidity increases the power of conducting sound; we suspect, therefore, that the malady has caused the spongy pulmonary texture to be solidified; but the group of general symptoms must determine the kind of malady. There are many diseases by which the lungs are rendered dense. Thus, consumption fills up the air-cells with tuberculous matter—pulmonary apoplexy, with blood—inflammation, with lymph—effusions of water or pus into the chest increase the density of the lungs by squeezing and compressing them. The value of these auscultatory signs, bronchophony and bronchial respiration, when taken alone, is not much, but when taken in conjunction with other symptoms, they are of the greatest importance. A patient may have a quick pulse, a hurried respiration, a slight hacking dry cough, a wasted and wasting body; these signs lead you to suspect consumption—a very little additional evidence will clear up all doubts. If the bronchial respiration or bronchial voice be heard, the part where these fatal sounds arise is most assuredly altered and solidified, and articulate words could not more plainly declare that *consumption* has begun.

There are other auscultatory signs which regard the respiration, and the voice, which have been termed pectoriloquy, or chest-speech—cavernous respiration—gurgling respiration—and gurgling cough. The two former denote that there is a cavity in the lung which has a communication with a large air-tube. The two latter prove that the cavity contains a larger quantity of fluid than could be collected in any one bronchus, which, mingling with the air in the act of breathing, or in the succussion of coughing, gives rise, in the first case, to sounds which, to use Dr. Latham's illustration, are exactly similar to that which a boy makes when he blows up soap-suds with a pipe; and in the second, to a sound as if the whole contents of the cavity struck the ear with 'a splash.' If the *stethoscope* be placed over the windpipe of a healthy man when speaking, his voice will seem to come through his throat and pass up the instrument directly to the ear; this is what, if heard in the chest, would constitute pectoriloquy. The cavernous respiration varies according to the size and shape, and other circumstances of a cavity, which affect the ingress of air into it. Sometimes the sound is as if air were blown into a bottle; at others, as if the air were blown into the ear, or as if it were drawn out of the ear.

All these various sounds are best illustrated in consumption; every

every step of this fatal malady may be accurately traced, and in none is knowledge more completely an alleviation of those sufferings which it too often cannot remove. It is said that one in six of all who die, perish of consumption—this, perhaps, is a little, though not much exaggerated. There are few who have not to mourn over its frequency. Tears can scarcely number its victims—the father, the husband, the brother, the friend—he who reads and he who writes these lines will probably meet on equal grounds of a common sorrow—sorrowing more for what is left than what is gone of life:—

‘*Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
Quæ tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.*’

The essence of the malady consists in the deposition in the lungs of a peculiar substance called tuberculous matter. It may exist in distinct small points which, by additional accretions, may clog up a large portion of the pulmonary tissue, rendering it at such parts solid and impervious to air. These masses are usually deposited immediately under the collar-bones; and in the progress of the malady become first soft, then fluid, giving rise to abscess of the lung, which, opening into a large air-tube, is at last expectorated by cough. The evacuated abscess now is converted into a cavity; thus the lungs in phthisis are in parts first consolidated, and lastly excavated. Besides these, the simple and direct effects of consumption, the rest of the lung suffers indirectly. Its sounder portions are taxed to make up for the deficiency of the diseased; they become over-worked, then over-loaded and gorged, or inflamed; and thus we have added to the suffering of the peculiar malady the painful irritations of fresh disease. The common course of swelled glands has been very aptly produced by Dr. Latham, as illustrative of what takes place in the progress of phthisis.

‘You have all,’ he says, ‘seen an absorbent gland of the neck become as hard and as large as a marble, but without pain, or heat, or discoloration of the integuments; and hard, and indolent, and marble-like, it has remained for weeks, or months, or years. This is a mere deposition of tubercular matter in the substance of the gland. And you have all seen an absorbent gland of the neck hard and large, and without pain, or heat, or discoloration of the integuments, for a while; but presently pain, and heat, and redness, have arisen, and what was hard has become soft, and the integuments have become thin, and have ulcerated or burst; and pus has been discharged, and with it a hard nucleus of tubercular matter; whereupon the swelling, heat, and pain, have subsided, and the parts have been restored without any remaining mark of injury, save a slight scar. This is a deposition of tubercular matter followed by inflammation in the substance of the gland. But the inflammation is restricted almost, if not altogether, to the gland itself;

and it has no sooner done its work of eliminating the tubercular matter, than it ceases entirely.

‘In like manner you have seen many glands of the neck remain hard and indolent, or all or several of them go on to inflame and suppurate simultaneously, or in succession. But the inflammation and suppuration have not continued longer, nor extended farther, than was needful for the purpose of eliminating the tubercular matter. There is (what is called) the *specific* limit of a disease. By this is meant the limit proper to its local morbid action, which, for any purpose it has to accomplish, it never need to transgress. Thus, in the instances alluded to, the specific limit of the disease was strictly preserved; for if the tubercular matter was to be evacuated, no less degree of inflammation could have succeeded in bringing it to the surface. But in such tubercular affection of the cervical glands, the disease may spread beyond its specific limit. It may give occasion to inflammation both more severe and more extensive than is needed for the mere elimination of the tubercular matter; to inflammation pervading the whole neck widely and deeply, and accompanied by diffused redness, and swelling, and pain; the whole subcutaneous cellular structure, between the angle of the jaw and the clavicle, being loaded with effused serum and blood, and numerous apertures dripping with pus. And all this inflammation, with its destructive processes, is engendered and spread abroad from a mere nucleus of tubercular matter in a few absorbent glands. Yet in another case this same tubercular matter lay indolent and harmless, neither the constitution nor the part feeling any apparent inconvenience from it. And in another case it created just inflammation enough (and no more) to produce a process of ulceration which might bring it to the surface.

‘Behold here, upon the surface of the body, that very disease which in the lungs constitutes consumption! Behold *here* transacted before your eyes the same morbid changes and processes which (allowance being made for difference of structure) are *there* transacted within reach of the ear! There are cases in which pulmonary tubercles abide long, and, perhaps, never suppurate, or at a very late period; and there are cases in which pulmonary tubercles excite around themselves just enough of inflammation and suppuration to procure their own solution or evacuation, and no more; and again, there are cases in which pulmonary tubercles produce and spread abroad inflammation of every degree and every extent throughout the lungs, beyond what is necessary to produce their own solution or evacuation. And these cases are to be distinguished from one another by auscultation. And their distinction is of vast practical importance.’—pp. 243-246.

In all the several stages of consumption much good may be done, much suffering removed, much solid comfort and support afforded, but especially in the first, when a seasonable word will postpone the malady and protract a valuable life. The first stage may be thus determined:—

‘Let us consider pulmonary consumption in the stage of its first development,

velopment, its most uncertain, but its most fearfully interesting stage. An individual is suspected to be phthisical: he has some fever, some acceleration of pulse, some emaciation, and some cough; all inconsiderable in degree, yet all abiding; but no expectoration. In a patient thus suspected to be phthisical, auscultation may discover no more than this; that beneath the clavicle and about the scapula the respiratory murmur is less clear on one side than on the other, and that, where the murmur is defective, there too, the chest is less resonant to percussion. Now if, after repeated examinations, auscultation comes always to this result, no doubt can remain that tubercles are already formed in the upper lobe of one lung. But here is no unnatural sound, only the natural sound is in part defective; and this must arise from some impediment to the passage of air through that portion of the lungs. Now impediment may arise from the deposition of lymph, or any of the common products of inflammation, as well as from tubercular matter. But inflammation is very unapt to take place, and its products to be effused into the apex of an upper lobe, while every other part of the lungs remains unaffected by it. It may ultimately reach this situation, but seldom, very seldom, begins in it. On the other hand, it belongs to phthisical disease to deposit tubercles in the upper lobes first, and thence gradually to scatter them over the rest of the lungs. Always bear in mind that there are no auscultatory signs which expressly bespeak tubercles. You are left to get at the knowledge of their existence by that sort of evidence which has been called circumstantial; auscultation, however, having an important share in the result. As thus, auscultation finds the respiratory murmur defective at a certain part of the lungs; and hence we infer its obstruction by the deposition of some kind of matter or other. But the part is that which nature chooses, above all others, for the deposition of tubercular matter; and hence we further infer that the matter is tubercular in this particular instance. But, moreover, the constitutional symptoms are such as are wont to accompany phthisical disease; and hence we finally infer almost a certainty that tubercles are deposited at the upper part of one lung. We conclude that the thing must be, because it *can* be nothing else. Circumstantial evidence, it is acknowledged, may be as infallible as the evidence which bears direct attestation to the simple fact.'—pp. 233-235.

When the mass of solid tubercle is about to soften and be converted into an abscess, a sharp sound ('click') is heard in those points under the collar-bone, which hitherto had been dull and impervious to air. That the ear may not be deceived by an *accidental* sound, the patient should be directed to cough, in order to dislodge any tough piece of phlegm which might have caused the noise. If, after repeated examination under varying circumstances, the ringing sharp sound is heard, it is the most authentic sign of a fatal change. That the circumstances cannot be too widely varied before the physician comes to a decided opinion, the following admirable example of Dr. Latham's own acumen will show :—

' Some time ago I was desired to pronounce upon the nature of the disease, in a gentleman who was affected in this manner:—He had suffered a long and abiding hectic, and had reached a state of extreme emaciation, but had a very slight cough, and expectorated only one large globule of yellow heavy matter once a day, immediately after he woke in the morning. His little cough, his little expectoration, and his ability to inflate his lungs freely and deeply, encouraged a hope that he still might not have consumption, his abiding hectic and his extreme emaciation notwithstanding. I examined the chest, and found the respiratory murmur clear and loud, and vesicular. In the act of breathing there was no unnatural sound, either cavernous or gurgling, anywhere. Having learnt thus much, or, rather having puzzled myself thus far, I was interrupted in my further examination by some accident, and I postponed it until the next day. The next day I could get no more information from the mere breathing, except that, upon the whole, the air entered more freely into one lung than the other; the other, however, not wanting the vesicular murmur in any part. Neither from the voice could I get more information; it was neither cavernous nor pectoriloquous. Percussion elicited a somewhat different sound from the space between the clavicle and mamma on one side and the other. But the sound was dull on neither side. What, however, neither the respiration nor the voice could declare by any authentic sign, was made clear and manifest by the act of coughing; viz. that there was a large cavity, full of fluid, occupying a space in one lung between the clavicle and the mamma. For when I desired the patient to make as deep an inspiration as he could, and then to cough with all the force he was able, instantly there came plash after plash against my ear from the whole of this space; a sound which could only result from the agitation of fluid in a large cavity.

' But why was there a vesicular murmur at this space? Probably because the cavity, large as it was, had a considerable stratum of healthy lung interposed between it and the walls of the chest. Why was there no pectoriloquy? These same conditions, the size of the cavity, and the intervention of healthy lung between it and the walls of the chest, were enough to prevent it. Besides, the cavity was full, and thus was unfavourable to pectoriloquy. And why, above all, was there no *gargouillement*, no gurgling sound in the respiration, and little or no expectoration? The air during ordinary respiration might not have free access to the cavity. The cavity was there, but there might be no considerable bronchus entering it. Or, what is most probable, a considerable bronchus or bronchi entered it, but were obstructed by some obstacle, from within or from without, before they reached it. Either hypothesis will furnish the explanation, how a large cavity full of pus can exist in the lungs, and yet not enough of air find its way *into* it, in ordinary breathing, to produce an audible agitation of its contents, and not enough of matter find its way *out* of it to furnish more than a scanty expectoration. In this case it took the whole night, and the continual oozing of pus by some narrow passage from the cavity into the bronchi, to accumulate half an ounce ready to be expectorated in the morning.'—
pp. 240-242.

Although the deposition of tubercle in the lung and its subsequent softening are the genuine characters of phthisis, yet there is great variety in the course of the malady. In some, the first or tuberculous stage is slow, and attended with such slight symptoms, as merely to fix the attention of the patient and his friends on a feeble and declining state of general health. Such an individual is said never to be ill and never to be well; he outlives many with whom he had been an object of pity—whose robust frames and capacities of active enjoyment he has envied. Perhaps a little bleeding from the lung may excite alarm, which, however, is soon allayed: and then the usual hopes, and fears, and thoughts, and habits of his every day life run in their usual channels. If he be calm and placid, little will occur to break on his tranquillity; if tinctured with melancholy, he will run the gauntlet of medical inflictions, trying every name and system uppermost in the scum and froth of a metropolitan reputation.

Having stated what consumption really is as a malady of the lungs, and compared certain forms of phthisis with kindred forms of disease in external parts, Dr. Latham proceeds to follow out his great practical distinctions. These distinctions are new; but they are stated with the precision and simplicity of truth, and are the unquestionable results of the vast experience of a wise observer. He shows, that there is an unmixed phthisis and a mixed phthisis, and that each has its own auscultatory signs, marking all its stages, and suggesting its treatment, and determining the prognosis of the physician. Of the unmixed phthisis he describes two varieties—

‘Consumption is perpetually presenting itself to me in this form. An individual loses the complexion of health, and becomes thin; he coughs a little; but perhaps he has no notable fever, and no constant acceleration of pulse. I auscult his chest, and find a dulness beneath one or both clavicles, or about one or both scapulæ, and a free respiratory murmur through every other part of the lungs. Here there is no disease beyond tubercles; and while they occupy the upper lobe, the whole lungs besides are without a vestige of disease. This form of consumption may endure for years and years, the auscultatory signs continually denoting the same thing, and the patient getting neither a bit better nor a bit worse in the mean time. But he is a wretched invalid, and finds that there is something continually incapacitating him for the severer business of life.

‘To such a person it is a continual puzzle why he does not get well. He consults an infinite number of medical men; and it is remarkable that he gets no comfort or satisfaction from those who understand his disease the best, and the greatest comfort and satisfaction from those who understand nothing about it. Those, who know what it is, out of kindness do not tell him the truth, and they cannot asseverate a falsehood stoutly enough to carry any weight with it; whereas those who know nothing about it affirm boldly and unhesitatingly that it is all stomach,

stomach, really believing that the whole and sole disorder is in the stomach, and that it is within the reach of an easy cure. Surely auscultation is so essential a help for arriving at the truth in such a case, that they who are skilled in the use of it always agree as to what the truth is : and, indeed, there is no wonder in *their* agreement : the wonder is, that they who do not arrive at the truth should so constantly agree in adopting the same fallacy. I have been somewhat curious in my inquiries concerning this matter, and the constancy with which I have found the whole malady imputed to the stomach has appeared to me very strange. There is, however, a circumstance in the history of these cases which gives a colour of truth to this opinion. The state of the bowels is very frequently such as to demand the continual use of purgative medicine ; and the cough often comes on, and with it a kind of asthmatic breathing, soon after dinner ; and both continue as long as the stomach is distended with food.

‘ In this form of chronic consumption spittings of blood are apt to take place occasionally ; and, when they do, they must give fearful intimations of disease of the lungs to those who are not yet assured of it by auscultation. But I have known *them* also imputed to the stomach. In this form of chronic consumption abscesses are apt to occur by the side of the rectum, and to degenerate into fistulous sinuses. But in this form of consumption vomicae are not postponed *indefinitely* : they at length are formed, and from that time the patient sinks rapidly. Often, when a fistulous sinus has been cured by an operation, and the long abiding discharge from it abolished, an expectoration of pus will occur for the first time, and never afterwards cease. From the first formation of vomicae the patient sinks rapidly. In pulmonary consumption, characterized by the length of its tubercular stage (if I may so call it), and by a seeming reluctance to pass on to the formation of vomicae, when, after several years, vomicae do ultimately take place, it is often in great numbers simultaneously, or in very quick succession ; so much so, that a lung which two or three weeks ago was, in a great part, dull to percussion, and yielded no sound to the ear but bronchial breathing or bronchophony, will *now* give the clearest auscultatory signs that it is literally riddled with cavities ; and not only so, but, if the patient survive a little longer, that many cavities have run together, and a multitude become one. The same simultaneous gurgling when the patient breathes, and the same simultaneous splash when he coughs, will reach the ear from half one side of the chest.

‘ It is remarkable how to the very last the sounds are *often* properly and exclusively those of *phthisical* disease, or rather those which it belongs to the essential conditions of phthisical disease in the lungs alone to produce, and *those sounds only*. There are cavernous breathing, or gurgling breathing and gurgling cough, or pectoriloquy ; and in whatever parts of the lungs you have not these, if you have any sound at all, it is the vesicular murmur of health. Nothing is more common, upon dissection, than to find the lungs most largely beset with tubercles and vomicae ; and at the same time every part of them, which a tubercle or a vomica does not absolutely occupy, altogether healthy.

‘ Such is one form of pulmonary consumption ; and it would seem to

be, in many striking circumstances, distinguishable from others. I may fairly wish that I had a less accurate knowledge of it; for that knowledge first came to me from observing its symptoms in two of my most valued friends, and from watching in them, year after year, the sure but hesitating approaches of death.

‘ But consumption is perpetually presenting itself to me under a different character. The patient will live as long as he whose disease is slow to advance beyond the stage of mere tubercles. His condition, however, is different; and that condition varies more from time to time; he will spit for a while considerable quantities of pus, and then cease from expectorating altogether. He will suffer hectic fever, and then throw it off, and then suffer it again; lose his flesh, and recover it, and then lose it again. Here, if you auscult the chest, you will find cavernous respiration or pectoriloquy, a gurgling respiration or a gurgling cough at the apex of one or both lungs, and at every other part a clear vesicular murmur. These are the cases in which pulmonary tubercles excite around themselves just enough of inflammation and suppuration to procure their own solution or evacuation, and no more. The phthisical disease is carrying on its own specific processes within its own specific limits. It is depositing tubercular matter, and then maturing, and softening, and evacuating it; and the result is the formation of a vomica. But, except in the seat of the vomica, the whole lung still remains healthy.

‘ A very dear friend of my own was twelve years dying of consumption; and another individual was twenty. They had expectoration, and hectic fever, coming and going during twelve and twenty years; but they died before the days of auscultation, and, therefore, the exact condition of the lungs at different periods during the progress of their disease was not known. I know a man, now living, who occasionally spits blood and pus, and who has occasionally spit blood and pus during the last twenty years. At various times during the last four years, auscultation has discovered a vomica or vomicae at the apex of one lung, but, withal, a satisfactory vesicular murmur in other parts. This individual, in what regards eating and drinking, has lived a life of abstinence, but a life of great toil in what regards exertion of body and mind. Sometimes his friends are full of apprehension about him; his hectic fever, his emaciation, his cough, and expectoration, seem precludes to the worst event; but again he rallies, and his mind and his body recover, or seem to recover, their wonted powers.

‘ But in this form of pulmonary consumption, a time arrives at which there is no more resumption of the appearance or reality of health, no more pausing between (as it would seem) the formation of one vomica and another. The hectic, the cough, the expectoration, continue; the emaciation increases; the strength declines; and auscultation has no longer to seek the gargouillement, the cavernous breathing, or the pectoriloquy, in one spot, but finds them at all times anywhere between the clavicle and the mamma, or anywhere about the scapula on one or both sides. Here, too, however, it is remarkable, as in the other form of consumption, that the vesicular murmur of health is often heard

to the last in all parts of the lungs besides ; and upon dissection, that all parts are often found healthy which a tubercle or vomica does not actually occupy.

‘ The difference between the present form of pulmonary consumption and the former is this—that the former lingered long in the tubercular stage, tubercular matter continuing to be deposited year after year, but no vomica occurring, until, at a very advanced period, many were formed simultaneously, or in quick succession, and hurried on the patient to dissolution with great rapidity ; whereas, in the present, the vomica, and vomica only, is the object recognised by auscultation. Tubercle must precede it. But the tubercle is hardly deposited before the process of softening and evacuating it arises, and a vomica is the result. Thus tubercle is formed after tubercle (as it should seem) with some interval of time between, and vomica after vomica ; but the vomica is the more abiding morbid condition. These are genuine and unmixed forms of pulmonary consumption ; and I have dwelt upon them because they are so, and because I am indebted for my knowledge of them, as distinguished from others, to auscultation.

‘ Of these two genuine and unmixed forms of phthisis, the first is unquestionably the most hopeless. Where tubercles are largely deposited, and continue still to increase, and do not pass on to vomicæ, there is never the smallest attempt towards a restoration to health—not even of a temporary or apparent restoration. But where tubercles arise one by one, or a few together, and this one or these few pass rapidly into the state of vomicæ—and where a pause ensues between each successive formation of tubercles and vomicæ—then, during that pause, there is an opportunity for the powers of reparation to come into action ; and, in truth, there often does arise a manifest endeavour after health—an endeavour which succeeds so far as to recover some of its conditions, and to suspend the disease : and then, during that pause, there is always the hope (for where disease is suspended and health is partly recovered, we cannot help hoping) that reparation may be complete, and the disease abolished altogether.’—pp. 247-254.

Dr. Latham here takes occasion to discuss the question, ‘ *Does consumption ever admit of cure?*’ And he considers, that, if ever, it must be in this form of *unmixed phthisis* which he has last described. To this important question, taken in a mere pathological sense, he answers in the affirmative, and allows that a vomica is capable of reparation. To the same question, taken in the sense which those intend who have more than a scientific interest in proposing it, his experience has not allowed him to return the same satisfactory affirmation ; but it *has* allowed him to speak many words of encouragement and comfort to those who may ask it in too desponding a spirit.

‘ Does consumption ever admit of cure? A vomica certainly admits of reparation so far as not to be a vomica any longer, but not so far as to leave no trace within the lungs. It leaves behind it a scar—that is, the disease ceases in the part, but the part is not restored to the exact condition in which it was before the disease began. ‘ In

‘ In examining by dissection the bodies of those who die of pulmonary consumption, among many existing vomicæ we occasionally find the traces of a vomica healed. At the apex of the lung we find an indentation, and descending from it, for half an inch or an inch, a thick perpendicular line of tough ligamentous substance. Sometimes this substance, by being pulled asunder, is discovered to contain the remains of a cavity, and sometimes not. But what imports this reparation of a single vomica, if so many besides still exist? A reparation of a twentieth part of the existing disease cannot be called a cure.

‘ But in those who have not died of any pulmonary symptoms, and who were never known during their lives to have had any symptoms apparently phthisical, the same evidences have been found after death of what once was a vomica, but no existing vomicæ together with it. This is a cure, or tantamount to a cure. It is as much a cure as when a single scrofulous cervical gland goes on to suppuration and heals with a scar. A single vomica, you may say, is as much of the essence of consumption, as a hundred; and if the morbid structure (no matter how small) in which the disease essentially consists be repaired, the disease is cured—that is, the consumption is cured. But it was a consumption which nobody knew to exist. Now all this may be very fine reasoning; but it does not meet the plain meaning of the inquiry *whether consumption be curable*. It is not proof enough to common sense of its being so, that a few isolated vomicæ, which gave no sign of their existence, should have undergone reparation. All the world is asking us whether consumption be curable? Indeed, all the world is interested in the question: for there is hardly a family into which consumption, sooner or later, does not enter; and when a man makes the inquiry (as it were) speculatively, or indifferently, he has most likely a real practical interest in it at home. He says, “Is consumption a curable disease?” But he *would* say, “I have a wife or a child, a brother or a sister, who is decidedly consumptive; is there the least possible hope left me that they can recover?”

‘ To the question proposed with *such intent*, it is a mockery to answer “Consumption is a curable disease;” because, forsooth, its entire process from beginning to end—its formation, progress, cure—may be *secretly* transacted within the body without our knowing or suspecting anything about it.

‘ If you ask me, as a physician, whether I have ever had experience of a perfect and satisfactory recovery taking place, where there have been all the best known *popular* symptoms of phthisis decidedly marked, symptoms which (*as far as they go*) no physician could possibly say were not those of phthisis? I answer, “Often.”

‘ But if you ask me whether I have ever had experience of the like perfect and satisfactory recovery where there were all these popular symptoms, and, *withal*, the conditions proper to phthisis, ascertained by auscultatory signs to exist beyond a doubt within the lungs? I answer, “Hitherto never.”

‘ What shall we say then? How shall we answer the popular question in the popular sense, and still answer it truly? We cannot say

that consumption is curable; but we *can* say (and truly) that there are cases of *imputed* consumption which put on such an aspect of the *real* disease that they are with difficulty distinguished from it, yet have not its essence. These are all within the possibility of cure.

'We *can* say that there are cases essentially phthisical, in which the disease is so lingering in a particular stage, that many years are often required to bring it to its fatal termination. The decline is gradual, almost imperceptible, but sure. These fall within my first description.

'And we can say that there are cases essentially phthisical (and these fall under my second description) in which the disease accomplishes its course, as it were, by parts and parcels; many times apparently beginning, and many times apparently ending, but always (as far as I see) beginning again: a year or two of disease, a year or two of health, then a year or two of disease again. Yet, upon these terms, I have known those who have passed neither a short, nor a useless, nor an unhappy life. I have known those who have so gathered up the fragments of their broken health as to make them serve for high and useful purposes, and put to shame the fewer and smaller performances of stronger men.'—pp. 254-258.

The mixed phthisis next comes to be considered, and the mixed nature of its auscultatory signs. The mixed character of the disease is derived from hæmorrhage or inflammation being united with it in individual cases. We have not room for more than the passage in which Dr. Latham describes generally the condition under which the combination takes place.

'I think I have observed that, as long as the pulmonary consumption remains in its tubercular stage, if an inflammation or an hæmorrhage be added to it, they are apt to occur in distinct attacks, occasionally and casually.

'I formerly mentioned the frequent cases of hæmoptysis admitted into this hospital, which were connected with tubercles of the lungs. The attack is usually sudden; the quantity of blood lost in a short time considerable; the treatment required usually active; and the result, as far as the mere hæmorrhage is concerned, usually successful. Moreover, the auscultatory signs denote the mixed nature of the disease. While the spitting of blood continues, and perhaps for a short time after it has ceased, there is a large or small crepitation commonly arising from a considerable space at the lower part of one or both lungs. This denotes the bronchial or vesicular effusion, as distinguished from the deposition of tubercles. Then there is a diffused dulness both to percussion and auscultation somewhere; perhaps between the clavicle and mamma on one side; and an exaggerated respiratory murmur somewhere else; perhaps between the clavicle and mamma on the other side. These denote the deposition of tubercles, as distinguished from the bronchial or vesicular effusion.

'To my experience bronchial or vesicular hæmorrhage is more familiar as an accompaniment of phthisis, than bronchial or vesicular inflammation; the effusion of blood than the effusion of serum or mucus,

while the disease is yet abiding in its tubercular stage. But when inflammation *does* occur, I have generally remarked in it the same circumstances and attendant conditions which belong to the hæmorrhage; the same sudden and distinct mode of attack; and that degree of excitement of the blood-vessels which requires the same treatment, and the same successful result. Moreover, there have been the same auscultatory signs; namely, crepitation at the lower part of the lungs, produced by the effusion of serum or mucus; and dulness at the upper part, produced by the deposition of tubercles. The only difference is, that in one case serum or mucus is expectorated, and in the other blood.

‘ But it is when pulmonary consumption has advanced beyond the tubercular stage that we find the most frequent examples of its mixed character. Bronchial or vesicular effusion is almost the constant accompaniment of vomicæ; and the expectoration is now often as much supplied by the mucous lining of the air-passages as by the cavities themselves. You have only to go into the wards of the hospital, and you may at once acquaint yourselves in a dozen instances with the mixed character of the auscultatory sounds. Gurgling cough, gurgling and cavernous respiration, pectoriloquy, one, or several, or all together, will show that this, that, and the other patient, have vomicæ in their lungs; and large and small crepitation, one or both concurrently, will show also that this, that, and the other patient, have fluid effused here, there, or everywhere, within the respiratory passages.

‘ Now, when vomicæ have been long formed, and the expectoration long established, hæmorrhage and inflammation are less liable to occur in sudden and distinct attacks. The blood, or mucus, or serum, which are now separated from the surface of the air-passages, result from a vascular action of less force, but of more permanency, and are themselves more abiding. It should be remarked, however, that blood, which is more common in another stage of pulmonary consumption, is more rare in this; not that blood does not *now* sometimes appear, but it appears rather as a part of the expectorated matter, streaking or staining it, than as pure and sincere blood. Assuredly, after the expectoration is established, sudden and profuse gushes of blood seldom occur. Probably the expectoration itself is the security against them, the circulation thus obtaining all the relief it stands in need of. Probably, too, the security becomes greater in proportion as the expectoration is more copious and more free, and proceeds from a larger extent of mucous surface.

‘ All this is, in the nature of things, very probable, and it is confirmed to me by the striking fact which, in a few instances, I have known, of a copious muco-purulent expectoration suddenly ceasing, and a frightful hæmoptysis at once bursting forth; as if the circulation, being suddenly baffled, had sought and found the nearest way to free itself. In these instances, when the hæmorrhage ceased, the expectoration was re-established. It should be mentioned, that in the destructive processes connected with the formation of many and large vomicæ, the blood-vessels of the lungs do not always escape ulceration, or rupture, while they are yet pervious; and then a mortal hæmorrhage is the consequence.

sequence. But such hæmorrhage is purely accidental, and independent of any proper hæmorrhagic action (if I may so call it) in the vessels themselves. Let me guard you against a vulgar error. Hæmoptysis and rupture of a blood-vessel are, in the popular sense, convertible terms; so much is one conceived to be the natural and necessary consequence of the other. But rupture of a blood-vessel, which has been esteemed the only cause of hæmoptysis, is unquestionably the rarest cause of all; and this accident, which one might expect to find frequent in pulmonary consumption, nature has taken great pains to guard against; for no sooner does the destructive process of forming vomicæ within the lungs begin, than she sedulously betakes herself to closing up the arteries which lead to them by clots of blood: and as to the veins, partly (I believe) by the same process, and by otherwise arresting the circulation through them, she reduces them to impervious shreds.

Now, in all cases of pulmonary consumption arrived at the stage of vomicæ, I would recommend a constant regard to the extent of the disease beyond its specific limits. I would recommend that, besides attending to the sounds indicative of cavities, you should take especial note of *crepitations*, and how they vary in the distance to which they spread themselves from time to time. The gargouillement, and the pectoriloquy, and the vomicæ, from which they arise, are beyond our reach *remedially*; not so the crepitations, and the vascular action which produces them. In my treatment of pulmonary consumption, I am accustomed to make these crepitations serve me for practical indications, endeavouring by all means to lessen and circumscribe them, and thus seeking, under the guidance of auscultation, to bring back the disease as much as possible within its specific limits.

The bronchial and vesicular effusion, which is the concomitant of vomicæ, submits itself to the influence of medicine in various degrees. Very often, when there are gurgling cough, and gurgling and cavernous respiration and pectoriloquy, at certain points, and, withal, large and small crepitations diffused widely through the lungs, a seasonable remedy will entirely sweep away the latter sounds, and leave the former *alone*. A small cupping, a few leeches, a blister, a liniment, a mustard cataplasm—one or other of these, according to the degree of vascular action, applied at the right time and in the right place, will produce immense relief, by bringing the disease back for a while within its specific limits.

It is thus, as perhaps you may have remarked, that almost every phthisical patient brought into the hospital experiences great relief for a short time after his admission. The poor, alas! are not only the chief victims of phthisis, but they suffer the disease with all its occasional superadded evils, which their exposure, their hardships, and their needful toils, will not allow them to escape. With them, the superadded evils are often beyond all proportion to the disease itself. The tubercles and vomicæ may be few, and the bronchial and vesicular effusion immense; and this superadded effusion may be for the first time submitted to a remedy when they reach the hospital, and then it is often in a great part or altogether swept away. No wonder that, from the relief which

follows, the patients should sometimes believe themselves cured at once and entirely! But the effusion again and again returns, and requires again and again to be abated.'—pp. 266-273.

Thus we have presented to the general reader an outline of one of the greatest modern improvements in our means of investigating diseases. The English press had hitherto afforded on this subject of auscultation only translations from, or loose commentaries on, a French text. But Dr. Latham has worked out the matter afresh for himself, and illustrated it by his own instances, put it in an English garb of thought and language, and adapted it to English common sense. Our account might have been rendered more accurate by being made more minute; but what it then would have gained in exactness, it would have lost in intelligibility to those who are uninitiated in the barbarisms of medical nomenclature. To those who are fascinated with the details of medicine, and who love to attribute to themselves all the ills that flesh is heir to, the perusal of Dr. Latham's work will be good mental discipline. The unpretending good sense which pervades it, and the just estimate he has made of the objects, the means, and the powers of medicine, may serve to unload the imaginations of such medical dilettanti of the perilous stuff which they have gathered up for their own discomfort. As to those who are tortured by uncertainty—who know not what to hope nor what to fear—for some friend stricken with malady, this little volume will remove from them the 'infinite vague,' and steady the mind and clear away all the mists which obscure the paths to action; and, though its perusal may sometimes remove cheating hopes and baseless expectations, it will oftener rouse the anxious inquirer to economise those hours of life which seemed disputed by health and disease. We can wish nothing better for Dr. Latham's fame, than that his succeeding volumes should equal, in the investigation of other diseases, the strength and simplicity with which that we now close has investigated the affections of the chest.

ART. XI.—*Glances at Life in City and Suburb.* By Cornelius Webbe. 12mo. London. 1836.

THE author of this little work has sent us a copy of it, with a letter, in which he informs us that he has for many years been employed by our printer, Mr. Clowes, as the 'reader'—that is to say, the final corrector of the proof-sheets of the 'Quarterly Review.' This circumstance, we fairly confess, seemed to give Mr. Webbe

a particular claim on our attention ; and we think the good-natured public will agree with us ; but on opening the book we discovered a degree of literary merit which might well depend upon itself. Mr. Cornelius Webbe has, in the intervals of his professional labour, walked the steets and lanes of this great town and its suburbs, with an observant eye and a benevolent heart ; and he has recorded his impressions in a style of picturesque liveliness which reminds us (and this is no slender praise) of Charles Lamb. The places and persons described by him are, for the most part, as new to us as if we had never lived in London ; and so they will be to the great majority even of our London readers. But there is the inimitable stamp of *truth* on his delineations ; and the unaffected good humour and contentedness of disposition which he carries with him wherever he goes, give them a charm which recalls the effect of some of Goldsmith's early essays in the ' Citizen of the World.' In the days, by-the-bye, when Goldsmith made acquaintance with *Beau Tibbs*, and performed those tours about Islington and Hornsey, which his *Chinese Philosopher* is made to paint so deliciously ;—in not a few of those days poor Goldsmith was content to earn his bread by the same humble toils to which Mr. Webbe has hitherto been devoted. The Doctor, on his first arrival in this metropolis, was too happy to find an engagement as *reader* in the printing-office of Richardson, the author of ' *Clarissa Harlowe*.'

A few short quotations will show the sort of amusement which may be expected from Mr. Webbe, who, if like other printers he observes the festival of St. Monday, has certainly made a very laudable use of his holidays. We take the following from an essay entitled, ' Four Views of London : '—

' It has perhaps never struck many persons that the four ends of this mighty metropolis present to the eye of a student of mankind four distinct classes of citizens, with habits and manners as different from each other as though they were so many various races of men. Enter Spital-fields, and you will find yourself among thronging thousands of human beings, varying as much in size and appearance from the thousands living on the north side of London, as the stunted Laplander from the lofty-statured American savage. The young men of this dismal region of distress and excessive labour have, at the age of twenty, the apparent wear of thirty : the men of forty look as if sixty winters had withered them : the men of sixty are few indeed, unnaturally old, and horribly bowed and bent into all attitudes of deformity :—crooked spines, round shoulders, and heads drooping unusually forward, are the common marks of labour pursued beyond the strength of man : inquire what they are ; they are that worst-paid and worst-fed class of artizans, the silk-weavers of that industrious neighbourhood. But what strikes you with melancholy wonder is the shortness of stature of the major part : five feet two is the common height of these decrepit beings ; a man of six feet, if you meet

meet with such a resident, is not "native and to the manner born," and follows not the staple business of the district. Three or four years since, a procession of some hundreds of these poor fellows passed through the city to watch some question on silk manufactures, then before the House of Commons: it was the most wretched sight ever beheld in this wealthy metropolis! I felt curious to see these unfortunate beings in their own quarter, and took the first leisure day I had to wander amongst them. Everything seemed as new to me as if I had dropt into an alien city, and among men and things new and strange. It was the season of one of our holiday festivals, and this afforded me an opportunity to trace them to their haunts for such poor amusements and enjoyments as they could find time to take and money to purchase. Nothing could be more melancholy than their mirth: the wretched tea-garden, (or rather a place so called, where, at two-pence a head, hot water and crockery are supplied to such parties as bring their own tea, sugar, &c.) with its soot-black grass-plat and a swing for the children, the public-house and its covered skittle-ground, were the alpha and the omega of their amusements. At one place an attempt was made at a soaped pole and a leg of mutton, as a lure to draw company; but no one that I could see was inclined to try "how hard it was to climb." At another part a sickly-looking lad was engaged by a publican, as a Whitsuntide attraction, to pick up a hundred stones in a given time. A few gathered together, porter and pipes were indulged in, but there was an entire absence of all mirth and enjoyment. One day, though a holiday, was not sufficient to make them forget all their privations and poverty. See them, again, straggling from church or chapel on the Sunday: cleanly rags are their raiment, and squalor still saddens their faces, which even "the light from heaven" cannot brighten into cheerfulness. Enter their houses, or content yourself with merely looking at them or into them: wretchedness is there, and is the hard landlord of their hearths. If there is one portion of this metropolis which more than another requires a thorough investigation into the comforts and wants of its working classes, it is Spitalfields.—pp. 147—150.

In the same chapter we have this view of 'that Bœotia of thriving blackguardism, Whitechapel:—

'Here you lose sight of the dwarfish and dwindled weavers, and are moving among men of might—fellows of thews and sinews, genuine specimens of the stuff of which common men are made—no porcelain and brittle ware, but unqualified English clay and flint-stone, roughly annealed, but strong, solid, and serviceable. "A Whitechapel bird" was once a well-understood designation of a thorough-paced rascal—one versed in all the accomplishments of bull-baiting, dog-fancying and dog-stealing, Sunday-morning boxing-matches, larcenies great and small, duffing, chaffering, and all other kinds and degrees of low and high villany. Thirty years ago no Smithfield market-day passed over without what is called a "bull-hank," which consisted in selecting a likely beast to afford sport from any drove entering Whitechapel, and hunting him through the streets till he became infuriated:—when the ruffians had had their fun out, and enough fright and alarm

were spread around to satisfy them, the poor beast was knocked on the head and delivered over to its owner, if they could find him. These atrocities are now beaten out of them by the strong arm of the law; but the "natives" are still great pigeon-fanciers. This is an expensive hobby, when much indulged, for the collection of a connoisseur is nothing if not large, and containing specimens of the choicest birds. It is not uncommon for an amateur, looking at whose rags you would think him penniless, to be possessed of property of this kind worth from forty to fifty pounds. Every thing is sacrificed to this taste—clothes, comfort, and even his own and his children's bread. . . .

'Whitechapel and vulgarity have long been synonyms, and the professors of "that ilk" are, one would think, guardedly jealous to preserve its character for coarseness, and keep it intact. And yet, strange as it may appear, at the theatre of its neighbourhood, the Pavilion, Shakspeare's plays are performed more frequently, and to fuller and more absorbed audiences than the patent theatres can boast! "The poetry of earth is never dead!"—if it fades where it flourished, "grows dim and dies," in the West, it shifts its soil, takes root, and lifts up its head again in the East: a Garrick was given to the stage by this people: that is something to their honour, and makes them classical.'—pp. 151—153.

Somewhere near *Pentomville* also Mr. Webbe discovers a minor (or minimum) theatre, where the tragedies of Shakspeare are played now as regularly as they were at *the Globe* two hundred years ago. We partake his pleasure in this discovery. A third scene is on 'our reader's' own side of the river; and its description may well excite many grave thoughts:—

'St. George's Fields is the Surrey College of Crime. If the dispensers of justice doubt this fact, let them drop into the public-houses surrounding the Obelisk. They will there find rooms full of women of a certain sort, and fancy-men who live on them. The usual gallantry is here reversed; for the "ladies" treat the "gemmen," and the courting, if you may call it such, comes from the same fair quarter. Pulling of caps and destroying of bonnets are as common in these houses as gin and beer. Miss A. suspects Miss B. of a design to "circumvent" her in the manly bosom of Sam Simpson, who is her "dear friend,"—that is, he shares two-thirds of all she obtains in her vocation, as lawful compliment or lawless booty, besides other perquisites. Sam is out of place, and no wonder: his last employer marked some money put into his till, which Sam was somehow detected in taking. He was not prosecuted because he had respectable friends, a heart-broken mother, and a benevolent master. As Sam stole this and other monies to supply the necessities of Miss A., the least she can do is to support him till he can find another master, not so particular in marking his half-sovereigns. Such men are not met with every day; and in the mean time Sam is in no hurry: idleness is not so unpleasant as moralists have said it is. . . .

'There are a thousand Simpsons on the Surrey side of the water, but it is nobody's business to know them till they make themselves notorious. They may not all pursue the same path to the same centre, nor would seven or seventy persons making for the middle ground of the

Seven Dials take the same road to it, but they arrive there in the end. Other flash-houses in the same vicinity have their Simpsons too, but they are of a still lower grade. These are the young apes of greater rascals—boys of fourteen or fifteen, who have studied that Arabian-Nights-Entertainment of the willing to be vile and already half-depraved; the Newgate Calendar, till they are enamoured of its crimes and criminals, and long to revive some forgotten page of its corrupting history. These juvenile Jonathan Wilds and Dick Turpins assume the man; smoke their pipes in-doors and out, drink gin enough to poison a Dutchman, swear surprisingly well, and “keep their girls!” Every one of these boys is destined “to smell rue,” as they call being put upon trial—that plant and others being commonly spread over the ledges of the prisoner’s dock, the jury-box, and the tables of criminal courts, as disinfectants. The police know these haunts of young depravity well, and there their intelligence stops. There are men now moving about this city, reputed thieves for thirty or forty years, who have never got further into the labyrinths of limbo than the bar of Bow-street, where some honest attorney, or their own cunning and ingenuity, stayed further progress, and returned them among society, admonished but not amended, only made more circumspect for the future. The liberty of the thief is sacred!—pp. 158—162.

Another chapter is entitled ‘A London Sunday;’ and it contains, with some painful passages, more that are in all respects agreeable. After certain reminiscences of the London Sunday of thirty years back, he says—

‘London is now, thanks to whatever has made it so, a better-behaved city, with better-behaved citizens, entertaining more wishes to be decent, and struggling more for the decencies, than did their working fathers. Despite of the continual cry about poverty, there is more apparent comfort, smartness, nay, even elegance, to be observed among the population which swarms along the roads leading out of town on Sundays, than our grandfathers dreamt of, or the grumblers of our day will acknowledge. That there is poverty no one can deny; but that it bears any sort of comparison with the real increase in comforts of the working classes I do most advisedly deny. Thousands of working men now wear such clothes as the gentlemen of the last century thought “the outward and visible sign” of wealth and fashion: with this superiority in dress, there is also a superiority in the carriage, conversation, and tastes of these men: they patronize amusements, and visit such places, and mix up and blend harmoniously with such society, as men of the same rank in the seventeenth century would have thought a man mad if he had said they would cultivate and enjoy.’—pp. 77, 78.

He proceeds to sketch various groups among the class of artisans; and concludes with this pleasing little picture of the maid of all work.

‘It is Betty’s “Sunday out.” Betty is a good girl; and what’s more, good-looking; and moreover dresses well; and further is well-shaped; and eke respectable; and, in addition, is beloved by every body,

body, especially by the handsome butcher in her street, who is single, and in a moment when butchers are as tender as their meat popped the question whether she had any prejudice against butchers; and Betty, like the candid creature she is, answered that "She had no prejudice against any one;" when Crump—for that's his name—taking heart, asked her "If she would dislike being a butcher's wife?"—and Betty, turning red, and then pale, and then red again, replied, "That she would as lief be a butcher's wife as a baker's, for that matter, with the *purvisor* that she liked the butcher better than the baker:"—so that the thing is as good as settled that she is to be Mrs. Crump. And this is the reason why she looks so red, broiling, and fluttered to-day. She has a dozen friends to whom she must tell the important secret: they live at all corners of the town, and miles apart; but she means to visit them all:—if she does, she will make a circuit which would tire a horse. I foresee that she will knock up at the second or third stage, and be glad of a dish of tea, a happy shedding of tears with some female friend at the turn in her fortunes, and an omnibus back, that she may get home in good time, as *missus* is mighty particular about servants coming home early. Betty's heart is full—too full; and so are her pockets, crammed with apples, oranges, cakes, a top, two whistles, and three balls which came over her master's wall, heaven knows how mysteriously—presents these for her "*nevies* and nieces, bless their dear little hearts!" Some of her mistress's cast-off things; a large lump of dripping; some tea and sugar—(mind, of her own purchasing); and an extensive miscellany of broken victuals, are all done up in a bundle for the poor widow who was like a mother to her when she was a little motherless girl. She deserves to be Mrs. Crump, especially as Crump is doing well, and is a worthy, honest fellow. Why, there he is!—he has met her "*quite promiskus*," as he says, but any one may read in his eyes that that is a trick of love:—he puts her arm in his; insists upon carrying her bundle; and away they go—Betty blushing and embarrassed, but happy—Crump proud of his dear little Betty, and not wholly unconscious of the untarnished merit of his boot-tops. It is a match.'—pp. 87—90.

We conclude with part of an essay, entitled, 'Content.' The worthy '*reader*' has here drawn a little on his fancy—and indeed amply vindicates his title to a place among the authors of *The Cockney School*—but nevertheless we feel that it reflects the true spirit of a good and a wise man:—

'I have now and then, in the wantonness and ingratitude of my heart, cherished for a moment, or an hour, or a day, that moody and gloomy dissatisfaction, Discontent; but it is an ugly humour. . . . Besides, I have, so to speak, no reasonable reasons for discontent. Have I not everything at my fingers' ends and about my feet, and within my reach, which can gratify man? I think so. It is for me that my opposite neighbours, the three Misses Stubbs (ugly, but well off) come out daily in all the glory of the rainbow and humility of the peacock: it is for me that they dress and bedizen themselves, and I acknowledge the genius of their milliner, and sometimes think seriously of her bill, and wonder how old Stubbs, who is but a hunk, submits himself to their extravagance.

extravagance. It is for me that the beauties of this great city (and where is the city that can exhibit more womanly loveliness?) walk abroad in May and June: I behold them with reverence and bachelorly devotion; for I have not yet warbled to the tune of "Hail, wedded love!" and have never yet responded to that church service which begins with the words "Dearly beloved" and ends with that ill-omened word "amazement." But I am content, and still have a heart "to let,"—"coming-in easy;" for "cards of particulars inquire within." For me the doors of taverns out of number gape their mahogany jaws, and invite me to walk in: for me the waiters stand ready to draw their white napkins in their right hands through their left hands: for me the larder is daily stored with flesh, fish, and fowl, the cod is crimped, the champagne iced, fruit-pies are kept cold, and that calf's-head has had a lemon between his tusks for these three days last past, and only waits my word to be dressed, and made meet and meat for me. . . . If I desire to make a short cut into Surrey from the theatres, Waterloo bridge has been thrown across the river for me: it cost my too considerate countrymen too many thousands—the more their munificence and unsparing determination to oblige me: I acknowledge their attention to my convenience, and drop a penny to Tilt, as a slight *douceur* for his civility in turning a stile to let me pass. St. James's Park was formerly a dirty duck-pond and a squashy cow-lair: it is now newly laid-out and made cool, refreshing, and pleasant with shrubs, swans, and serpentine waters for my devious wanderings and delectation. . . . The Parliament-houses and play-houses are thrown open in their seasons to gratify my alternate relish for politics and poetry. The King (God bless him!) goes to open the one in his best carriage and best clothes [!] to gratify me; and would take it much to heart if I did not pay him the poor compliment of witnessing his state, and observing and acknowledging how rosy and hearty he looks, and how well he becomes his dignity—his dignity him. The managers open the others, and advertise me to "come but and see" their Macready and Ellen Tree, and Malibran: for me that gentleman studies deeply and learnedly to perfect himself in his admirable art: the ladies enrapture my senses, thrill me with pleasurable emotions, and stir my gentler passions. Books are published almost hourly to instruct and please me: they are made cheap to suit my circumstances; and comely, to take my eye. For me Wilkie, and Etty, and Callcott, and the Landseers paint; and Chantrey and Behnes chisel. The "Morning Chronicle" is printed and published every morning, that I may know what news is stirring abroad and at home: if I am wrong in any political opinion, the editor sets me right: if I am indifferent to party, he rouses me up, and makes me a partizan. In the House Sir Robert Peel pretends to address himself to the Speaker, but it is to me that he speaks—it is me that he endeavours to convince—if he does not always do so, the fault is in me, not in his oratory!—p. 230.

We are not at all flattered to find, that after being reader of the 'Quarterly Review' for so many years, Mr. Webbe still leans his political faith on the 'Morning Chronicle;' but we hope No. CXIII. may at length convert him.

ART. XII.—1. *The Mirror of Parliament for 1836.*

2. *The Speech of the Right Honourable Lord Lyndhurst, delivered in the House of Lords on Thursday, August 18, 1836.*
Twenty-fourth Edition. London. 1836.

WE made, in our last number, some observations on that branch of the general attack on the institutions of England, which is directed against what we do not hesitate to call the *citadel of the constitution*—the House of Lords! We then discussed and disposed of—imperfectly we are well aware in point of execution, but irrefragably, we are assured, in constitutional law and political logic—the most prominent of the current objections to the position and composition of that estate* of the realm. We then, as on other occasions, endeavoured to show from general analogy and historical experience, that in any frame of government capable of uniting liberty with stability, the supreme power of the state cannot be safely vested in *one* body;—that if a constitution with two governing bodies be adopted, it is essential to the maintenance of their respective independence that they should stand on bases as distinct as the state of society will admit;—that, for instance, if one be elective, the other should be hereditary;—that if one be exposed to the violent gusts and local epidemics of popular opinion, the other should be elevated to a higher region where those vicissitudes are less sudden, and where the direction of the steady and wholesome current of opinion may be more accurately ascertained. Such being the general theory, we endeavoured to show,—and we trust that the insufficiency of the advocate could not essentially impair the force of the facts,—we endeavoured to show that *practically* the House of Lords possesses not only all the theoretic requisites for the due performance of its constitutional functions, but also several incidental qualities, created or developed by time, circumstances, and occasions, which have fitted it—by the most happy practical adaptation—to the complex duties which, at the present day, it is called upon to execute.

The recurrence to a subject so recently discussed may, we are too well aware, be irksome to some of our readers; but we feel it to be an inevitable duty. When the assault on what we must again call the *citadel of the constitution*,—in which are collected the liberties, the property, the glories, the hopes, and the very existence of the nation,—when, we say, the assault is repeated with fresh forces and increased audacity, we must renew

* We are well aware that in strictness the *three* estates of the realm are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons (as they were in the States General of France), and that the House of Lords contains two of the three estates; but modern practice has, however erroneously, so generally applied the term to the King, Lords, and Commons, that to avoid circumlocution we think it better to submit to the inaccurate phraseology.

our resistance and reinforce our defences. The present contest is for no party interests, nor for insulated points of administrative policy—*toto certandum est de corpore REGNI*—and may Heaven favour the right!

It cannot be too often repeated and pressed on the recollection and consideration of the public, that the main objection—that, indeed, of which all others were but consequences and corollaries—to what was called Parliamentary Reform, was this,—that under the *pretence* of clearing the House of Commons from all aristocratical influence, and restoring it to its natural, as it was called, and strictly independent state, the Bill was *in fact* calculated to transfer to it all the substantial power of the country, and to render it not merely *independent*, but *predominant*, by introducing into its composition such additional elements of mere popular and physical influence as could not fail, *ex necessitate rerum*, to lead to an usurpation of power on its part, and the consequent absorption or annihilation of the two other estates.

This objection was strenuously repelled by the advocates of the bill, who insisted that it was a mere visionary danger; that the Commons having reconquered their own rights, would be, on that very account, the more anxious not to infringe those of the other branches; and that the beautiful theorem of three distinct and equiponderant powers, holding the state *in equilibrio*, would be the certain and *unalterable* result of their experiment; and we believe that the vague plausibility of this vision, and its coincidence with the doctrine of the balance of constitutional powers promulgated by De Lolme and such superficial observers, seduced, to the support of the Reform Bill, a vast number of well-intentioned men, who would have resisted, and by their influence helped to defeat it, if they could have believed that it was pregnant with a democratic usurpation. They did not, or would not, see that the aristocratical influence which had grown up was barely sufficient to counterbalance the vast accession of democratical power; and that the theory of three equiponderant authorities—in no case perhaps possible—was, as applied to the British constitution, a verbal delusion.

But the argument was not only false in its theory, but it wholly overlooked all the *compensating* operations of the practical machine. In groping after low analogies they neglected the great analogy of the universe, and forgot that in the political, as in the natural world, it is only by *mutual influences*, invisible to the vulgar eye, that those bodies, moving in orbits apparently distinct, could be combined into one harmonious and enduring system. When the reformers fancied that they had exposed an indefensible abuse in the existing practice of the constitution, by showing that the King

and the House of Lords possessed, by their connexions, a certain degree of influence in the House of Commons, they forgot that 'the action and reaction were equal and opposite,' and that the House of Commons possessed, by the very same means, an equal, if not a greater, influence over the King and the Lords. There was no man who knew anything of the details of public affairs who did not know that the members of the House of Commons, connected by blood, by local interests, by party, by private friendship, or even by nomination with the House of Lords, exerted at least an equal degree of *reciprocal* influence on their lordships. Instances there undoubtedly were in which measures proposed in the Commons were modified by the ministerial leaders, with the object of rendering them palatable to the House of Lords; but many *more* instances there were in which the original inclination of the House of Lords was controlled, swayed, and even overborne by the feelings of its connexions and allies in the other house. With regard to the Crown and its ministers, the operation of this *reciprocal* influence was still more obvious, and still more in favour of the Commons. The instances in which the wishes of the Crown gave way before an indication of dissatisfaction in the Lords were not infrequent; but scarcely a session ever passed without half a dozen visible and important demonstrations of a still greater deference to the mere whisper, or even suspicion, of disapprobation in the House of Commons. The reconciling, by a previous understanding, by mutual concessions and conciliatory modifications, these distinct and occasionally discordant authorities, was the great and most arduous duty of a Ministry, who were, in fact, rather the mediators between the three powers than the servants of one. Nor could we, from the first dawn of the Reform question, nor can we *now*, when it has been submitted to a partial experience, imagine any other mode by which a *mixed* government, democratical, aristocratical, and monarchical, can be conducted for a single session. When, in the Reform debates, it was urged, with the common-place declamation of the theorists, that the House of Commons should be independent of the two other branches—it was on the other hand argued—and at *that* time not denied—that the *equal independence* of the other two branches was a logical consequence of that original proposition; because the constitutional rights of the Commons were neither in law, in equity, nor in reason, more distinct and absolute than those of the King and the Lords respectively; and hence it was most truly and rationally deduced, that the attempt to create (under the pretence of *restoring* what never had *existed*) these three independent and self-responsible authorities, was not only contrary to

the real spirit of the constitution, but to the very laws of society and nature—which admit of no self-centered powers—and could produce nothing but collisions between the parts, and confusion and distraction to the general system.

What was then only prophecy and reasoning is now become matter of fact, equally notorious and alarming; and the slightest hesitation—the most cautious and modified doubt, nay, the most reasonable delay on the part of the House of Lords to register *implicitly* the dictates of the Commons, is impeached as a flagrant abuse of their power, and branded with epithets too coarse and too indecent to be quoted even for reprobation. We blame such intemperance of language, but we cannot deny that the substantial conclusion at which The Destructive Party has thus arrived is natural, and was to be expected. We always foresaw that it would—that it must be so—and that the alleged reform of the House of Commons was only the plausible prologue to an attempt at a radical revolution. This is now avowed.—Mr. O'Connell, whom we suppose we may, without offence to any one, quote as the most efficient organ of the Reform party, if not of the *Ministry* itself, has distinctly told the public the conditions—not distant nor debatable—but the instant, urgent, and inexorable conditions on which alone Lord Melbourne can hope for his support—the only substantial support, Mr. O'Connell well knows, that the existing ministry has in the empire. 'Lord Melbourne,' he says,

'must content the English and Scotch Dissenters.

'He must become the advocate of an *increased and extended franchise*.

'He must consent to *shorten the duration* of parliaments.

'He must not shrink from the *ballot*.

'Above all, he must prepare for the *conflict with the House of Lords*.'

It is not the least remarkable feature of this manifesto, that it was not spoken in parliament—nor at one of those associations to which Mr. O'Connell has given, and from which he has received, so much political importance,—nor even in a letter to one of his ministerial correspondents, Lord Duncannon or Lord Melbourne himself,—no, it is addressed to the anonymous editor of a weekly journal distinguished, we admit, for the literary ability with which it maintains extreme radical opinions, but by no means the place where we should have expected to find a denunciation so awful—the death warrant, *si fata simunt*, of the Peerage of England. From the columns of the 'Spectator,' however, if it happens to reach the autumnal seclusion of Brockett Hall, Lord Melbourne will have learned—and we think even he will not have heard without emotion—the task which is assigned to him, and the penalty

of dismissal and consequent annihilation to which any demur will doom him and '*his fellow-slaves of the lamp.*'

But however announced, there can be no doubt that, to use Mr. O'Connell's own expression, 'direct and active hostilities against the House of Lords *must* commence;' nay, 'that the struggle actually exists,' and that Lord Melbourne is the person whom Mr. O'Connell designates 'to conduct and manage that ORGANIC CHANGE.'

We dismiss with utter indifference the question whether Lord Melbourne will or will not accept these terms, and submit to be the *paw* with which Mr. O'Connell generously offers to poke the fire. The substantial question is, whether the people of England will permit Mr. O'Connell, by himself or by any vicarious puppet, whatever be his rank or title, to finish the work of *Reform* by the total overthrow and annihilation of what remains of the substance, and even of the very forms and name of the *British constitution*.

There is another circumstance in Mr. O'Connell's late manifesto which is worthy of notice. He accuses the Lords of being the '*aggressors in this conflict,*' and menaces their heads with the whole responsibility of its results—which he darkly shadows forth as likely to be of the most disastrous character. This, ever since the first successes of the French revolutionists, has been a common and too often successful mode of intimidation:—the instigators of a sedition—the framers of a conspiracy—the perpetrators of a massacre, are never now-a-days held responsible for the mischief and miseries their illegal violence may have created. No; the whole blame is charged upon those who may be so imprudent as to *resist* such demonstrations of *popular opinion*. This is an easy, but not very rational, mode of shifting one's own guilt to another man's charge. It cannot be denied, that if no resistance be made, there will be no conflict; but it would be somewhat hard to accuse a man, assassinated while defending his property against robbers, of being guilty of his own murder. But our previous observations have shown that this species of menace—odious in any case—is, in this, contemptible for its utter inapplicability; for the attacks on the House of Lords began *years before* any of the proceedings now alleged against it had occurred, and these complaints are notoriously the consequences—not of its conduct in this or that instance, but of the alleged *abstract incompatibility* of its independent existence with that of a reformed House of Commons. But that it may not be said that we refuse to meet any of the charges of our opponents, and as it may be of solid advantage, in other points of view, to examine what the conduct of the House of Lords has really been, we are willing to enter into the details of that part of the question.

We shall not waste two words on the general principle of the right and duty of the House of Lords to decide according to its own conscientious views of the measures which may be presented to it; for although *that is the question really at issue*, no one, we believe, has been as yet bold or absurd enough to avow distinctly the negative proposition; and the argument—if we may call mere calumnious allegations by such a name—is narrowed to an accusation against the Lords of having, in a series of instances and from the most unworthy motives, impeded, disfigured, and even rejected the wholesome legislative labours of the House of Commons. One noble person in particular has been held up, in language which we will not sully our page by quoting, to general indignation, and menaced with every extremity of public and even *private* vengeance, for being, as it is alleged, the ‘atrocious’ instigator as well as the ‘accursed’ leader of the ‘infamous’ proceedings of the House of Lords, during the last session of parliament.

Lord Lyndhurst’s public and private character needs no defence from us—we could no more exalt it than his calumniators can depress it; and we shall not be so needlessly officious, nor so unjust to the good sense and feeling of the public at large, as to notice more particularly the personalities of which he has been the object: but it may not be useless to observe that the prominent part which Lord Lyndhurst has taken in these affairs appears to us to have been not so much a matter of choice as of duty. Lord Lyndhurst is confessedly, take him for all in all, the greatest lawyer of England—he has filled the highest law offices with universal approbation—he has been Master of the Rolls, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Lord Chancellor—and we believe we only echo the opinion of the bar and the public, that in all these courts he has exhibited the highest degree of every class of judicial ability. Removed from the Woolsack—(and, good God! how replaced!)—he has thought it his duty to devote; we will not call it his leisure, but his time, his talents, and his learning to the House of Lords. He has taken a constant, and what his legal superiority has made a prominent, part in the judicial proceedings of the supreme *Court of Appeal*, and maintained, by his presence, the confidence of the country in that tribunal which the insufficiency of his successor on the woolsack might else have impaired. Of all this, envy or malevolence has not ventured to complain. Yet of the same general character has been the interference which has been so indecently arraigned. Who is there in the House or the country so fit and so bound as this *great lawyer* (even if he were not also a great statesman) to advise in the great council of the nation on matters of law and legislation? Would he not be liable to general and just reproach if he had failed to

do so? And we shall see presently, in the enumeration of the various measures in which he took a share, that they were all—and the most important of them in a more especial degree—within the sphere of what we may almost call his *official* duties—certainly of his *legal* character and qualifications.

Towards the end of the session Lord Melbourne and Lord Holland, under the mortification of exposed incapacity, descended so low as to become the echoes of the obloquy directed against the House of Lords in general, and Lord Lyndhurst in particular, by those who are at once the followers and *masters* of the ministry—for, to repeat that often-quoted distich so familiar to Lord Holland,—

‘ The Treasury is like a snake,
And the *Tail* moves the *Head* !’—

On that provocation Lord Lyndhurst thought proper to move for a return showing the fate of the various bills which had been before the House of Lords in the course of the session, and this motion he introduced by a speech which has been since printed in a separate form and makes the title of this article. Of that speech, already so widely circulated, we need only say that it gave a masterly sketch of the business of the session, vindicated with great moderation of language, though with overwhelming authority of facts and reasoning, the conduct of the House of Lords; and without condescending to imitate their style of invective, exhibited by the mere force of truth the conduct of the ministry during the whole proceeding as the most inconsistent, the most impudent, and—whether in its torpor or its convulsions—the most contemptible that ever, we believe, was exhibited in a British parliament. To the audience his lordship was addressing—eye-and-car-witnesses of the facts—it would have been superfluous—and, within the limits of his succinct and epigrammatic exposure, it would have been impossible—to have gone into the details of the various measures, and of the various reasons for which they had been passed, or amended, or rejected. But as these circumstances have been made the pretext of this renewed and reinforced effort at an ORGANIC CHANGE in our constitution, we think them of so great importance as to justify, nay, to require from us a full exposition of the various measures, and of the motives of their supporters and opposers. We shall, therefore, notice the most important of the bills with which the House of Lords had to deal, and the manner in which they were treated; and we cannot but believe that if any doubt could exist in any mind of the propriety of the proceedings in the House of Lords, the following summary of the cases will prove, not only that there was nothing like

like aggression against the House of Commons, nor even of prejudice against their measures; but, on the contrary, that the Lords went to the utmost verge of reasonable concession—nay, that they yielded many minor points in which, but from the apprehension of endangering more important objects, they could not have concurred, and that in their amendments of some propositions and their rejection of others, they have acted with the most enlightened and impartial judgment, and have, for a season at least, vindicated and protected the laws and liberties of England.

I. One of the first, and perhaps in its mere political aspect the most important of the measures of the Session, was the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill. His Majesty, in his speech from the throne, after referring to the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the municipal corporations in Ireland, expressed a hope that it would be in the power of the two houses of Parliament to apply to any defects and evils that might have been shown to exist in those institutions, 'a remedy founded on the same principles as those of the Acts which had already passed for England and Scotland.'

This was an unusual and unfair attempt to pledge the two houses to a particular measure, and even to the particular arrangement of the measure. The Duke of Wellington, accordingly, moved, as an amendment to the address, in the House of Lords, that 'that House would proceed without delay to the consideration of any defects or evils that might have been shown to exist in those institutions, for the purpose of applying *such remedies* as might obviate all just causes of complaint, and insure the impartial administration of justice.' This motion his Grace supported with his usual perspicuity of statement, and vigour of reasoning. The ministers made a languid and feeble attempt at opposition, and at length *consented* to the amendment.

In the Commons, Sir Robert Peel moved, in one of the most argumentative as well as most brilliant of his speeches, a similar amendment, which was violently opposed by the ministers, and lost by a majority of 41. The bill was soon afterwards introduced. In its progress through the House of Commons, many material alterations were made in it with the consent of the Government, and of such a nature as to prove that they themselves felt the danger of extending to Ireland regulations which, even though they might be considered safe and beneficial in England, were not merely inapplicable to, but really inconsistent with, the very peculiar and different state of Ireland, and the objects for which the corporations were permitted to exist.

From the history of the Irish corporations, it is apparent, and beyond dispute, that they were originally formed, and subsequently

maintained, for the express and avowed purpose of protecting and extending the English power and the Protestant religion in Ireland. They were the seats of the English settlers, invited and encouraged by the laws and policy of England, from Henry VIII. to George IV., to extend the lights of true religion and the example of social civilization among the bigoted and barbarous natives, and for these purposes to constitute, as it were, the *English garrison* in Ireland. The corporations have, to this day, retained much of their original character, as, we are grieved to add, the native Irish have of theirs; and this allegiance on the part of the corporations to the connexion with England, the land of their forefathers, and this unalterable fidelity to the original purposes of their establishment, are, all the world knows, the *real* causes why the ministers—in retrocession from the whole course of English policy, and in servile obedience to those who affect to arrogate to themselves the exclusive name of Irishmen—determined to destroy the Anglo-Irish corporations, and thereby, as far as municipal misgovernment could do so—weaken the English connexion, and the Protestant Church. But these corporations were, we are told, *self-elected*—the modern phrase of denunciation against all corporate or even social bodies. We have formerly shown that in any body, which is to have a joint responsibility, there must be some degree of self-election, and we will not here diverge into that question. But they are also accused of being *exclusive*; and no doubt, as they were instituted for Protestant and English principles, and as the Roman Catholics have gone on increasing in their original hostility to the institutions and even to the very name of England, it was morally impossible that the corporations should be otherwise than *exclusively* composed of the friends to British connexion. The *inveterate* spirit of *exclusion* with which the Irish have persisted in regarding the Anglo-Irish as aliens and usurpers, had of course the natural consequence of exciting a retaliatory feeling in the corporations. When, in former days, the rebel chieftain O'Neale, was passing by the house of one of the Anglo-Irish, he expressed a vehement disgust at the *intruder*; and when it was remarked to him that the Barretts had been there 400 years, he exclaimed—'Curse the churl, I hate him as if he had arrived but yesterday.' We have heard that at the last election for Sligo, Colonel Perceval, whose family descent and possessions, and residence in that county, date from the time of Henry VIII., was opposed as a *stranger*; and Mr. Moore, himself an Irish Roman Catholic, talks, in what are called his *national strains*, at once contemptuously and bitterly, of not the *tythes* only, but the *souls* of the *Sassanaghs*—a name which has the double meaning of *Englishman* and *Protestant*.

It was time, however, to endeavour to soften these distinctions; and as those who are in the right are always the readiest to make concessions, the corporations were willing to *relinquish* to the *new* policy of England the exclusive rights with which they had been by the *old* policy of England invested, as much for England's sake as their own. But though ready to relinquish their privileges altogether, and thus extinguish exclusion—they were not willing to *transfer* their abdicated power to their hereditary adversaries, and so perpetuate another species of exclusion. While, therefore, they, and the Conservative party in the Lords and Commons, were prepared to consent to a conciliatory arrangement, they were not prepared to accept such a partial and perilous change as the Government, under the influence before alluded to, thought proper to propose—namely, to keep alive corporations, so long the objects of declamatory obloquy, but to turn their powers over to other hands, by the process of electing the members of the new corporations by the occupiers of houses or shops, &c., of the yearly value of 5*l.* in the far greater part of the towns. It was obvious that the members so chosen would be either Roman Catholics, or Radical enemies of the Protestant Establishment. The interference of the priests in elections, the control which they exercised over them, had been recently proved before the *Intimidation Committee* of the House of Commons. The evidence upon this subject was conclusive—appalling. The result, therefore, of the proposed measure appeared certain. As the corporations had hitherto been too exclusively Protestant, they would by this bill have become exclusively Romish. The nature of the evil would have been the same—the party only being changed—and its intensity increased. The power would have been transferred from the Protestants to the Papists. This would have been the effect—this was, in truth, the object of the bill. It was scarcely indeed disguised, or denied.

Another great evil resulting from the bill would be the frequency of elections. We in England have a very faint idea of the excitement created by elections in Ireland. To add to the present sources of agitation, the stimulus of annual elections in all the corporate towns of Ireland—was absolute madness. But further—what would have been the effect, what the consequence, of corporate bodies so constituted? These bodies would inevitably have been legalized associations for promoting and encouraging revolutionary doctrines and for destroying the Protestant establishment in Ireland. They would, to use the language of Mr. O'Connell, have become 'normal schools for teaching the science of political agitation.' What would have been the effect of such a system in the great towns and cities of Ireland? Take Dublin

for an example. A Radical and Papist assembly composed of those orators—the mayor, the aldermen, the councillors—formed and constituted under the authority of the law, and invested with rank and power—Mr. O'Connell the mayor—it would form a species of parliament which, communicating with other similar bodies throughout Ireland, would enable them to act in concert with a formidable and irresistible—because legalized—power for any purpose of political mischief. Is this view exaggerated? It will not appear so to any sober-minded man who looks to passing events and adverts to the history of the last few years.

What, then, was the course proposed by the Conservative party? If you complain, they said, of the corporations, let them be dissolved; get rid of the mischief, but do not, under pretence of remedying one evil, substitute another, and a much more intolerable one, in its place. The corporations make no objection; they implore you to take this step rather than to create the new bodies which would be formed by this bill. The corporations have a legal right to surrender their charters. It would be inconvenient, for obvious reasons, to pursue that course; but they are content that the dissolution should be effected by the legislature. And for what purpose were corporations to be maintained? All their real municipal duties were taken away by the bill, and they were thus rendered useless, *except* for the purposes of agitation. The bill deprives them of all right to interfere with the administration of justice, as well criminal as civil; the whole judicial authority was transferred to the crown; the bill took from them the appointment of the sheriffs, of the recorders, and all the subordinate ministers of justice; they were deprived of the superintendence over the police, and of the administration of the charitable trusts; the public boards and chambers of commerce are independent of the corporations; and the inferior municipal duties, such as paving, lighting, and the removal of nuisances, are carried on by trustees, who are not subject to their control. For what purpose, then, were these new corporations to be formed? what end were they to answer? Lord Melbourne, when pressed with this question, is said to have replied, 'for the sake of having corporations.' The more rational answer is, for the purpose of agitation, and to give strength to the anti-English and anti-Protestant party. The course therefore taken by Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party in the House of Commons was to endeavour to substitute for the ministerial bill a measure having for its object the dissolution of the existing corporations, with such provisions as were necessary for carrying that proceeding into effect. The dissolution, indeed, and extinction of the existing corporations,

was completely effected by the bill of the government, and the only question was as to what should be substituted. This was afterwards distinctly and in terms admitted by Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords. New corporations were proposed by the ministers; these were considered, and proved, to be useless and mischievous by the Conservatives. Sir Robert Peel displayed in these debates all the ability and eloquence, and that complete mastery of his subject and of all its details, by which he is on all important occasions so eminently distinguished. He failed, however, in accomplishing his object. The bill, on the third reading, was carried by a majority of 61.

The House of Lords, however, impressed no doubt with reasons such as we have just given, thought that Ireland was in need of any thing rather than *new schools of agitation*; and they refused to sanction a measure which, while it professed to imitate the English corporations, was in fact a death-blow to the English connexion. The amendments made by the House of Lords to that bill, while they offered to Ireland all that could be practically useful in it, rejected only what could not be granted without risking the integrity of the empire; but in these amendments the dominant party would not permit the Commons to concur, and the bill has been dropped—a nest-egg—as the ministry will find—for future difficulties.

II. Amongst the Bills rejected by the House of Lords were two relating to the *Representation of the Borough of Stafford*.

The first (Mr. Divett's Bill) disfranchised the Borough altogether, but did not provide for filling up the vacancy in the numbers of the House of Commons, by giving the right of representation to some other district or place.

The total disfranchisement of the Borough was a measure of such obvious injustice and tyranny, and so inadequately supported by the evidence taken at the bar, that the *Lord Chancellor himself* unequivocally condemned it as not fit to be passed. It was liable to the additional constitutional objection of incidentally, and by a side wind, diminishing the numbers of the House of Commons. It was therefore all but unanimously* rejected.

A new Bill, however, rose from its ashes, of which the object was to disfranchise all the *freemen* of Stafford as a class—the innocent as well as the guilty;—and his Majesty's government supported that Bill, which was, if possible, still more unjust and tyrannical than its predecessor.

The disfranchisement of the whole Borough, had the case been stronger, might have been justified on the plea of necessity,

* The division on the question of a second reading 'this day three months,' was Ayes 54—Noes 4.

because it might have happened that a disfranchisement of those only who had been proved to be guilty would have left a constituency so small as to be altogether unfit to discharge the trust of election. But this palliation of that extreme measure could not apply to that Bill, inasmuch as the numbers proved to be guilty fell far short of the total number of electors. The natural and legitimate remedy would therefore have been to have disfranchised the individual delinquents, and to have left all the innocent to the enjoyment of their lawful rights. But this simple course did not suit the views of the supporters of the Bill; they proposed to disfranchise *all the freemen*, innocent as well as guilty, as a class—leaving the future representation exclusively in the hands of the 10*l.* householders, guilty as well as innocent!

Mark the injustice and inconsistency of this scheme. Men might have been deprived of their future right of voting as freemen, who had only attained the age necessary for the exercise of their franchise between the last election and the passing of the Bill. Others would have been deprived who had voted without being bribed, a most unjust requital for the virtue they had displayed in resisting the contamination, said to have been spread amongst their fellow freemen by Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Blount, Captain Gronow, and his *Majesty's Attorney-General*! Others, again, disfranchised as freemen, might have retained, or might subsequently acquire—for which the Bill afforded facilities—a right to vote as 10*l.* householders, although as freemen they had been proved to have offered or accepted bribes. The Bill would by this process have not only punished the innocent, but have rewarded the guilty at their expense.

To such a principle of legislation, destructive alike of public morality and private honour, the House of Lords refused to consent. It remains for the Attorney-General to receive the King's commands to prosecute the offenders; and if the evidence be true, it might perhaps then become the duty of Mr. Solicitor-General to prosecute *Mr. Attorney*.

III.—*Commutation of Tithes in England*.—There are some remarkable and instructive circumstances connected with this bill. It is, perhaps, the most important passed this session, yet it has excited comparatively little observation. It is assuredly that which has been most altered and amended from the first conception of the government—yet we hear no complaints from the ministers of having been forced to yield their own better judgments to the dictates of a faction; nor from the followers of the ministers, of their having thus pusillanimously compromised so important a subject. Why this unusual submission to correction? Why?—because it was an *English* bill of deep and real importance, and

the English gentry, even the few radicals who may be reckoned in that class, would not permit great and permanent interests to be made the plaything of faction—a tub to be tossed and lashed about by the tail of the leviathan. This bill, therefore, in which the Conservatives made more, and more weighty, alterations than in any other, has not, that we have seen, been made a count of the indictment against that party in either of the Houses. The amendments of the Lords were exceedingly valuable, and particularly directed to points on which their adversaries are inclined to give them least credit—additional facilities in favour of the *tithe-payer*—economical management—and the *constitutional independence* of the powers created under the bill.

IV.—*Irish Tithe Bill.*—In considering the course pursued by the House of Lords, during the present session, upon the subject of tithes in Ireland, it is material to advert, in the first instance, to some circumstances which, during antecedent years, had taken place respecting the state of the church in that country.

In the year 1823, an act was passed, commonly called Mr. Goulburn's act, for effecting a voluntary composition for tithes throughout Ireland; and many agreements for composition were entered into under its provisions. In 1825, committees of both Houses of Parliament were appointed, with unlimited powers, to inquire into the state of Ireland. The question of tithes was not omitted in the inquiries of the committees: but no part of the evidence tended to the conclusion that there existed in Ireland any desire, that any part of the property of the Church should be appropriated to any different purpose, whatever objection might fairly be urged against the mode of applotting and collecting the tithe.

In the year 1829, the act passed for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities; and assurances of unbounded gratitude and perfect contentment were showered upon the authors and supporters of that measure, although many of them had always declared, in the most unqualified manner, that amongst the various grounds of public policy, upon which they supported it, none was more prominent than their confident hope that the settlement of that agitating question would tend to the security of the Established Church in Ireland.*

In 1831, committees of both Houses of Parliament were appointed to take into consideration the specific question of Irish Tithes; and after a laborious investigation, the committee of the House of Lords recommended the extinction of tithes as an impost upon the occupiers of the soil, its conversion into a rent-

* See, particularly, a pamphlet by *Mr. Spring Rice*—now Chancellor of the Exchequer—*Catholic Emancipation defended upon Protestant Principles.*

charge payable by the landowner, and a permission to him to redeem it upon reasonable and advantageous terms. But the report, drawn by Lord Lansdowne, now Lord President of the Council, and which was always understood to have been unanimously agreed to, did not even hint at any new appropriation of the property when realized as an ultimate object to be attained. The committee of the House of Commons took the same line in their report, and in 1832, Mr. Stanley brought in a bill for rendering the composition for tithe universal and compulsory. This bill was intended, and adopted, as a great step towards the final object of commutation and redemption.

In 1833, the Church Temporalities Act was passed, avowedly for the double purpose of relieving the people from the payment of church-cess, and of contributing by its various provisions to 'the efficiency, the permanence and stability, of the united Church of England and Ireland'; and, in accordance with the object thus forcibly expressed in the preamble of that act, although it made some material alterations in the *distribution* of Church property, it *alienated none*.

In 1834, very soon after the commencement of the session, Lord Grey's government proposed to Parliament, through Lord Althorp, a plan for the final settlement of the tithe question. This plan proceeded upon two principles:—first, the conversion of the composition into rent-charge—and, secondly, its ultimate redemption by the land-owner, upon whom the rent-charge was imposed. This bill when introduced seemed to be generally approved; and although it was opposed on the second reading, it was nevertheless carried upon that occasion by a large majority. Up to this time, the question of a *new appropriation* of Church property was carefully kept as much as possible out of sight by the government, and the strongest professions were made of a general desire to *uphold the Church*. About the same time, however, a remarkable declaration was made by Lord John Russell, in which he, being a member of the Cabinet, stated, 'that if ever there was a country which had a grievance, that country was Ireland, and that grievance was the Church;' and he added, 'that the time would come when he should feel himself compelled to give effect, so far as might be in his power, to those sentiments.' This declaration of Lord John Russell was not indeed sanctioned by the concurrence of his colleagues, yet it could not fail to produce a great effect upon all future questions respecting the Irish Church; and it became obvious to all reflecting minds that the first blow against the Church was then struck.

Encouraged, accordingly, by this declaration, and knowing that upon the abstract question of the appropriation of Church property

perty to other than Church purposes, the Cabinet were not united, Mr. Ward announced his intention of moving a resolution declaratory of the right of Parliament so to appropriate it. It is generally understood that the government had resolved to meet that motion by the previous question; but on the day (27th May, 1834) on which the motion was to have been brought on, four members of Lord Grey's government—the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ripon, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham—tendered their resignations to his Majesty. The resignation of these statesmen had the effect of staying the proceedings upon Mr. Ward's motion, and was followed by the immediate issue of a Commission of Inquiry, for the purpose of ascertaining various matters, the knowledge of which was declared to be a necessary preliminary to a practical assertion of the new principle of appropriation, which was then for the first time avowed and adopted by the government. The next consequence of the change in the government was a material change in the tithe bill, which in its later stages underwent still further alterations at the suggestion of Mr. O'Connell. These successive changes consisted principally in the removal of the redemption clauses, (thus extinguishing one of the main principles of the original bill of Lord Grey's government,) in raising the bonus to the landlords (and consequent loss to the tithe-owner) from twenty to forty per cent., and in throwing upon the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom an annual charge of 120,000*l*. It did not, however, assert the principle of appropriation; on the contrary, Mr. O'Connell's resolution for the application of the surplus 'to purposes of public utility and charity' was lost by—Ayes 261, Noes 360—majority 99. The bill, however, though unembarrassed by an appropriation clause, was shorn of most of its original qualities, and, worked into an entirely new form, found its way at length into the House of Lords, after having lingered for five months in the House of Commons. The 11th of August, when the session was obviously approaching its termination, was fixed for the second reading of the bill, when it was not unnaturally rejected by a considerable majority, who did not think that they could in two or three *days* examine a bill of 172 clauses, and of such vast importance and extent, which had occupied the Commons five *months*.

The government was substantially changed in the course of November in that year; and early in the ensuing session, Sir Henry Hardinge—a man whose administrative abilities are equal to his military talents—both being of the first order—obtained leave to bring in a bill for the commutation and redemption of tithes in Ireland. To this plan, as far as it went, no material objection was made; but in April, 1835, Lord John Russell

Russell succeeded in inducing the Commons to pass a resolution, of which the object was to pledge the House to an indissoluble union of the appropriation principle with any and every plan for the settlement of the tithe question. Upon the adoption of this resolution Sir Robert Peel resigned—the object for which in truth the resolution had been arranged between the different parties which composed the majority. This was the price which the Whigs paid for coming into office, and this is the bond which still ostensibly unites their supporters.

The two questions were thus, by a mere party manoeuvre*—scarcely disguised at the time, and now universally admitted—permanently bound together; notwithstanding the manifest impossibility of establishing that they had any necessary connexion, and notwithstanding the entire absence at the time the resolution was adopted, of any information whatever as to the practical existence of a surplus in the property of the church. In conformity with this vote a tithe bill upon these principles was introduced, and passed the House of Commons by a small majority. It would not be difficult to demonstrate the inconsistency and absurdity of that scheme, the mischief of which, however, was so great as not to be qualified even by its absurdity; and the House of Lords, whilst it proceeded to adopt and to amend those parts of the bill which provided for commutation of tithe, expanded all the appropriation clauses. The government then threw up the bill in a pet, and thereupon it died.

Early in the last session a new bill upon the subject was introduced into the House of Commons, embodying the appropriation principle, but providing for its application in a new manner. The principle of appropriation was steadily and powerfully opposed, but after repeated struggles was finally carried by small and diminishing majorities.

The House of Lords dealt with the bill of this session in the same manner as they had done with that of 1835. They adopted

* On Mr. Ward's motion, June 2, 1834, Lord John Russell had used the following words with reference to the resolution proposed by that Honourable Member:—'Two courses have been proposed; the first is, to pass a resolution containing a general opinion on two or three matters of fact, and ending in the House being called upon to affirm some abstract principle. The other course proposed is to have a commission of inquiry; that is, supposing that it is competent to Parliament to deal with the subject, and reserving to the next session the practical measure to be proposed for remedying the abuses of the Irish church—I think the first course suggested is a *very bad one*, and one which I must *entirely* dissent from. I think it would be exceedingly imprudent, in the present state of things, to adopt a general resolution, affirming an abstract principle, instead of proceeding to a practical measure. I have had sufficient experience in Parliament to teach me that *this would be a very improper line of proceeding*. If, as some honourable gentlemen suppose, it should appear upon inquiry that the revenues of the church ought not to be reduced, I am still more *strongly* of this opinion.'

or amended the clauses for commuting the tithe and redistributing the income derived from it, and they rejected the proposed scheme of appropriation. The government immediately gave up all further concern with the bill, which was nevertheless returned to the Commons in its amended form.

The bill thus sent back to the House of Commons contained, in substance, the following provisions:—1. It relieved for ever the great mass of the people, being the occupiers of the land, and the great majority of them not belonging to the established church, from all payment of tithe, the future compositions for which it extinguished. 2. It converted the composition into a rent-charge upon the owner of the land, nine-tenths at least of which belong to members of the church of England, who were thus made responsible for the maintenance of their own church: the rent-charge was not to be levied by the individual incumbent, but by the department of Woods and Forests; and thus in the case of the landowners, as well as of the occupiers, all direct collision between any of them respectively and the clergy was permanently rendered impossible. 3. In consideration of the burthen thus thrown upon the owner instead of the occupier of the soil, a bonus was given to the former of 25 per cent., and the incumbent, on the other hand, was required to sacrifice that amount of his legal dues in consideration of the security which he obtained for the certainty and regularity of his diminished income. 4. Provision was made for the revision of compositions made under Mr. Stanley's Act, in those cases in which it could be shown that injustice had been done to either party in fixing the amount of the composition: and it was admitted on all hands, that the practical effect of this provision would operate in favour of the tithe-payer, in most, if not in all the supposed cases of an erroneous composition. 5. The bill, as passed by the Lords, contained various provisions for a new distribution of the church revenues, with a view to facilitate a more correct adaptation of the income of the incumbents to the duties which in their respective benefices they might have to perform.

The bill, therefore, it may confidently be affirmed, removed entirely and for ever all the grievances which, up to the passing of Lord John Russell's resolution in April, 1835, had ever been recognized by Parliament as belonging to the tithe-system of Ireland; and it fully executed all the recommendations of successive committees of inquiry. It struck off at once from the land an annual charge of 127,000*l.*, which, added to the 66,000*l.* of church cess previously struck off by the Church Temporalities Act of 1833, made a total annual relief to the land of nearly 200,000*l.* It relieved the *mass of the people* from every payment

of

of the church, and fixed it mainly upon *Protestant property*; by so doing it took away all ground or pretence for those melancholy acts of resistance to the law, of violence and outrage, which have so long let loose in Ireland all the destructive elements of interminable confusion, and shaken the very basis of civilized society. To the parochial clergy it gave a modest maintenance, not enough, indeed, for the enjoyment of elegant luxuries, and scarcely enough for decent hospitality and unostentatious charity; but what it did give had the inestimable recommendations of security and independence. The clergyman might therefore have hoped, under the provisions of this bill, to exercise his spiritual functions towards his own flock, and to maintain an amicable intercourse with those who did not belong to it, without the risk of bitter hostility, habitual insult, and personal danger. The people of all religious persuasions might have witnessed his residence amongst them with reciprocal feelings of respect and kindness. And whilst there were thus combined in this bill all those essential qualities, which, reasoning *à priori*, any man would wish to unite in framing a measure for supporting an established church, by means of an income permanently assigned to it, it was passed in a spirit of peace and good-will; and its advocates justly hoped that it would be the harbinger and the cause of national concord.

But the King's government decreed otherwise: with a marvellous indifference to the real wants of Ireland, they refused to give to that suffering country the positive and undenied benefits of this measure, for no other avowed reason than that it did not contain another principle, upon the assertion of which their ministerial existence depended; and yet, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true (as was proved over and over again in the course of the debates in both Houses), that the very provisions of the bill, as brought from the House of Commons, would, if they were honestly acted upon, render utterly impossible the existence of that surplus, the assumed existence of which was the only intelligible justification of the enactment of the principle of appropriation. The pretence therefore of a surplus is a plain as well as a mean fraud upon public credulity; and the crime of the House of Lords is, that whilst they have refused to sanction a gross delusion, and to enact a mischievous absurdity, they have tendered to Ireland a law of mercy and kindness, in spite of the threats of their avowed enemies, and the hardly more courteous, and nothing less significant, admonitions of his Majesty's government.

V. Marriage Bill.—It had been long an alleged grievance of the dissenters that they were compelled to solemnize their marriages according to the forms prescribed for the established church;

church ; and it was, as we have often stated,* no less a grievance to the church itself to be obliged, by a secular law, to lend the *forms* of its service to the marriage of those who rejected, and even sometimes insulted, the *essence* of that service, and to see what it considered a holy rite perverted into a mere mode of registration. The law had imposed, and the church had accepted, this irksome duty for the public good, because there had been then devised no other means of recording a fact so vitally important to the peace of families and the very existence of society. In 1835 Sir Robert Peel brought in a bill to remove this grievance, which we really believe was felt as such much more by the established clergy than by the dissenters. It was at first hailed by the dissenters as liberal and satisfactory ; but they soon began to depreciate the measure they had lauded, and the bill was not proceeded with by the government that succeeded Sir R. Peel.

The measure which passed the Commons this year wholly abolished marriages by bans, and compelled *all* persons to give notice of intended marriage to registrars. It was rendered necessary that *two* persons, *known to the registrar, and residing in his district*, should depose before the registrar to their personal knowledge of the parties intending marriage, and to their belief that the particulars stated in the notice were true. The presence of the registrar was required at every marriage not solemnized according to the forms of the established church. It was made lawful to solemnize marriages in any registered place of worship, according to any form, or before the superintendent registrar at his office, without any form other than the declaration of the parties that each took the other in marriage.

The Lords, however, resolved that they would not, in a measure introduced professedly for the relief of the dissenters, impose any new difficulty upon persons intending marriage according to the forms of the *established church* ; and at the same time that they would extend to such persons all the facilities for contracting marriage, whatever they might be, which were to be given to dissenters by the bill.

While therefore they amended the bill so as to leave in its integrity the existing law which regulates marriages in the church of England, they enabled the members of that church to substitute, if they should find it convenient so to do, the *notice* required by the bill for the publication of bans, hitherto rendered necessary as the preliminary to marriages without licence. The Lords expunged the absurd provision, that two persons, known to the registrar and to the parties, should depose to the truth of the notice. They knew that to persons desirous of acting in strict

* See, particularly, Quarterly Review, vol. LI., p. 511.

conformity with the law, this provision—often impracticable when the parties belonged to different districts—would produce extreme embarrassment, and, in some cases, preclude the possibility of any marriage being had—while it afforded no real security against fraud.

It was wished by some Lords to relieve the dissenters from the presence of the registrar at their marriages. It was feared that this might often be very offensive to them. The government, however, considered, that without the presence of the registrar there could be no general security for the correct registration of dissenters' marriages, and the provision being undoubtedly calculated to effect that object, the intended amendment was reluctantly given up.

The bill, too, originally contained the offensive provision, that the parties to be married must answer *all the questions* which the registrar might put as to the particulars to be registered touching the marriage, under a penalty of 50*l*.

One of the particulars to be registered was, the *age* of the parties. A woman who refused to answer a question which she might perhaps consider somewhat impertinent, or at least inconvenient at that particular moment, would have *forfeited the sum* above-mentioned; and if she mis-stated her age she would have been liable to be tried for *perjury*, and *to have suffered accordingly*. The Lords would not consent to this enactment, and the Commons did not insist upon it.

It cannot, we suppose, be pretended that in making these amendments the Lords exceeded the bounds of reason, propriety, and tolerance—if any valid complaint could be made, it would be that they did not amend still more. Many conscientious men entertained serious objections to the provision contained in the bill, whereby it was not required that any religious ceremony should be performed, either before the superintendent registrar or in a registered place of worship, for the purpose of giving validity to the contract of marriage. They deemed, conscientiously, but we think erroneously, that by thus permitting the making of the contract without any religious formula, the State intimated an opinion that the contract was not of a religious character. But not only has the State maintained the religious formula in the service of the Established Church—but by retaining the ecclesiastical courts, whose power extends over marriages under this act as well as over others, and is wholly founded upon the religious nature of the contract—has shown its adherence to an opinion from which it could not with truth depart, that marriage is of divine ordinance, and of religious obligation. We may regret the error of those who do not consider marriage to be of reli-

gious obligation, but it never was denied that it is expedient and right that such persons should be enabled to solemnize marriage in the form most binding upon their consciences. This the enactment permits them to do. It ascertains only, by the words it prescribes, that the parties really make the contract of marriage, from which result certain civil rights and obligations. It leaves them still at liberty to adopt any religious ceremony they choose, whether in a registered place of worship in the district wherein they reside, or in any other place of worship. The State does not prohibit the contract where the parties, if any such there be, unfortunately object to any religious ceremony; because it deems, and justly, that it is better that these parties should be under even the mere civil obligations of marriage than in a state of concubinage. Those whom religion cannot bind, it binds by law.

VI. *The Registration of Births Bill*.—This bill, as it passed the Commons, was truly characteristic of the present government, and of that disinterested majority of the House of Commons by which it is supported. The bill created an enormous amount of *patronage*, and its enactments were framed in utter disregard of the interests and feelings of the *poor*, who seem on almost all occasions doomed to be the *idols* of Whig declamation and the *victims* of Whig legislation. It placed in the nomination of a registrar-general, *removable at pleasure*, the appointment of a superintendent-registrar in every union of parishes throughout the kingdom. Of these there will probably be 825—that is, 825 attorneys would have been placed in influential offices, and have become the active political agents of the government. In each union there would have been at least four registrars, in all 3300. These officers were to have been *nominally* chosen by the Boards of Guardians; but the registrar-general was to fix the qualifications to be required, and his approval was rendered necessary to complete the appointment; so that practically the registrar-general, acting at the suggestion of the superintendent-registrar, would have been enabled to exercise a very important influence over the election of those persons. Thus, in each of the great majority of the unions throughout the country, there would have been not only a chief political agent, but, acting under him, four subordinate agents paid by the people; and how great would have been the influence of these agents, necessarily brought into communication, in the ordinary discharge of their duties, with every family in their district!

The Lords, at one stroke, severed from the government the whole of this influential patronage, and gave it absolutely to the Guardians, annually chosen by the rate-payers. They took it from the government, to give it to the people.

The bill was for the advantage of the rich. To them it imports much that births and deaths should be correctly registered, and improved means be thus afforded of making titles to property. But this matters little to the poor. To them, however, it does import that their cottages should not be exposed to the offensive intrusion of a government officer; that they should not be compelled to do a thing, of which they cannot comprehend the utility, under a heavy penalty; that the funerals of those dear to them should not be stopped at the church-door for want of a certificate of registration; that a poor man should not see the bed taken from under his wife, during the *first fortnight* of her confinement, to satisfy a warrant of distress issued at the suit of a *common informer*, because, forsooth, the registrar had not received due notice of a child's birth within *eight days*! Under the bill, as it passed the House of Commons, the poor cottager might have seen this—nay, more, having seen this, and the distress not being sufficient, he might have been sent to the House of Correction for a *month*, there to muse upon the blessings of a liberal government!

Is it necessary to say, that the Lords amended the clauses which contained these monstrous infringements upon personal liberty? They struck out all the penalties. They afforded every facility for registration to the poor as well as to the rich; but they chose to make it voluntary, rather than that—useful as it undoubtedly is—it should be enforced by measures of such extreme and unconstitutional severity.

We of the Church of England think that a child acquires its *christian* name when it is received into the Christian church by *baptism*, and to us it would appear absurd, as well as irreverent, to register a child by a name before that name had been formally given. But the philosophers by whom this bill was drawn were of a different opinion; and they required that *fees amounting to a week's wages* should be paid by the poor man, if he registered his child more than fifteen days after its birth, that is, in the great majority of cases, before even the recovery of the mother:—thus enacting that *no mother should ever be present at the baptism of her own child*; thus outraging the feelings, not only of Christianity but of nature; and, we verily believe, that all these extravagant insults to common sense and decency, were designed by the *philosophical* framers of the bill, in the hope that the enforcement of such premature registration would *tend to supersede the rite of baptism altogether*.* The Lords allowed *six weeks*

* The following is an extract from Bishop Kennett's Register (p. 265), of the state of the people at the termination of the great Rebellion in 1660:—The keeping of parish registers having been taken out of the hands of every parish minister, and

weeks to elapse between the birth and the registration, thus affording ample time for baptism in the presence of the parents. They provided that a birth might be registered, without the specification of any christian name, and that the christian name might be inserted upon subsequent baptism. In this, as in all their amendments, they consulted the convenience, the feelings, the habits, and even the prejudices of the people; well knowing that there is nothing which renders a law so inoperative and a government so odious, as unnecessary and vexatious interference in matters of a private and domestic nature.

VII. *The Charitable Trustees Bill.*—There was no part of the subject of the English municipal corporations which had, during the preceding year, been a matter of so much anxiety, as the question in what manner provision should be made for the future administration of charitable trusts. The matter was one which was admitted to require the most careful and deliberate consideration, and, with the concurrence of both parties in both Houses, the final arrangement of it was deferred to this session, it being understood that Lord Brougham, who had devoted much attention to the subject of charities, would propose a bill for their future management. Unfortunately, that noble lord has been prevented from attending parliament during this year. What he may have prepared during his retirement is unknown.*

As late as the beginning of June the government had brought in no bill upon the subject; and under these circumstances a clause was introduced by the select committee of the Lords, of which the ministers formed a large proportion, into the Municipal Act Amendment Bill, which was unanimously adopted by that House, whereby the charitable trusts were to remain in the hands of the existing trustees for another year, or until parliament should otherwise provide.

This clause appeared to be necessary in order to prevent the trusts from falling under the sole management of the Lord Chancellor, who, for a variety of reasons, could evidently not execute the duty imposed upon him in a satisfactory manner.

The Commons having objected to this clause, the Lords as-

committed to some inferior fellow elected by the people, and confirmed by the justices of the peace, had been much neglected. And till this year (1660) the account of christenings had been neglected more than that of burials; one of the chief causes whereof was a religious opinion against the baptizing of infants, either as unlawful or unnecessary. If this were the only reason, we might, by our defects of this kind, conclude the growth of this opinion, and pronounce that not one-half the people of England, between the years 1650 and 1660, were convinced of the need of baptizing.*

* Lord Melbourne, we believe, stated to the House of Lords that he had been informed by Lord Brougham that he had no other measure to propose than his bill of the former session.

signed reasons similar to the above for retaining it, and the bill was returned to the Commons with these reasons on the 12th of July. The consideration of the Lords' amendments was from time to time postponed;* and on the 1st day of August, *the very day* on which the power of the existing trustees expired, the Commons sent up to the Lords a bill for the administration of charitable trusts.

Lord Melbourne had accused the proposers of the clause which has been referred to of *jockeyship*, though he had himself acquiesced in it. But it was, in fact, introduced *bonâ fide* to protect the charities from the danger of lapse or non-administration, which is the practical result of throwing them into Chancery. That the delay in sending up the Charitable Trustees Bill was a *manœuvre* Lord Melbourne did not deny. So that, in fact, the charge of *jockeyship* was in the sequel admitted by ministers to be applicable to *themselves*.

To that bill the Lords could not agree. Although, by giving to each rate-payer a right of voting for one-half only of the trustees to be elected, the bill apparently favoured the minority, and tended to create an equality of persons entertaining different opinions amongst those chosen, yet it proceeded in an artful manner to put an end to that equality, and to give to the predominant party in the borough the predominance among the trustees, by providing that if they elected no chairman—which being equally divided they were not likely to do—the mayor should be chairman with 'a *second* or casting vote.'

The Lords saw that it was intended that the ruling party in the municipal council, whatever it might be, should practically administer the charitable funds: they much feared that funds so administered would be used, not for purposes of charity, but of patronage—and they repudiated the bill, which had for its object the perpetuation of such an abuse. The Lords could not make the bill a good bill,† because they could not make it an honest one; and they therefore rejected it. They had no desire that the existing trustees should remain in office for another year; they were fully aware of all the inconveniences of that arrangement; but these inconveniences were less in their opinion than that of permitting a whole year of non-administration, diversified by expensive litigation in that most popular form—a chancery suit.

The Commons insisted. A *free conference* was, after a discreet

* At the free conference Lord John Russell admitted that this postponement was *intentional*.

† The bill, as sent up to the Lords, was very carelessly framed, and full of blunders.

abstinence of ninety-six years,* resorted to by that great parliamentary lawyer and leader, Lord John Russell, and the managers for the two Houses maintained for an hour a very dull conversation in a very civil whisper. As might have been foreseen, neither party convinced the other, and neither would recede without such conviction. One advantage was however attained in the admission, on the part of Lord John Russell, that a plan for the future administration of charitable trusts ought to include provisions for the audit of accounts and for general superintendence, which were not to be found in the plan he had proposed. That vicious plan the Lords could not in duty sanction. Once established in principle, it would have remained without the means of real amendment, and the funds, charitably or piously devoted to the purposes of benevolence or religion within the Church of England, would have been permanently made the object of party plunder or sectarian perversion.

If mischiefs and losses accrue from the present non-administration, for these the Lords are assuredly not responsible.

VIII. *Common Fields Inclosure Bill*.—Very late in the session a bill passed the lower House to enable proprietors of common fields to have their property brought together, inclosed, and discharged from all right of common, without the expense of an act of parliament. We have great doubts of the expediency of the inclosure of commons, so frequent of late years; but this bill must not be confounded with the ordinary inclosure bills, for it only facilitated the division and fencing of lands already allotted and vested in the respective proprietors. It is in principle a useful and convenient bill, but was drawn and passed the Commons in a shape, and was amended by the Lords in a spirit, exceedingly characteristic of the practice and principles which now distinguish the two Houses.

The bill was very loosely worded, and could not have failed to have produced much confusion and litigation, and to have increased the expense which it was intended to save. It enabled proprietors of two-thirds *in value* to inclose, against the will of all the other

* The last was held in 1740, on the occasion of a bill, amended by the Lords, on the subject of the trade with Spain. The late *free conference* was a complete failure, and we suppose the proceeding will never be repeated. The practice had its utility in the days in which it was instituted, because it being at that time forbidden to report and publish the debates, neither House could tell the motives which actuated the other, and a free conference was the only mode of conveying that necessary information; but *now* that the debates are published so accurately, all parties are fully informed of the reasons given, and therefore a *free conference* can only be a repetition of what every body has already read in the morning newspapers. Its utility has vanished, and the practice becomes a farce; and we presume that, in future, the dissentient parties will content themselves with the interchange—as matter of record—of their written opinions.

proprietors; so that *one man*, whose portion might have, from accidental circumstances, a disproportionate value, had the power of compelling sixty or seventy of his poorer neighbours to submit to have the position of their property changed without their consent, and to pay their share of the expense for doing that of which they disapproved. We believe that this exaggeration of—what in a Tory would be called—*aristocratical oppression*, passed the reformed House of Commons without a whisper of objection; but the Lords, with their habitual and constitutional vigilance over such matters, detected and remedied the injustice, by enacting that two-thirds of the proprietors in *number* as well as in *value* should concur to call the act into operation. They also added clauses to enable four-fifths in number and value to agree to relieve from all expenses of the inclosure persons whose allotments did not exceed five acres, thus enabling the rich to influence the consent of the poor, by exempting them from the costs of the improvement. They introduced several other provisions of a similar spirit and tendency, all to cheapen the operation and to promote general concurrence; and lest the system should have led to the inclosure of open spaces, which now afford recreation and health to the population of great towns, they excluded from the operation of the bill all meadows and pastures lying within certain specified distances of towns, such distances being proportioned to the population of the town. We think it will be admitted that the *hereditary representatives* have shown, in this instance, more vigilance and regard for the rights and comforts of the *people* than the *elected*.

IX. *Prisoners' Counsel Bill*.—This was a bill to give prisoners the *advantage*, or rather, we believe, the *disadvantage*, of being heard by counsel in cases of felony—a measure of which, be it advantageous or disadvantageous to the culprit, we have always approved, satisfied that it would be at least advantageous to public *justice*. This innovation in the practice of our criminal courts had never met with much favour from the legal profession, though those, who do not know the general magnanimity of the bar in all personal matters, might have supposed that they would rather have been inclined to support a proposition that was to give them additional employment; nor had it received any considerable countenance in the House of Commons. It however passed this year, and was sent to the Lords, where no one seemed disposed to advance it, till Lord Lyndhurst, who—though he had been originally disinclined to the measure from a belief that it would really operate *against* prisoners, and not *for* them—was induced, probably by his subsequent experience as a judge, to think that it would at least promote the interests of *justice*. He

therefore gave it his decisive support, and it passed the Lords with the amendment of one clause, which gave the counsel for the prisoner the last word, or what is technically called the *reply*. This addition to the first conception of the earlier projects of such a bill, was objectionable on many grounds. One, which ought not to have escaped its framers, was, that it was contradictory to the very principles on which the bill was advocated; for it was urged in favour of the bill in general that it only extended to cases of felony, what was by law already granted in cases of civil action, of misdemeanors, and of high treason; but the framers of this clause seemed to have forgotten that in civil actions, in misdemeanors, and in high treason, the defendant, though he had speaking counsel, had not the *reply*. It was quite clear therefore that Lord Lyndhurst's amendment was consistent with the precedents and principles on which the bill was founded.

But it had also other reasons in its favour—the common sense and common practice of mankind have always given the plaintiff the *reply*, because, until the defendant shall have stated *his* case, nothing can be anticipated about it; and there would be no guarding against false and fraudulent defences, unless the plaintiff had the right of exposing them, which he cannot do till he has heard them. Nay, so plain and clear is this principle, that the law not only gives the plaintiff a *reply-speech* in all cases in which the defendant produces any evidence, but it even allows him to produce new *evidence* in reply, if the witnesses for the defence open a new and unexpected case—this, we repeat, is mere common sense and the practice in every day law and life; it was therefore in the highest degree absurd to endeavour to ingraft on this bill the contrary principle. This legal reason alone would have sufficed to justify the amendment, but there was another, a moral reason, if we may use the term—a reason of humanity—which ought not to be without its weight. Under the old practice the Judge may be said to have replied on behalf of the prisoner, and as his authority must be of great weight with the jury, the Bar have always thought that the Judge's reply, for such it in practice was, must be more favourable to the prisoner than any speech from a professed advocate; it was for this reason, we believe, that they were generally opposed to any change: but how awfully would the prisoner's disadvantage be increased if the Judge, instead of replying to the *plaintiff*, should, by the effect of the new clause, be obliged, as he inevitably would be, to make his address to the jury a reply to the *defendant's* advocate! For these two great and sufficient reasons, and many others of less but not inconsiderable weight, the Lords—with the approbation of, we believe, every thinking man—adhered to the course pointed out by common practice and by

legal analogy. So anxious, however, were, as it seemed, some persons to *pick a quarrel* with the Lords, that they disagreed from this amendment, and the House of Lords were menaced by no less an authority than the Lord Chancellor with the total rejection of the bill by *its own friends* in the House of Commons, if the Lords should persist in their opposition to the clause which was an adventurous, inconsistent, and, compared with the general object, inconsiderable addition. The Lords, however, in despite of this menace, persisted in the right and legal course, and the House of Commons, at the suggestion of the ministers, concurred. But the mode in which the ministers conveyed this suggestion was highly characteristic of their imbecility. Lord John Russell, the spokesman on the occasion, instead of taking the bold and manly line of avowing the opinion of the government, seemed ashamed and reluctant to agree with the House of Lords in anything, and, accordingly, he deprecated the wrath of the friends of the clause by invoking the authority of a *private letter* from Lord Denman, in which that liberal lawyer, who had been always friendly to the general principles of the bill, had expressed *his doubt* (!) of the propriety of the clause; and Lord John added that those other liberal lawyers, the Attorney and Solicitor General, were of the same opinion—thus setting at nought the constitutional authority and legal weight of the whole House of Lords, and resting his reluctant concurrence—not on the decision of those to whom the constitution had given the right to decide—but on a *private letter* from Lord Denman, and the reported opinions of his two Crown lawyers, who had not even the manliness on that occasion to deliver their opinions in person. Contemptible as this miserable manoeuvre was in fact, the inferences which may be drawn from it, as to the spirit of the government and its temper towards the House of Lords, are exceedingly serious, and we have therefore treated it more at large than its intrinsic importance, or rather unimportance, would have deserved.

X. The *Post Office Bill*, of which the object was to substitute THREE commissioners, for one *Postmaster-General*, was also proposed for a second reading on the 12th of August. It was opposed in its principles and in the alleged facts on which it was founded, by the Duke of Richmond, himself the Postmaster-General of the Reform ministry, and who had been by that ministry loudly eulogized—and we believe with justice—as the *best* Postmaster-General of modern times—the one who had made himself personally best acquainted with the details of that extensive and important department. He opposed it, first from his own experience in the department—no inconsiderable authority,—but also from reasoning and analogy. He could not conceive why the responsibility of

a Postmaster-General, with two secretaries, should not be at least as efficient as that of three commissioners; the title was nothing, and the three individual men might be the same. He added, too, that this recommendation came oddly from a ministry which had applied an *exactly opposite* system to the India Board, where, having found three commissioners, they had, as conducing to greater efficacy, changed them into one commissioner and two secretaries. The Duke of Wellington—considering the immense importance of the Post Office department, and the authority of the late Postmaster-General so decidedly adverse to the bill—reminded the House that they were now arrived at the 12th of August; that the House, already overladen with business, could have but a few days to sit, and could not possibly satisfy itself by examination on which side the preponderance of public advantage lay, and therefore upon so very serious an occasion he thought that they could not be expected to decide—with more than mail-coach speed—on such a complicated and controverted question; he therefore concurred with the Duke of Richmond for the postponement of the bill.

We must here take the opportunity of observing, that while the ministry, by originating all debateable measures in the House of Commons, had left the House of Lords for four or five months almost without occupation, they accumulated upon them in the last fortnight or three weeks the mass of business which the House of Commons had—*not done, but—got through* in more than as many months. Something of this kind is inevitable in the last days of a session; but in old times the Lords used to sit a few days longer than the Commons, to consider the bills last sent up; but *now* the Lords were loaded with increasing business up to the last hour, partly because the ministers were really incapable of arranging their measures, and ignorant of what they should or should not be permitted—not by their opponents, but by their adherents in the House of Commons—to pass—but also, we sincerely believe, by a hope that by thus pressing the House of Lords to do more than could be honestly done, they should place them in what is learnedly called a *dilemma*, but more forcibly in the vernacular—a *cleft stick*. The Lords must either pass the ministerial bills without due examination—*which would be well*—or they must postpone them, and so afford occasion for accusation and obloquy, *which would be still better*. There is one fact connected with this topic so remarkable and characteristic of the style in which the House of Commons does its own business, that we cannot omit it. On *Saturday, the 13th of August*, the Attorney-General presented to the House, and caused to be read a *first time*, three bills, with a notice that he meant, on the very next sitting day, viz. *Monday, the 15th*, to move the suspension of all the

the regulations of the House, in order that these bills might be passed, *per saltum*, through all their stages on that day. The bills which were to be *shot* through the House with this accelerated velocity—like bullets from Perkins's steam-gun—were however of a nature affecting legal rights, and therefore would have been in old times thought entitled to a *little* consideration. They were—1. The Borough Justice Administration Bill.—2. The Borough Boundary Bill.—3. The Borough Fund Bill. Such haste seems, of itself, sufficiently indecent; but what will our readers, and what must the country, think when they are informed that these bills were NOT introduced and were NOT read a *first* time on the Saturday, but that the pretended bills which the *first law officer of the Crown* had carried through these forms were three bundles of BLANK PAPER, with parchment covers on which was indorsed the title of each bill! Lord Lincoln—not yet an *hereditary legislator*, but a vigilant as well as a noble representative of the people of England—discovered and exposed this shameful trick or negligence, yet so little were the Conservatives in either House disposed to embarrass the business of the Government, that the bills were permitted to pass.

XI. We have reserved *The Irish Constabulary Bill*, somewhat out of its chronological order, for the last of this class, because it exhibits, in our opinion, the *acme* of ministerial misconduct, and the strongest instance of what government might become without the independent vigilance and control of the House of Lords. This measure was in its original shape, we do not hesitate to say, the most unconstitutional and extravagant in its principles and details that ever was thought of since the times of James II. We doubt, indeed, whether that monarch could have conceived a more powerful implement of despotism*. Sure we are, that if he could have passed such a bill in 1687, he and his descendants might have gone on from that day to this, hearing mass in the chapel royal undisturbed by a parliament.

The ostensible object of the bill was to increase the efficiency of the police force in Ireland; its operation, however, would have been, and by the initiated must, we presume, have been intended to be, to create an unlimited patronage in the government, and to cripple or destroy the existing laws for the collection of tithes. The details were really so monstrous as to be almost incredible.

* 'Something of the same kind, indeed, was then in contemplation; and indeed there is a curious similarity between the measures proposed by the ministers of James II. and William IV., for the government of Ireland. The popish Bishop Tyrrel writes to James, 14th August, 1686, to urge him—"To raise and train a Catholic militia in Ireland—to place Catholics at the helm of that kingdom—to issue out quo warrantos against all the corporations in it—to put all employes, civil and military, in Catholic hands!"'—*Memoirs of Ireland*, p. 239. Might not this letter be signed J. McHale, and be dated 14th August, 1836? Verily, verily, there is nothing new under the sun—except the apostasy of Whigs!

It enabled the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to appoint an inspector-general of police (*an Irish FOUCHÉ*), two deputy-inspectors, forty-two county inspectors, as many sub-inspectors, as many paymasters, and *such number* of chief-constables, head-constables, and sub-constables, as *HE might think necessary*. Existing acts had specified the qualifications and disqualifications of constables—this act recognized *none*. It, in fact, enabled the Lord Lieutenant to give, in his unrestricted bounty, salaries of 25*l.*, 35*l.*, 70*l.*, nay, of 150*l.* per annum, to *every man in Ireland*. It placed—with a confidence more complimentary than constitutional—in *his* hands, and beyond the control of Parliament, the means of creating and maintaining a great standing army—for the expense of the force, whatever it might be, was to be charged, without any further vote of Parliament, partly on the Consolidated Fund, and partly on the *several* Irish counties. - Nor was there any other practical limit to the amount of the military force which might have been thus unconstitutionally raised, but that which resulted from limiting the number of inspectors and sub-inspectors to forty-two of each class. These would be, in fact, the *field-officers* of the new army; and even this limitation of the number of field-officers would still have allowed the formation of *forty-two battalions of a thousand men each*! The expense, too, of this force, was calculated on the same scale as that of the *troops of the line*; and to make the *military* character of the whole still more complete, a large bonus was given to induce *officers* of the army to enter this service, by providing that they should retain their *military* half-pay in addition to their constabulary allowances.

If Mr. Pitt in the flagrancy of the rebellion of 1798—if Mr. Addington in the rebellion of 1803—if Lord Liverpool during ten years of treasonable association and turbulence—if Sir Robert Peel in the height of the tithe insurrection, had ventured to propose, as they all would have had abundant excuses for doing, any fraction of such a force, any shred of such a system, what would have been the indignant declamations of the very party who now proposed this wonderful measure! But what shall we say when we find that this measure was proposed by men who, at the close of the session, put into his Majesty's mouth the following testimony, that the state of Ireland was most unusually satisfactory?

'It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the *tranquillity* which has prevailed, and the *diminution of crime* which has lately taken place in Ireland'!!!—*King's Speech, 20th Aug. 1836.*

But astonishing as the conduct of the ministry was, there was another party whose acquiescence in this measure was at first sight equally surprising—those who so vehemently declaim on the naturally quiet disposition of the Irish people—who
allege

allege that whatever slight disorders may occur, are produced altogether by bad government—who are indignant at any occasional interference of a military force—and who boast that they and their allies, the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, can answer for the tranquillity and good order of that country—yet these gentlemen permitted this bill to pass the House of Commons without a murmur. What motive—what omnipotent motive could have produced this preternatural silence? Had they bargained for, and had the ministers promised them, the composition of this army—the nomination of the officers—the profits—the privileges and the powers, thus lavishly provided for these *Roman* legions—these worse than prætorian bands?

The House of Lords, not being as yet informed of the important secret which reposed in the breast of the King and his cabinet, that Ireland was in a state of unwonted and growing tranquillity, and only knowing that for fifty years it had been in a state of frightful and increasing disorder, could not refuse to the King's government an increase of power, which they declared, on their ministerial responsibility, to be necessary for the public safety. The Lords, therefore, consented to the principle of an increased force with increased powers; but they could not consent at once to abdicate *all* economical control and *all* constitutional principle in Ireland; and they thought fit to put some limit to the authority of even a Whig and patriot government in raising soldiers and in expending money. They, therefore, reduced the inspectors, whose salaries and allowances were to be 590*l.* a-year, from *forty-two*—one for each county—to *four*—one for each province. The forty-two paymasters were also reduced to eighteen. The Lord-Lieutenant was allowed to maintain the existing amount of police force, but no augmentation was to take place without a formal application from the magistrates of the county in special sessions, except only in cases when the danger might be so sudden and flagrant, as to require the Lord-Lieutenant, with the advice of the Privy Council, to proclaim the district to be in a state of disturbance—when he might (yet still within certain limits) take extraordinary measures.

But besides the creation of this unconstitutional army, there were some other not less surprising provisions in the bill.

It gave the Lord-Lieutenant the power to appoint four magistrates in every county, and two in every county of a town or city—in all 142—with salaries of 400*l.* a-year each—another most potent motive, no doubt, for the acquiescence of certain Irish members: but the Lords, who, though they had not been yet informed of the universal tranquillity of Ireland, knew at least that many counties of Ireland were tranquil, and that if four

Magistrates were enough for Tipperary, they must be superabundant in Antrim or Fermanagh. They therefore thought it better to give the Lord-Lieutenant a discretionary power to appoint such magistrates, not at once and all over the country, but whenever and wherever he might think them necessary; and they required that in such case the grounds of the appointment should be stated in the warrant, and that such appointments should be inserted in the Dublin Gazette, in order that public opinion might control the exercise of this otherwise inordinate patronage.

But the most odious, because it seems to have been a fraudulent, part of this wonderful bill remains to be still exposed. Our readers must be aware that the resistance to the payment of tithes had been sadly enfeebled by the legal processes of the Court of Exchequer, which, executed by the constables and other ministers of the law, could not be made the subject of popular declamation against military interference, and were found to be in fact, as the law ought always to be, *irresistible*. Here was now presented an opportunity of enervating and defeating these inconvenient and importunate legal processes. The proposed bill boldly repealed one of the earliest and most fundamental principles of the British constitution,—the authority of the courts of justice over the constables, and transferred it to the FOUCHES of the day with a more than autocratical power in that dictator to direct it by such rules and to such purposes and objects only as *he* might think proper. Away, at a stroke of a pen, vanished the legal powers of the King in his supreme courts of justice; the judgments and orders of the King's Bench and Exchequer became mere *brutum fulmen*, unless Mr. Inspector-General should choose to *fiat* the warrant of the Judges. In all the slavish annals of the lower empire—in all the history of the despotic coercions inflicted on the old *parliaments* of France—in all Buonaparte's military mandates to his servile functionaries, there is not, we believe, anything to parallel this proposition made by a Whig ministry to a British parliament. The Lords once again exclaimed—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. They expunged this monstrous clause, and have left the constabulary power in Ireland on the same footing in this respect on which it has stood ever since there has been law in the country.

If the House of Lords had done nothing but defeat this tyrannical bill, they would deserve the eternal gratitude and confidence of their country; but what does the ministry deserve who concocted and proposed it?

Such are the principal measures of the session which the House of Lords have been obliged to postpone or amend, or, in Lord Holland's phraseology, to *mutilate*. His Lordship, it seems, con-

siders as mutilation the operations—*ne pars sincera trahetur*—of a skilful and honest surgeon, called in *at the last moment* to remedy the previous botchery of an ignorant quack. But by what name will he describe the conduct of himself and his colleagues on five or six other measures which they have abandoned, but whose fate is, if possible, more characteristic of what we must call the reckless imbecility of ministers than any that we have mentioned?

At the opening of the session the ministers thought proper to give—in the *most solemn form* our constitution admits—that is through the medium of the *King's Speech*—a pledge that they would bring forward and perfect certain measures, which, we need not add, must have been considered as of immediate urgency and paramount importance, to justify their being anticipated and recommended in the speech from the throne. The pledge thus given by ministers was repeated, adopted, and recorded by the unanimous addresses of both Houses. Now, let see how this royal recommendation, these ministerial pledges, these parliamentary engagements, have been executed.

His Majesty had prefaced his recommendation—by *rejoicing*—‘that the present state of public affairs, both at home and abroad, is such as to permit you to proceed, *without delay or interruption*, to the calm examination of those measures which will be submitted to your consideration.’—*King's Speech, Feb. 1836.*

The topic first mentioned, and, therefore, we presume, considered by ministers as the first in urgency as in rank, was thus announced:—

‘My Lords and Gentlemen,—You will direct your *early attention* to the *ecclesiastical establishment*, with the intention of rendering it more efficient for the holy purposes for which it has been instituted.’—*King's Speech.*

His Majesty's recommendation was in the first instance obeyed—the *early attention* of both Houses was directed to the ecclesiastical establishment in a series of bills, the fate of which, however, has not quite justified the *rejoicing* with which his Majesty had been made to anticipate their success.

1. The measure we shall first notice was the *Bill for the reform of Church Discipline*. This bill originated in the Lords. It was introduced by the *Lord Chancellor*—the first of the ministers in rank, and, on such subjects, the first in authority—by the Lord Chancellor, lately hoisted into that place still filled with the recollections of the learned caution of Eldon, the energetic cleverness of Brougham, and the vast yet accurate capacity of Lyndhurst.

The Lord Chancellor, on moving that this bill be read a second time, described it as ‘a measure of great importance.’ His lordship bore testimony to

'the very exemplary conduct of the great proportion of the distinguished body which constitute the clergy of the Church of England. But,' added the noble and learned lord, 'in proportion as the clergy are exemplary, they are themselves entitled to have the law brought into that state which shall secure them from having among their community any individual whose offences should require punishment. *It is no less due to them than to the country at large, that the law should be made effective for this purpose.* For many years past, the only mode which has existed for enforcing discipline among the clergy, has been by very feeble, expensive, and unsatisfactory proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts. That circumstance alone renders it expedient to adopt some alteration in the law.'

The bill of the Lord Chancellor, which was in most respects the same as one proposed the year before by Sir Robert Peel, differed from it in one particular, the establishment of a trial for ecclesiastical offences by a jury of the clergy. It proposed to abolish the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over charges or suits against spiritual persons, 'for the purpose of procuring any sentence of excommunication, suspension, deprivation, or any other spiritual censure;' and to transfer that jurisdiction to the bishop of the diocese, in which the person to be charged shall reside or hold his benefice, or have committed the offence, or to one or more episcopal commissioners, to be appointed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York for their respective provinces. No suit or charge was to be heard or adjudicated upon, nor any sentence to be passed, unless in the presence of one or more legal assessors, being barristers or advocates of seven years' standing. All charges were to be brought within three years after the alleged offence, or within six months after conviction in any court of law. The inquiry was to be conducted before a jury of nine* clergymen, of whom six might return a verdict, and an appeal to the archbishop against any judgment pronounced was given. The bill in its progress through the committee, and on the report, received many important amendments. Provisions, which had before been wanting, as to the mode of selecting and summoning the jurors, their qualification, the power to excuse from attendance, and the preparation, by the registrar of the diocese, of a list of persons who had served so as to establish their claim to exemption during the succeeding three years, were supplied. It being considered just 'that no person should be called upon to answer in any court to any charge made against him lightly, and without *primâ facie* evidence of the truth of such charge,' an amendment was introduced, rendering necessary a certificate that a *primâ facie* case had been established, to be given to the bishop under the hands and seals of the archdeacon or rural dean, and of two clergymen,

* This number was reduced to seven, and a verdict of five was rendered necessary.

(to be annually nominated by the bishop of each diocese,) or any two of them, after the examination by them of witnesses, or of written depositions on oath taken before any justice of the peace. Another most important amendment admitted of a *private* inquiry, with the consent of the spiritual person charged, and gave the bishop the same power, with such consent, of pronouncing any sentence which he might have pronounced after a public hearing.

This government measure thus solemnly introduced by the Lord Chancellor, and thus—not only not opposed, but essentially amended and improved, was sent down to the House of Commons, but did not, we believe, receive from that House so much notice as even—to be printed!! *Who* was it, then, that in this important instance paralyzed wholesome reform, and insulted by contemptuous neglect, the deliberate labours of his Majesty's government—the Lords or the Commons?

2. Another branch of this subject was a bill of a mixed legal and ecclesiastical character, for the consolidation and reconstruction of the several ecclesiastical courts, in pursuance of the recommendation contained in the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into these matters. This bill, after having been referred to a select committee of the Lords, and reported on, was allowed to sleep in complete neglect; and the ministry, though reminded of its importance, never made the slightest attempt to advance the measure, as if, as Lord Lyndhurst said, there had been a disposition to justify the appellation of a '*dormitory*,' which had been courteously applied to the House of Lords by the Attorney-General—the same law officer who had caused the three blank bundles to be read a first time on a Saturday, and passed as bills on the Tuesday following—when, at least, we hope they had ceased to be blanks! To a gentleman of such unparalleled agility in skipping through the stages of legislation, we are not surprised that the House of Lords should seem to be a '*dormitory*.'

3. A bill on the subject of *Pluralities* was brought in by the Archbishop of Canterbury—we shall give in Lord Lyndhurst's words the history of that bill:—

'It was by far the best measure which had ever been submitted to Parliament upon this delicate and difficult question. Many persons had before directed their attention to it, but had failed in producing anything satisfactory as the result of their labours. The bill was supported in this House by the ministers of the crown; it was supported and adopted by them, as it was their duty to do, in the other House of Parliament. It was allowed to proceed for a time, and through the earlier stages, but the moment at length arrived when a period was to be put to its progress. Certain supporters of the government determined that it should proceed no further. Resistance, on the part of the government, was at

first attempted, but they soon gave way, and submitted to this dictation on the part of their supporters, and thereby sacrificed a measure, which they themselves had, by their conduct, and in terms, declared to be of great value to the interests of the Established Church, and of great importance to the interests of the country.'—*Speech* (24th ed.), p. 14.

4. Next came a bill—most especially recommended in the *King's Speech*—founded on the reports of the Church Commission—Lord Lyndhurst shall also describe its fate :—

'There was, my Lords, another measure, a bill framed under the direction of the government, to carry into effect the Fourth Report of the Church Commissioners—a commission and report to which several members of the cabinet were parties. The report which I hold in my hand, I see, was signed by the noble Viscount; by the noble Marquis, the president of the council; it was signed by the noble Lord, the leader in the other House of Parliament, and other members of the cabinet. (*Hear, hear!*) It recommended very extensive regulations and reforms in a part of the church establishment. The bill founded on that report was brought into the other House of Parliament. It had scarcely appeared, when the party to whom I have already referred, compelled the noble Lord to stop his proceedings. A mutiny broke out in the camp, and he found it necessary to comply. A conference was announced—it was held somewhere in the neighbourhood of Downing-street, or of Whitehall. According to public rumour it was not carried on in those well-bred whispers which mark the free conferences between the Lords and Commons. What was the result? it was insisted, in terms and in a tone of a very decisive character, that ministers *must abandon their measure*.'—*ibid.*, p. 15.

Such was the fate of the ecclesiastical measures announced, with such premature rejoicing, from the throne.

5. Next in importance to the interests of religion and the church come law and the administration of justice, and this topic is produced in the *King's Speech* with an earnestness that partakes a little of *declamatory flourish*; but on such a subject we forgive the ministers for making his Majesty express himself somewhat loftily.

'The speedy and satisfactory administration of justice is the *first and most sacred duty of a sovereign*; and I earnestly recommend you to consider whether better provision may not be made for this *great purpose* in some departments of the law, and more particularly in the Court of Chancery.'—*King's Speech*.

Now let Lord Lyndhurst, himself so great an authority in all that concerns that court, tell how this solemn engagement was performed.

'My Lords, in referring to the speech from the throne, we shall find that one of the prominent subjects to which our attention was called, and with respect to which great expectations were entertained, was a REFORM

OF

OF THE LAW, and more particularly of the COURT OF CHANCERY. No sooner was that announcement made than in the profession to which I formerly had the honour of belonging, as well as in the minds of the public, the most eager expectations were awakened. Week after week, and month after month, passed away, but those expectations were not gratified. At length, and after a long delay, a bill was produced by my noble and learned friend, which I have too great a respect for his understanding, to suppose could be his own production. It must, I think, have been forced upon him by some other person, and hastily and unadvisedly adopted by him. I said this measure was produced; yes, it appeared for a moment, and it fell from my noble and learned friend's arms, still-born, on your Lordship's table. The measure met with no support in this House; it met with no support from any party, or any section or fragment of any party, out of it. Neither Whig nor Tory, Radical nor Conservative, defended it; it met with no support from any portion of the public press, whether in the pay of government, or espousing the party in opposition; no single voice in any quarter has been raised in its favour. Even the noble Lords who usually support the government, appear by anticipation to have condemned it; for a more scanty attendance, considering the importance of the question, never has, I think, occurred during the present session of Parliament. I pass therefore over this measure—*Requiescat in pace*; I will not disturb its ashes.'—*Lord Lyndhurst's Speech*, p. 6.

That our present ministers, whose whole lives have been a series of inconsistency, amounting in some instances to apostacy, should break their own promises, and abandon their own pledges, can now surprise nobody, but we confess we were not prepared to see the Speech from the throne made the vehicle of clap-trap rodomontades, and 'the *first and most sacred duty of a sovereign*' introduced as the prologue to an *empty bubble*.

6. There was another instance in which the subserviency of the ministers to the dictation of its domineering followers was even still more marked—the Bill for the Registration of Voters, introduced and abandoned under the following circumstances:—

'There is a third measure to which I beg for a moment to call your Lordships' attention, the Bill for the Registration of Voters. What is the history of that bill? It originated in a committee appointed by government, and over which a member of the government presided. After long inquiry and deliberation, they came to certain conclusions upon the subject; in consequence of which a bill was prepared, under the direction of government, and was brought into the other House of Parliament. Upon the back of that bill I see the names of Lord John Russell, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General. It was, therefore, emphatically a measure of the government, and, I must say, with one or two exceptions, an extremely good bill, and which ought to have been adopted, and passed into a law. But what, my Lords, was the result? The party to whom I have already referred opposed the progress

progress of it; they remodelled most of its regulations, and though it appears that some resistance was made to these changes, they were at length acquiesced in, and the bill thus changed was brought up to your Lordships' house. I really thought that we were entitled to the gratitude of the noble Viscount for the course we thought it right to pursue. My noble friend (Lord Wharncliffe) applied his vigorous and manly mind to the consideration of this bill—he noticed the *alterations* which had been made in it, and determined at last to get rid of those *interpolations*, and to restore, as nearly as possible, the text of the noble Viscount's bill to its original purity. Were we not justified, then, in considering ourselves entitled to the thanks of the noble Viscount, supporting as we did *his own measure*, prepared after so much consideration and care by the government? Instead of this, to our infinite surprise, we were again visited with one of those tempests of invective and of passion so familiar to the noble Viscount, and so frequently directed against those noble Lords who sit on this side of the House. And what was the result? This bill of the government, *their own measure*, was abandoned by the noble Viscount, who in a careless tone, stated across the table, that he should proceed no further with it,—and for what reason? obviously because he dreaded the opposition and resentment of that class of his supporters by whom in the other House of Parliament the bill had been so *completely altered and deformed*.

‘And this, my Lords, is a government! Was there ever, in the history of this country, a body of men who would have condescended to carry on the government under such circumstances! In this House they are utterly powerless—they can effect nothing. We on this side are obliged to perform the duties of the government for them. In the other House of Parliament, measures which they themselves have advised, and prepared, and brought forward, involving, as they tell us, the most important interests of the country, they without scruple tamely abandon at the dictation of any section of their supporters. Yet, thus disgraced and trampled upon, they still condescend to hold the reins of government.’—*Speech of Lord Lyndhurst*, p. 16.

If Lord Lyndhurst had never rendered any other service to his country than the exposure of the marvellous misconduct and still more marvellous effrontery of his Majesty's pretended ministers during the late session, he would have deserved the respect and gratitude of the public. That reward, however, he had already earned by the integrity, ability, and courage of his whole political life; by his learning on the bench, his wisdom in the cabinet, and his eloquence in the senate.

‘*Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*’

And that nothing—even the lowest circumstance—might be wanting to the splendour of his position, as a gem is illustrated by the foil, he is honoured, as far as they can confer honour, by the

the *conscience-soured* taunts of Lord Holland and the too complimentary invectives of Mr. O'Connell.

In conclusion; we would appeal to any man of ordinary common sense, whatever be his party—Conservative, Whig, or even Radical—whether that country can be in a natural and healthy state of political government where such persons as Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell are allowed to *hang on* to the helm which they cannot guide—while Lord Grey and Lord Brougham are relegated into an obscure neutrality—and such men as Peel and Stanley, Wellington and Lyndhurst, backed by the vast preponderance of the property and intelligence of the empire, and even by the majority of the population and *representatives of England*, are unable to do more than mitigate the mischief produced by a fictitious and merely nominal government, itself the slave of every little knot of intriguers or agitators who choose in turns to dictate to it their own corrupt or crazy conditions of support?

Where is all this to stop?—when is the public patience to be exhausted?—where is the public alarm to rally and resist? If example could teach us, what lessons have not France and Spain and Portugal unrolled before us? If we are to profit by experience, do not the domestic events of the last few years suffice for our conviction? In 1828 *Catholic emancipation*—our first fatal step, but perhaps inevitable, in the circumstances in which it was taken—was forced on a reluctant government by a parliamentary majority, by the apprehension of a civil conflict, and, above all, by the most solemn assurances of future and unalterable gratitude, tranquillity, and content. It was, however, an *organic change* of the constitution of 1688.

What followed—tranquillity and content? Alas! no—redoubled turbulence and still more audacious menace. This new constitution lasted barely four troublous years. Then was granted *Parliamentary Reform*, and granted in a larger measure than even the maddest or greediest innovator had ever dreamt of, in the hope, we are willing to believe on the part of at least some members of Lord Grey's Cabinet, of *gorging* the ravening mouth of revolution, and of stopping, by excess of concession, all further movement. That was an *organic change* in the recent constitution of 1828.

This constitution has also lasted its four years, and now we are threatened with another *organic change*—which, if accomplished, could only lead, and at a still shorter interval, to another, and another, and another; till, at no great distance of time, Lord John Russell may have to repeat in good earnest his frivolous expostulation, '*Why, you would not have a revolution every year?*'

As

As for ourselves, we see (except by divine Providence) but one immediate chance (and after all it would be but a chance) of national salvation—and that is, the restoration of Sir Robert Peel to the care of the public fortunes, with the co-operation of every other public man who is willing to say to the revolutionary movement, *Ne plus ultra! You shall come no farther!*

NOTE ON No. CIX.

ART.—Osler's *Life of Lord Exmouth*.

WE have to apologise to Captain Hay, of Hopes near Haddington, for not inserting sooner a letter which he addressed to us shortly after the appearance of our article on Osler's *Life of Lord Exmouth*. If the Captain's statements could have needed any corroboration, we should have also reprinted a letter of Mr. James Thomson of Liverpool, to the Editor of the *Times*, dated Sept. 26, 1835—three months before our article was published—in which, however, Mr. Osler's name was treated with uncalled-for disrespect.

To the Editor of the Quarterly Review.

Sir,—I was astonished in perusing, a few days ago, an article in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, on the life of the late Admiral Lord Exmouth, to find a most grave charge brought against the officers of the Dutton East Indiaman, lost in Plymouth Sound in January, 1796, when employed in a case of emergency as a transport for the conveyance of troops to the West Indies; and as their professional character and reputation are deeply wounded, I consider I am imperatively called upon, in justice to myself and brother officers, to give the following paragraph, which is said to be an extract from one of his Lordship's letters, and on which is founded the most direct and unequivocal contradiction:—"I saw the loss of the whole 500 or 600 was inevitable without somebody to direct them, for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf." Now, so far from all the officers having quitted the ship when his Lordship (then Captain Edward Pellew) reached her, not one, I have the satisfaction to say, had been guilty of such a base and pusillanimous dereliction of duty; the chief, second, and third officers being three of the last five persons who quitted the wreck, and (indeed his Lordship admits, in his letter to Admiral Onslow, that he left on board the first and third mates, and boatswain, and that he was eased on shore by them), the fourth mate had been sent on shore with a message about the hawseers, by Mr. Mitchell, the first mate, and a brother of the late Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell. That Sir Edward's intentions were highly praiseworthy, no one who duly appreciates intrepid bravery in the cause of humanity will attempt to deny; but in awarding the meed of praise to him, the merits of the officers of the ship ought not to be thrown in the shade, or their professional reputation so cruelly maligned, more especially as they were not only acquitted of all blame, but highly extolled for their judicious and successful arrangements for the saving of the lives of those committed to their care, the total absence of anything like confusion, and the exemplary discipline maintained under such trying circumstances. When Sir Edward Pellew reached the wreck, the people were being landed by means of the jib traveller on a hawser, which had been stretched from the ship to the shore, and was then in full play; so that it is absurd to assert that he even suggested the means that were used to save the people, and equally absurd

absurd to say he took the command, as the first officer never surrendered it, and continued to direct till the last. Where Sir Edward's exertions proved of the greatest service was in his inducing, by the waving of his hat and sword, and speaking through a trumpet, two boats to come alongside, which were lying off and afraid to approach nearer, to take out the sick women and children; and I cannot omit mentioning, that a young man from a merchant vessel (now Captain J. Coghlan, R.N.) was then first to come alongside, at least near enough to receive the women and children, who were thrown to him in blankets, and his conduct and intrepidity exceeded any praise which it is in the power of language to bestow. Sir Edward was sent on shore by the hawser, at his own entreaty, by myself and a quartermaster named Henderson, when there were seventeen or eighteen people left on board, and at the time only the poop-hawser working (the ship having parted a little abaft the mainmast), by which the remainder of the people were landed. When the number was reduced to five or six, viz. the first, second, and third officers, boatswain, and Henderson the quartermaster, Mr. Mitchell, the first, from previous severe indisposition, being in a very feeble state, was urged by all to permit himself to be slung to the hawser; but such was his sense of the duty that had devolved on him in the absence of his commander, who had landed the previous evening, also in a very weak state of health, that he firmly resisted all our entreaties until I consented to go before him; indeed, we were both so exhausted, that neither (alone) could have pulled the traveller on board; and that noble fellow Henderson, already mentioned, having confidence in his own strength, insisted on being the last, and was the last man who quitted the unfortunate Dutton.

"After such a statement of facts, which I shall be ready, if called upon, to attest by the most solemn asseveration, you will not be surprised at my being anxious to rescue my own character and that of my brother officers from such unmerited obloquy as is contained in the following extract from Mr. Osler's work, which is as devoid of truth as it is cruel and ungenerous, particularly to those who, having paid the debt of nature, cannot vindicate themselves:—'The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge and got on shore just as he (Sir Edward Pellew) arrived on the beach, having urged them, without success, to return to their duty.' That the author had been grossly misled by those to whom he resorted for information I cannot for a moment doubt; nor can I but feel assured that he will gladly avail himself of the first opportunity that presents itself to render the *amende honorable*, and do justice to those he has traduced, by placing too implicit confidence in the correctness of those from whom he has collected his materials. The military officers behaved most nobly, and were handing the sick women and children from the orlop-deck, when the sea was pouring down on them; and when all the masts went, such was the order and discipline preserved, that out of about 500 people then on deck, not one was hurt, except two, who were drowned by getting entangled in the main rigging, when employed in cutting away the masts. I trust I have said enough to induce you to do an act of justice, by inserting any part of this communication in your next number, that you may consider essential for the cause of truth, and for correcting the error you were led into in your last.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM HAY,

"Late Commander of the East India Company's ship Charles Grant,
and formerly Second Officer of the Dutton."

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., from a variety of Original Sources.* By James Prior, Esq., F.S.A.; Member of the Royal Irish Academy; and Author of the Life of Burke. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1836.
2. *The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., with a variety of Pieces in Prose and Verse, now included for the first time.* By James Prior, Esq. London. 4 vols. 8vo. 1836.

WE have satisfaction in observing that the enterprise of the booksellers has at length taken a bent which we several years ago told them would be found more beneficial to themselves, as well as to the public, than the rage for new 'libraries' *de omni scibili*. The monthly volumes which then threatened to pour upon us to the crack of doom, had the advantages of convenient form and cheap price, accompanied with elegance of print, and not unfrequently with lavish ornament in the way of engraving; but, to say nothing of real thought or talent, they, with few exceptions, reflected little credit on the industry, and less on the honesty, of the compilers. That flimsy manufacture, the steam-tambouring of literature, seems to have made room for the less showy speculation of preparing, under the direction of graver persons, carefully annotated editions of those *classics* of our country, whose writings may afford manly aliment to the understanding, and pure examples to the taste of the rising generation. Among the undertakings of this better order which have recently come under our view, we must allow a distinguished place to these labours of Mr. Prior, whose Life of Burke was criticised at some length in one of our numbers for 1826. Ever since that time he has been sedulously engaged in collecting materials for a biography of Goldsmith, on a scale somewhat commensurate with his merits; and having, in the course of his researches, discovered many pieces, both in prose and verse, which, though worthy of his reputation, had never been included in any collection of his works, Mr. Prior at length resolved to prepare an enlarged and corrected edition of his distinguished countryman's *Miscellanies*, to be issued from the press at the same time with this Memoir. We have the two books now before us—and proceed to notice, more briefly than we could

wish to have done, the very considerable accession to our knowledge for which this modest and diligent man may demand the thanks of every student of our literature.

It is not to the honour of England, least of all is it to the honour of Ireland, that sixty years should have passed after the death of Goldsmith before any attempt was made to give the events of his life in accurate detail. Till now, however, there had been put forth, professedly to gratify curiosity on this head, nothing more valuable than one of the most meagre of prefaces. It was drawn up, indeed, by a person who received some verbal communications from two or three of the poet's surviving friends; but, except their half dozen anecdotes, a single loose letter on his early adventures by his eldest sister, and such trivial specimens of his own familiar correspondence as hardly sufficed to fill three pages, the nameless preface-writer produced almost nothing that could throw any real light on his subject. In fact, the personal character of this delightful author has been abandoned to the casual notices of Boswell—who, for whatever reason, bore him little good will, sets down nothing that might tend to counterbalance the ludicrous stories in which he introduces his name, and betrays a lurking disposition to undervalue even the talents for which his own great idol took every opportunity of expressing the highest respect. Mr. Croker and his coadjutors, more especially Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh, seem to agree that Boswell, among many more pardonable weaknesses, all along regarded Goldsmith with a fretful jealousy. He, to the last, envied him his fame; but in the beginning of their intercourse he envied him above all things the avowed esteem of Johnson. From an early date Boswell had resolved to attempt, if he should outlive Johnson, the task which he ultimately executed, in so far as Johnson was concerned, with inimitable success. But his *Doctor Minor* was twenty years his *Doctor Major's* junior; he found them living in habits of familiarity in London, while his own visits to the capital were, and were likely to be, but rare; and Mrs. Thrale's information, that when Johnson was asked who ought to write his life, the answer was, 'Goldy would, no doubt, do it the best,' seems not only to have hung and rankled in his mind while Goldsmith lived, but to have left its traces in the last, long subsequent, labours of his pen. This is a painful and pitiable feature in, what we consider as, on the whole, the best-natured, as well as the most amusing, of books. But we are conscious that when we devoured Boswell in our boyish days, we were little prepared to discriminate and cross-examine; and, we are sorry to add, we doubt whether all the counter-working of Mr. Prior's zeal will

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be found sufficient to modify, to much extent, the impression which familiarity with the charming pages of Goldsmith's habitual detractor has spread over the minds of our own coevals. On the race that is preparing to push us from our stools, his labours will perhaps produce an effect more adequate to his anticipations.

Goldsmith happily called one of the arts in which he has never been surpassed, that of 'building a book;' but the most studious of his admirers does not shine as a compiler. We could hardly praise too highly the sagacity and patience with which he has hunted every hint of information, whether oral or documentary, but he has seldom shown skill in his manner of putting together the results. His minute accounts of the way in which he traced out every item of novelty that he presents ought to have been given in his *preface*: they belong—not to the history of Goldsmith—but to the history of Mr. Prior's book. His episodic chapters on Goldsmith's obscure literary associates and forgotten antagonists should have been first cut down very considerably—and then thrown into so many articles of an appendix; and the new and valuable illustrations of the early career of Burke, which he has crammed head and shoulders into the midst of Goldsmith's story, should have been reserved for another edition of his *Life of Burke*. There are, moreover, some clumsy repetitions—and heavy disquisitions, both moral and critical, which it is impossible not to wish away altogether. To balance these defects and errors we recognise throughout Mr. Prior's main narrative a candid mind, kept active by a generous enthusiasm in the cause of virtue and genius, and a plain, unaffected style, never disfigured by tinsel garnishing, and now and then rising into a certain sober dignity which we are old-fashioned enough to prefer to either the point of wit or the pomp of rhetoric. But the solid worth of the biography consists in the striking anecdotes which Mr. Prior has gathered in the course of his anxious researches among Goldsmith's few surviving acquaintances, and the immediate descendants of his personal friends in London and relations in Ireland; above all, in the rich mass of the poet's own familiar letters, which, by the help of these allies, he has been enabled to bring together. No poet's letters in the world, not even those of Cowper, appear to us more interesting for the light they throw on the habits and feelings of the man that wrote them; and we think it will also be acknowledged that the simple gracefulness of their language is quite worthy of the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. We may differ from many of our readers as to all the rest, but we are confident that, if Mr. Prior had done, and

should do, nothing else, the services he has rendered to literature by recovering and recording these beautifully characteristic effusions, would be enough to secure honour to his memory. And who will not be rejoiced to hear that in one instance at least the best secondary monument of a great Irish genius has also been erected by an Irish hand?

The origin of Goldsmith's family is obscure; the first ascertained ancestor being his great-great-grandfather, the Rev. John Goldsmith, rector of Borrishoull, in the county of Mayo, who narrowly escaped perishing in the Popish massacre of 1641. The then Bishop of Killala, with this gentleman and sixteen others of his clergy, having witnessed the shocking scene at Castlebar, betook themselves to the residence of the Viscount Bourke, a Roman Catholic peer, who had married a Protestant lady, and claimed his personal protection. Lord Bourke invited Mr. Goldsmith to remain in attendance on his wife, and thus he was safe. He then gave the rest of the party a safe-conduct to Galway, and himself accompanied them part of the way thither; but so soon as he left them they were set upon, and the Bishop and almost all his train murdered.* The services and losses of this rector of Borrishoull procured a small grant of land and considerable promotion in the church for his eldest son, who died in 1722 Dean of Elphin. His second son, Robert, the poet's grandfather, obtained also a beneficial lease of some crown land, and lived on it as a gentleman farmer. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, was Robert's second son, one of a family of thirteen children; he was of Trinity College, Dublin, took orders on leaving it, and immediately married the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of a school at Elphin, where he had received his preliminary education and formed this attachment. The young couple married against the will of both their families, and without having any means of support at their own command; but Mr. Green, an uncle of the bride, who was rector of Kilkenny-West, provided them a farm-house in his parish to live in, and by and bye her mother, Mrs. Jones, made over to them fifty acres of land, procured at a nominal rent by the exertion of that species of address which an Irish tenant still sometimes plays off upon an Irish landlord.

The Rev. Oliver Jones had held these and other lands on a life-rent lease from Mr. Conolly, one of the Lords Justices. His wife, on his death, found that Mr. Conolly was not disposed to grant a renewal, and determined to try the effect of a personal application. She mounted on horseback behind her only son, and travelled straight to Dublin. Mr. Conolly persisted in his

* History of the Irish Rebellion, by Sir John Temple, 1698, p. 107.

refusal, until the old lady drew out a bag and showered its contents, one hundred guineas, upon the table. This was a temptation not to be resisted; the landlord immediately granted a fresh lease of *half* the lands on the same easy terms as before—and she used afterwards to say that she wished she had taken another hundred with her, and so secured the whole. An accident on this journey cost the spirited dame the life of her son: she returned home, as the old song says, ‘Sitting single on her saddle;’ and, in the mercy of sorrow, handed over the hard-earned lease to her rash daughter and son-in-law.

The farm-house in which they had found shelter was that of *Pallismore*, the property then and now of the *Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown*;—and here they continued to live for about twelve years, on the scanty income of Mr. Conolly’s fifty acres, which it adjoined. Five children were born to them at Pallismore, the last being Oliver, who, according to the first leaf of the family-bible, saw the light on the 10th of November, 1728, three years earlier than the date on his monument in Westminster Abbey. He had one brother, Henry, six years his senior, two younger brothers, and three sisters; but before all these came into the world, the father succeeded to the living of Kilkenny-West, then worth from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year, and removed to a good house at Lissoy, in that parish. Oliver was only two or three years old when they went to Lissoy; and in Lissoy tradition has uniformly pointed out, and Mr. Prior fondly recognizes, the original of

‘Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.’

A relation of the Goldsmiths, one Elizabeth Delap, widow of a farmer, kept a little school in this village, and under her Oliver learned his letters. Dr. Streat, the present venerable rector of Athlone, remembers Mrs. Delap well; she outlived her celebrated pupil, and used, when boasting of their connexion in her latter days, to add, nevertheless, that he was one of the dullest boys she ever had to deal with. At six years of age he was transferred from the dame’s school to one kept by Thomas Byrne, an old soldier, who had risen from the ranks to be quartermaster of a regiment in the wars of Marlborough. Byrne was, it seems, not only a fair scholar, but a wit, a humourist, the chief oracle of the village alehouse,—and a poet. Mr. Prior quotes, without remark, the testimony of one of his pupils, given so late as 1790, that ‘he could translate Virgil’s *Eclogues* extemporaneously into Irish verse of *at least equal elegance!*’ Young Oliver listened to this original’s stories of the wars with unwearied zeal, and appears to have imbibed all his enthusiasm about ‘*Carolán the Blind*, the last and best of the Irish minstrels,’ so designated in the little
essay

essay which Goldsmith many years afterwards dedicated to his memory. Byrne carried the boy to visit the famous harper at Athlone; a circumstance which we consider as more important than the tradition that in that school, as at the former, he attracted no sort of notice by aptitude or ardour for its proper studies. Byrne, however, found that when he could once read with ease to himself, he was very willing to read for his amusement. The 'History of the Rogues and Rapparees,' the lives of pirates, robbers, and smugglers, which constituted, as they still do, the library of an Irish cabin, were devoured in the evenings by the light of the old quartermaster's peat fire. Neighbours dropped in and told their wild tales of fairies and witches, so many of which have now obtained a permanent record from Mr. Crofton Croker. Oliver became noted for his love of these legends, and repeated them among his playfellows. He became musical too, and used to delight his parents with his singing of some of those pathetic old ballads, the very names of which, he said, when past the meridian of life, would still bring tears into his eyes.

An attack of small-pox, which had nearly cost him his life, and left its marks on his face ever after, caused his removal from the quartermaster's care, and on his recovery he was sent to attend a school of a superior sort at Elphin. Mrs. Piozzi, we think, mentions a rhyming repartee which was remembered as having contributed to his rising reputation here. A youth, playing the fiddle while Oliver danced an Irish jig one evening, was suddenly so much struck with the grotesqueness of his figure and attitudes, that he exclaimed, 'Oliver puts me in mind of *Æsop*.' Oliver, if the tale be true, halted in his capers, and turned the laugh against his critic, by pronouncing in a solemn tone,

'Our herald has pronounced this saying,

See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing:—

—a couplet as deserving of record certainly as that about 'the duck which Samuel Johnson trod on.'

When he was eleven years old, his father resolved that his education should be completed with a view to mercantile life, and he was sent first to a commercial academy at Athlone, and from thence to the school of Edgeworthstown, near the place of his birth, where the master had the reputation of superior skill in mathematics. For the art of book-keeping, however, and all others connected with exact science, Oliver soon betrayed unconquerable disgust; and his new teacher, being also a classic, winked at his negligence of what he had been sent to study, as he showed, on the other side of the account, a zeal hitherto undeveloped about his Latin scholarship. Love of Ovid and Horace now took place of his Rapparee manuals, and divided his time with

with the game of fives and angling, in both of which he exhibited meritorious expertness.

He began also to be noted as a rhymers, and his zeal in this nobler art was, it seems, quickened by the local celebrity of a volume of verse by one Lawrence Whyte, a neighbour and acquaintance of his family, which was published in 1741. This Whyte described rural manners, and especially the grievances of the Irish tenantry, in many thousands of couplets, now forgotten, which passed in their day for successful imitations of the style of Swift; but Mr. Prior notices them, and particularly a piece in four cantos, called 'The Parting Cup, or the Humours of Deoch an Doruis,' on account of Goldsmith's confession to one of his eminent literary friends that this rustic bard gave his mind its first strong impression of the cruelty with which the Irish poor were treated, and suggested some of the most striking passages in *The Deserted Village*. It is curious, at all events, to observe that the themes of Whyte's indignant doggerel were exactly those which an Irish patriot of the same class would probably select now that Whyte has been near a hundred years in his grave. A short specimen will answer our purpose. Of absenteeism he says—

'Our squires of late through Europe
roam,
Are too well-bred to live at home;
Are not content with Dublin College,
But range abroad for greater know-
ledge;

To strut in velvets and brocades,
At balls and plays and masquerades.
To have their rent their chiefest care is,
In bills to London and to Paris.
Their education is so nice,
They know all chances on the dice;

And again, of the hardships of poor occupiers—

'Not knowing which, to stand or fly,
When rent-rolls mounted zenith high,
They had their choice to run away,
Or labour for a groat a day.
Now beggar'd and of all bereft,
Are doomed to starve or live by theft;
Take to the mountains or the roads,
When banished from their old abodes;
Their native soil were forced to quit,
So Irish landlords thought it fit;
Who, without ceremony or rout,
For their improvements turn'd them out;
Embracing still the highest bidder,
Inviting all the nations hither,
Encouraging all strollers, caitiffs,
Or any other but the natives.

'Now wool is low and mutton cheap,
Poor graziers can no profit reap;

Excepting when it is their fate
To throw away a good estate;
Then does the squire with empty purse
Rail at ill fortune with a curse.
Their mansions moulder quite away,
All run to ruin and decay.
Where wild fowl may with safety rest,
At every gate may build a nest—
No smoke from chimneys does ascend,
Nor entertainment for a friend;
Nor sign of drink, or smell of meat,
For human creatures there to eat.'

Grown sick of bargains got by cant,
Must be in time reduced to want.
How many villages they razed,
How many parishes laid waste,
To fatten bullocks, sheep, and cows,
When scarce one parish has two ploughs!
Instead of living well and thriving,
There's nothing now but leading, driv-
ing—

The lands are all monopolized,
The tenants rack'd and sacrificed;
Whole colonies to shun the fate
Of being oppressed at such a rate,
By tyrants who still raise their rent,
Sail to the Western continent:
Rather than live at home like slaves,
They trust themselves to winds and
waves.'

Of Goldsmith's Edgeworthstown rhymes nothing has been discovered.

covered. They no doubt had their effect in persuading his father that letters, not ciphers, suited the turn of his mind. The good man easily gave up the commercial scheme he had planned; and it was agreed that Oliver should succeed to the place which his elder brother Henry had shortly before vacated, in Trinity College, Dublin.

But it was easier for the rector to sanction this alteration of views than to provide the requisite means. Henry came home with his degree, and forthwith, with the usual prudence of the family, took to himself a penniless wife. His father procured him a curacy in the neighbourhood, and he found also a few pupils to board with him. One of these fell in love at first sight with Catharine Goldsmith, his wise preceptor's eldest sister, and they too eloped. Mr. Daniel Hudson, the hero of this new romance, was the son of a family 'of good property near Athlone;' and they, bitterly resenting his rashness, accused Mr. Charles Goldsmith and his son of having violated their confidence, by promoting, or, at least, conniving at the young man's advances. Mr. Prior tells us, that 'to remove all suspicion of being privy to the act of his daughter, Mr. Goldsmith, *influenced by the highest sense of honour*, made a sacrifice detrimental to the interests of the other members of his family.' He immediately settled on Mrs. Hudson a marriage-portion which he could never pay—and thus the little landed property he held passed wholly in the sequel into the hands of the runaway girl and her husband: a result tantamount to the infliction of actual beggary on such of his other children as might chance to be young and without professional establishments in case of his own death. In the issue another daughter (Miss Jenny) eloped with a youth as poor as herself—and *that* couple never emerged from distress. One of the poet's younger brothers, again, lived and died a working cabinet-maker; and Mr. Prior has more details of the like complexion. But the first and immediate consequence of the rector's headlong generosity to Catharine was, that he found himself utterly destitute of means to support Oliver through an academical career at Dublin. It was presently suggested that he might enter as a sizar; but in those days that situation was burdened with the discharge of menial offices long since abolished,—for example, sweeping the college courts, and carrying up the dishes for the fellows' dinner,—and Oliver's spirit rebelled against reappearing among old schoolfellows with a badge of inferiority. A year elapsed before these scruples gave way to the remonstrances of a most kind relation, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had married one of his aunts.* This respectable clergyman,

* The grandfather of Mr. Contarine was a younger son of the great family of Contarini

gyman, though of not only gentle but noble blood, had himself passed through Trinity as a sizar. Had he not done so, he told his nephew, he could never have formed the friendships to which he owed the success of his after life; and some of the highest ornaments of the Irish bench (he might have added of the English) had not blushed to wear the tuftless cap when undergraduates. Oliver yielded, and was entered as a sizar in June, 1745, being then in the 16th year of his age.

Of his college history, previously all but a blank, Mr. Prior's diligence has recovered more details than we should have expected at this distance of time; but they are details of no great consequence. A passage marked with the deepest feeling, in his *Essay on the State of Literature in Europe*, published in 1759, shows that he had not then subdued his resentment of the degrading circumstances of his position in Trinity, and some of his letters of still later date convey the like impression. He was, moreover, unfortunate in having for his tutor a Mr. Wilder, noted for savage temper, who had the ungenerosity to treat students of the subordinate class with peculiar harshness. Wilder might, perhaps, have treated Oliver better, had his turn been for mathematics and the scholastic logic, in which alone he himself excelled and delighted: but Oliver never concealed his dislike of these studies, and for his proficiency, to whatever it may have amounted, in the ancient languages and their elegant literature, the tutor cared little or nothing. In writing the *Life of Parnell*, Goldsmith no doubt drew from himself, when he said:—'The Poet's progress through college was probably marked with little splendour: his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius;' and we may take along with this a sentence in his *Essay on Polite Literature*—'Mathematics are, perhaps, too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, "All men might understand mathematics if they would."' But he gives in that *Essay* not a few hints at other sources of academical obscurity than dislike to the severer sciences.

'Our magnificent endowments,' he writes, 'at best, more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious. A lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors and not his inclination have chalked out, by four or five years' perseverance, will probably obtain every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the simile has been used

Contarini at Venice, who, being himself a priest, was detected in an intrigue with a noble nun, escaped with her to France, and there married her. He ultimately settled in Ireland, and, conforming to the Protestant church, obtained some preferment in the diocese of Elphin.

before, but I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence to liquors that never ferment, and, consequently, continue always muddy. Passions may raise a commotion in the youthful breast, but they disturb only to refine it.'—*Works*, vol. i. p. 431.

The youthful sizar was a poet, and we need not doubt that his passions at this period fermented with sufficient commotion. His father died before he had been two years in college, and from that time, though he received occasional supplies from his uncle Contarine, according to the statement of a companion, 'his poverty was generally squalid.' Despondence leads to idleness; and idleness leads many men to worse vices than ever seem to have stained poor Goldsmith. He was, however, remembered by his contemporaries, as one that would never refuse to join a party of pleasure; who emerged from his comfortless cell to exhibit animal spirits of apparently the maddest hilarity—who told his story well and sung his song better, and when he had no other means of paying a tavern reckoning, would indite a ballad for the street-singers, and carry it 'to the sign of the Reindeer in Mountrath-street, where he found a ready sale at five shillings each.' The Mr. Beatty, his *chum*, whose son furnishes these particulars, used to add, that Oliver 'exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received.' Mr. Crofton Croker announces a collection of Irish ballads; and we share Mr. Prior's hope, that in the course of his researches he may detect some of these early effusions of Goldsmith. The poet himself made no allusion to them in his conversation with Malone on the subject of his college life—when, however, he mentioned, that 'though he made no figure in mathematics, he could turn an ode of Horace with any of them.'

The registers of Trinity furnish evidence of many irregularities; and among the rest Goldsmith figures as aiding and abetting a riot of May, 1747, which began with pumping a bailiff at the college cistern—and ended with the students heading the rabble of the town in an attempt to force Newgate and liberate the prisoners. This frolic was a very serious one—the gaoler fired, and three were killed and several wounded. Five of the gowned ringleaders were expelled, and Goldsmith and four others were ordered to be *admonished* '*Quod seditioni favissent et tumultuantibus opem tulissent.*'

In the month after this, Oliver, anxious to recover his ground, made a considerable exertion, stood for one of Erasmus Smith's exhibitions, for which, though then producing only thirty shillings a-year, there were numerous competitors, and acquitted himself

at the examination so well as to attain his object. Elated with this first and last of his academical distinctions, he invited a party of young people of *both sexes* to a supper and dance in his chambers. Mr. Wilder, astounded with the noise of the unlawful fiddle, entered the room, expostulated warmly with Goldsmith, and probably receiving an intemperate answer, struck him. Upon his sensitive spirit this unwarrantable violence produced a violent effect. After brooding all night over his disgrace, he sold off his books* and quitted the university, resolving to embark for America, and never revisit Ireland until he had made a character and fortune for himself in another region. He loitered about Dublin, however, until he had just one shilling left, and then set out for Cork. On this shilling he supported himself, by his own account, for three days, and then, having sold most of his raiment, was reduced to such extremity, that 'after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made.' Fatigue and famine did what advice would probably have attempted in vain. Reaching the neighbourhood of his brother Henry, he sent him notice of his plight—was kindly received, re-clothed—and at length carried back to college, where his brother effected 'a sort of reconciliation' between him and his tutor.

Of the rest of his college life there is nothing to be said, but that he seems to have resumed his old courses, and obtained in February, 1749, an undistinguished degree of B.A. One incident preserved by his relation and fellow-student, Edward Mills of Roscommon, may probably have lost nothing in the telling—it is, however, sufficiently in keeping with all that has been ascertained:—

'Mills, possessing a handsome allowance at the university, occasionally furnished his relative with small supplies and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned on one occasion to this repast, he declared from within to the messenger his inability to rise, and that to enable him to do so they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it, having ripped part of the ticking and immersed himself in the feathers, from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it occasioned had subsided, it appeared that while strolling in the suburbs the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that

* One of these books, a Scapula's lexicon, is now in Mr. Prior's possession. It had been presented to Oliver by his uncle Contarine. The leaves are here and there scrawled over with characteristic autographs, such as '*free—Oliver Goldsmith.*' 'I promise to pay, &c. O. G.' &c. &c.

being from the country, they knew no person to whom under such circumstances they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal to one of his sensitive disposition was irresistible; but unfortunately he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes in order to sell for their present subsistence; and finding himself cold during the night from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related for supplying the place of his blankets.'—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 95, 96.

This blind promptitude of generosity Oliver inherited with his blood, and it stuck to him while he breathed. There is no doubt that in his sketch of the 'Man in Black' he depicted his own father:—

'His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself: for every dinner he gave them they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army influenced my father at the head of his table: he told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world; and he fancied all the world loved him. . . . We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.'—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 103.

In conversing with three different branches of the Goldsmith race, in as many different quarters of Ireland, Mr. Prior tells us that from each he had the same story in nearly the same words—'The Goldsmiths were always a strange family: they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought.'

When Oliver left college he was only twenty-one, and must wait a couple of years before he could comply with the wishes of his family, by applying for orders. In the meantime he took up his quarters in the humble cabin to which his mother had retired on his father's death, contributing to her means whatever pittance his brother Henry could afford to give him for occasionally assisting in his school. Mr. Prior has dug up some of the old lady's household bills, which afford evidence enough of the penury to which she had been reduced. One item is, '*To half an ounce of green tea by Mr. Noll, threepence halfpenny!*' For two years

'Mr. Noll' lounged thus about his native district, during which he was considered by his relations to have added nothing to his accomplishments, except the attainment of great facility in speaking French. This he owed, no doubt, to his familiarity with some of the 'foreign bred' Romish priests, and it was very serviceable to him in the sequel. Of his ecclesiastical studies we only know that when, at the proper age, he went to be examined for ordination, at the residence of Dr. Synge, then bishop of Elphin, he was rejected; that according to family tradition his reception there was not improved by his choosing to appear before the diocesan in a pair of *scarlet breeches*;* and that he never afterwards made any attempt to retrieve this mishap. He probably, even at this early period, had some conscientious misgivings as to his own fitness for the church. In his later life, when asked to read prayers in a friend's house, he always declined to do so, on the plea that 'he did not think himself good enough.'

The law was now to be his destination—but the want of funds to maintain him at an inn of court presented a formidable difficulty. One year more was spent in idleness, and very much, as may easily be believed, in the enjoyment of such company as might be afforded by 'George Conway's inn at Ballymahon,' mentioned fondly in a letter of long subsequent date. Here being, as he says of his own Dr. Primrose, 'by nature an admirer of happy human faces,' he enjoyed the eccentricities and shared the merriment of peasants and beggars; not unconscious even then perhaps of the truth stated in one of his essays, that 'in pursuing the humorous we are apt to be led into the recesses of the mean.' He was long remembered, among other things, as the gainer of a prize for throwing the sledge-hammer at the fair of Ballymahon!

He next obtained the situation of tutor in the family of a Mr. Flinn, a country gentleman of his uncle Contarine's acquaintance. But the restraints of such a position soon disgusted him; and he took again to his old scheme of emigration. Mounted on a good horse, and with 30*l.* of Squire Flinn's money in his pocket, he proceeded to Cork. At the end of six weeks he returned on a wretched Rosinante, styled by him Fiddle-back, and without a penny. His mother received him with some severity—he withdrew to his brother's, and thence addressed to her a letter, which is now first published, but which must have been before his sister

* This reminds us of not a bad story of a recent *English* ordination scene. Among other candidates appeared a gentleman in white duck trowsers and a black silk neckcloth. 'You will forgive me for hinting,' whispered the bishop, 'that your pantaloons are not quite of the canonical colour.' 'My lord, my lord,' said the young man in much confusion, 'I can assure your lordship they have been washed white.' 'Aye,' said the bishop, smiling, 'I see how it is; they had been put into the same water that washed your cravat black.'

Hudson when she drew up her memorandum for Malone. The letter is exquisite, but as his sister had given the substance of its contents, we shall not extract it.

According to Mrs. Hudson's statement, Mr. Contarine now presented him with 50*l.*, and he set forth for Dublin on his way to London, where he was to keep terms at the Temple; but an old acquaintance seduced him into a gaming-house—at one sitting he lost all his money, and returning once more to his mother, found her patience at last exhausted. His brother Henry once more sheltered him—but after a few weeks some new folly produced such remonstrances as Oliver could not brook. He left his brother's and repaired to his uncle Contarine, whose good nature and kindness nothing could ever disturb. Observing the sharpness with which his nephew, while fishing and shooting with him, noted such phenomena of natural history as they encountered, he suggested that medicine would suit his tastes better than law, and that, moreover, the education for that profession was less expensive. Oliver readily agreed. A little purse was made up among his relations, and in October, 1752, he appeared in Edinburgh, at the age of twenty-four, to be entered on the boards of that university as a student of medicine under the elder Monro.

He remained two winters in Scotland, but left it without taking a degree, and, according to his fellow-student there, Mr. Lauchlan Maclean, (one of the many *authors of Junius*,) his departure was hastened by the danger of being arrested for the debt of a companion, whose security he had become. According to the same testimony, he had led a very dissipated life in Edinburgh, constantly frequenting taverns, and not seldom the gaming table. Only one of his Scotch letters had until now been recovered; Mr. Prior gives some more, from which we find that he made a tour into the Highlands, and that he had by some means found an introduction to the noble family of Hamilton, with whose hospitality, however, his pride took offence. The society of an Irish medical student at Edinburgh is usually so remote from the circles of fashion that this circumstance may seem strange; but the Duke of Hamilton had just about this time married a celebrated Irish beauty, Miss Gunning, and her Grace had perhaps had some casual opportunity of appreciating her young countryman's humour. These Edinburgh letters are all to his uncle Contarine: we extract a few paragraphs:—

‘ *Edinburgh, May 8, 1753.*

‘ Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to everybody, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.—Apropos, I shall give you their names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Monro,

Professor

Professor of Anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. . . . You see, then, dear Sir, that Monro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read with satisfaction a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse, of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands; but this letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country.'—*Life*, vol. i. p. 145.

‘*Edinburgh, Dec. 1753.*

‘Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric? for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture: if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.

‘As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis 20*l*. And now, dear Sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you — but I stop.

‘I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke

of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.'—*Ibid.* p. 157.

Goldsmith, by his own account in a subsequent letter, embarked at Leith for Bourdeaux, with the intention of beginning his continental studies, not at Leyden, as he had originally designed, but at the then celebrated school of Montpellier; but being forced by stress of weather into the Tyne, he was arrested at *Newcastle*, on suspicion of belonging, like most of his fellow-passengers, to a party of Highland Jacobites, recruited for the military service of the French King. His friend Macleane said this was a *romance*—that he was in fact arrested at *Sunderland*, on the suit of an Edinburgh tailor, one Barclay, who chanced to hear of the vessel putting into the Tyne—and that he was ultimately set at liberty by the benefaction of himself and another college friend, Mr. Sleigh. However this may have been, (and we incline to adopt Macleane's version,) Goldsmith had shortly afterwards found his way to his original destination, Leyden. Of the letter in which (May, 1754) he communicated his arrival there to his uncle, Malone gave the first biographer only the *romantic* paragraph; Mr. Prior prints it entire, and we subjoin a specimen of the part that is *new*:—

'The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in everything imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

'A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. Their ordinary

ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. For my part, I generally detach myself from all society, and am wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty: wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, present themselves; but when you enter their towns, you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here: every one is usefully employed.

'Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here, 'tis all a continued plain. There, you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here, a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox.'—*Ibid.* p. 164.

Goldsmith remained nearly a year at Leyden, but left that university also without taking any degree. We have but few anecdotes of his stay there. In one of his essays he tells us that when talking one day with Gaubius about the diminished number of English students, the Doctor asked whether the Edinburgh professors were rich? 'Their salaries,' said Goldsmith, 'seldom exceed 30*l.*; all the rest depends on the number of scholars they can attract to pay them fees.' 'Poor men,' said Gaubius; 'I heartily wish they were better provided for: while their salaries remain at this rate, they will continue to draw all the English to their lectures.' Some other particulars were supplied to Mr. Prior by the late Matthew Weld Hartstonge, of Dublin:—that well-known and amiable enthusiast about literary matters had noted them down from the conversation of Dr. Ellis, one of Goldsmith's Leyden fellow-students, who ultimately became clerk to the Irish House of Commons, and died in 1791. According to Dr. Ellis—

'He was often in great pecuniary distress, and obliged to borrow small sums from anybody that could help him; occasionally he gained a little by giving lessons in English; and sometimes he resorted to play, the forlorn hope of the necessitous, as well as the amusement of the idle. Such poverty and such habits interfered but little, however, with his good-humour; he was usually gay and cheerful, and when taxed with imprudence for risking such small sums as he possessed, admitted the fact and promised amendment. In all his peculiarities it was remarked that there was about him an elevation of mind, a philosophical tone and manner, which, added to the information of a scholar, made him an object of interest to such as could estimate character.'

Having had a successful run at play one night, Goldsmith called next morning on Ellis, and counted out a considerable sum,

which he said would now enable him to travel over the continent in comfort. Ellis congratulated him, and advised him to keep it untouched for the purpose he had in view; but Goldsmith, the same evening, was seduced to the old haunt and lost every guilder. Seeing his penitence and distress, Ellis advanced him something on condition that he should immediately set off, and thus break from his dangerous associates. Goldsmith agreed; but walking into a florist's garden, remembered his uncle Conarine's love of tulips, and purchased on the spot a parcel of roots to be sent to him in Ireland, which 'effort of affectionate gratitude,' as Mr. Prior calls it, again reduced him so low that he ultimately quitted Leyden 'with scarcely any money and but one clean shirt.'

These travels, in the course of which Goldsmith is supposed to have taken the degree of bachelor in medicine at Louvain,* carried him through a considerable part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and as far as Padua in Italy; and how well he observed nature, both animate and inanimate, in spite of all the disadvantages and distresses to which his progress must have been exposed, we have ample evidence in his beautiful poem of the Traveller, and in various detached passages of his works on Natural History, which Mr. Prior has brought together with considerable skill. Of the letters which he is known to have addressed to his Irish friends during this wandering year Mr. Prior has recovered nothing. We know that he travelled almost always on foot,† mainly depended, everywhere but in Italy, on the supplies by which the grateful peasants repaid his flute, and in Italy gained something by maintaining a thesis at a university, but more from the kindness of Irish priests and monks: it seems also to be certain that for a time he acted as tutor to a wealthy young Englishman; he never stated the fact distinctly, but if it had not been so, we should be quite at a loss to understand by what means he could have found access to such distinguished society as he represents himself to have occasionally mixed in while at Paris. In one of his essays, for example, he mentions having dined with Voltaire one day 'in a large company at his house at Monrion,' when he observed that 'the English exhibited prodigies of valour at Dettingen, but soon lessened their well-bought conquest by lessening the merit of those they had conquered;' and again, in his sketch of Voltaire's Life he says:—

* The records of this university perished during the revolutionary war.

† In his Essay on Polite Learning, 1759, p. 161, we read:—'A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions—*haud inexpertus loquor.*' But when this essay was to be reprinted with his name, the confession in Latin was omitted.

'As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty, every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness.

'The person who writes this memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who was unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation turned upon one of his favourite topics.

'Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance, mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute.'—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 224.

From Switzerland Goldsmith sent his brother Henry the first sketch of his 'Traveller,' about eighty lines; and he also sent to a friend in Dublin a detailed journal of his excursion, which struck several who read it as a most remarkable performance, but which perished soon after in a fire. He seems to have landed at Dover in a thoroughly forlorn condition on the 1st of February, 1756, and a week later is found wandering about the streets of London, soliciting employment of any kind among the druggists. Ten years afterwards Goldsmith astonished a brilliant company at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, by beginning a story with 'When I lived among the beggars of Axe Lane——:' it was most probably to this painful period that he referred. An obscure chemist at last took compassion on him; and the author of the 'Traveller'—anno ætatis 28—was too happy to earn his bread by spreading plasters and pounding in his mortar. The late excellent Richard Sharp, of Park Lane, remembered being carried in his early life by a friend of Goldsmith's (then recently dea^d

to see the shop, which was at the corner of Bell-yard, near the Monument.

Several months had passed in this way, when, hearing accidentally that his Edinburgh fellow-student, Sleigh, was in London, he went to call on him; and he afterwards told the story in these words to his friend Mr. Cooke: 'Notwithstanding it was Sunday, and I had on my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me; such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse with me so long as he remained in London.' By this gentleman's assistance, Goldsmith was enabled to set up as a *physician*, somewhere on the Bankside, in Southwark; and one of his Trinity *chums* already named, the Rev. Mr. Beatty, being in town soon after, met him in the street, 'in a suit of green velvet and gold, but with a shirt and neckcloth which he must have worn for a fortnight,' when, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, and said he was now practising his profession, and 'doing very well.' Mr. Prior quotes a lady still living for a story that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell of this period. The green velvet coat had been bought second-hand; he discovered presently an unseemly patch, and one of his patients was highly amused when, after several visits, he discovered why the doctor always placed his hat over his left breast while delivering his opinion.

We should think his patients were not likely to be critical as to such matters. One of them, and probably the most useful he had, was a journeyman-printer, in the employment of the author of '*Clarissa*,' and by this man's means he was introduced to Richardson, who, finding that the ill-paid doctor was a scholar, suggested that he might fill up his vacant hours by acting as *reader*, or last corrector of proof-sheets, in his office. Many good scholars are still found employed in this manner, and more fortunate men of letters must confess their frequent obligations to the intelligence with which such persons discharge their functions.

With Goldsmith's just estimation of himself, however, the employment must have been sufficiently irksome; and it is not surprising that he should have soon abandoned both it and his medical practice even for a situation so humble as that of usher to a school at Peckham, in Surrey. He met in the streets another of his old Edinburgh acquaintance, by name Milner, whose father was at the head of this establishment, and his young friend, discovering the state of the Bankside physician's affairs, easily persuaded him to go down with him in this capacity. The elder Milner and his wife were kind people, and did what they could to make him comfortable beneath their roof. Mrs. Milner seems to have speedily penetrated his weaker point, for she proposed to take
care

care of his money for him, and he answered placidly, ' Indeed, Madam, I have as much need that you should do so as any of the young gentlemen.' The trickery of the said young gentlemen, however, with the dulness of his drudgery by day, and last, not least, the misery of being obliged to sleep on the same pillow with ' a Frenchman, who stunk him dead with rancid pomatums,' presently completed his disgust. He returned to town, made another medical attempt and again failed, and then went back once more to Peckham, where the Milners again found or made room for him. In this way passed another miserable and uncertain year. In the Vicar of Wakefield, and others of his subsequent works, we have many sad and some bitter allusions to the pains of usherdom.

From Mr. Prior's chapter on Peckham we must take a couple of anecdotes :—

' One of the pupils particularly noticed by him for possessing promising talents, and who ever after felt a strong regard for his tutor, was the late Samuel Bishop, Esq., of London, in whose family a few traditional notices of his peculiarities are still remembered. Always sociable and ready to join in whatever was going forward, his good-nature led him to mingle in the sports of the boys, and submit to their wit or even their reproof for occasional want of dexterity. In such a rude community, however, familiarity has its disadvantages, by the opening it affords to youthful insubordination or impertinence, an instance of which is recorded. When amusing his younger companions during play-hours with the flute, and expatiating on the pleasures derived from music, in addition to its advantages in society as a gentlemanlike acquirement, a pert boy, looking at his situation and personal disadvantages with something of contempt, rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely could not consider himself a gentleman; an offence which, though followed by instant chastisement, disconcerted and pained him extremely.

' Of that simplicity or absence of mind so well known as one of his characteristics, Mr. Bishop mentioned an amusing instance when they met several years afterwards in the streets of London; for which and the preceding anecdote the writer is indebted to his son, the Rev. H. Bishop, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin :—

' " After an interval of some years, my father, while walking in London with my mother, to whom he was just married, met Goldsmith, and addressing him, an immediate recognition took place. The tutor was delighted to see his former pupil, and expressed great pleasure at the introduction to his wife. Still the associations in his mind of their former school connexion were too strong to be overcome. ' Come, my boy,' said he, addressing my father by his Christian name, ' I am delighted to see you; I must treat you to something; what shall it be? will you have some apples?' and immediately turned to the display of fruit furnished by a basket-woman who stood near.

' " In the course of conversation, he mentioned his picture by Sir

Joshua Reynolds, which had been recently engraved; and immediately added, 'Have you seen it, Sam? Have you got an engraving?' My father, not to appear negligent of the rising fame of his old preceptor, replied that he had not yet procured it; he was just furnishing his house, but had fixed upon the spot the print was to occupy as soon as he was ready to receive it. 'Sam,' he said, with some emotion, 'if your picture had been published, I should not have suffered an hour to elapse without procuring it.' After some further conversation, the sense of this seeming neglect was appeased by apologies."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 218.

The elder Milner was a dissenter, and an occasional contributor to the *Monthly Review*, then conducted by its projector and proprietor, the bookseller Griffiths. One day Griffiths dined at Peckham, and Goldsmith's conversation made such an impression on him, that he asked him to try his hand on *an article*. Goldsmith did so—and Griffiths invited him to come to London, and assist him regularly in his *Review*, boarding and lodging in his house, and receiving moreover a certain sum by way of salary. The agreement, dated in April, 1757, was for a year; but they parted by mutual consent at the end of half that period. Goldsmith complained that his articles were twisted about and interpolated, not only by the illiterate bookseller himself, but by his still more ignorant and presumptuous wife; and they on their part alleged, that though by his own account he wrote every day from nine till two, and often all the evening besides, he did not produce the stipulated quantity of MS. in the month. Mr. Prior, however, having made prize of Griffiths' own copy of his journal, in which the names of the different authors are regularly inscribed, has now been able to father on Goldsmith various short essays, well deserving a place in his works; they embrace a wide range of subjects, are written uniformly in a candid and generous strain—and, if he did not as yet compose with rapidity, he had mastered the art of concealing his labour. With elegant little papers of the same description he continued from time to time to supply Griffiths after the close of their original paction; but Goldsmith, having no longer his board and lodging provided for, soon fell into straits again; asking petty sums in advance, he was presently in the bookseller's power, and subjected consequently to a long series of humiliating mortifications and perplexing embarrassments—Mr. Prior's detail of which may furnish the materials of another melancholy chapter to the next edition of *The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors*.

By contributions to the *Monthly Review* and six different magazines (all long since extinct), Goldsmith supported for some months this uneasy existence; but ambition was not deadened by his poverty, and he stole time enough to prepare a separate work,

by which he hoped to raise a name, and emancipate himself in some measure at least from his bondage. This was the 'Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe;' having finished part of it, he carried the MS. to the benevolent Robert Dodsley, who encouraged him to go on, agreed to publish the book, and advanced him various small sums on account of it. Still his distress was great and urgent; and the letters in which he communicated his views to Irish friends, whom he thought capable of assisting him in procuring subscribers, paint his feelings and struggles in a manner so interesting, that we cannot but extract two or three specimens of them. The first is addressed to the husband of his eldest sister;—but we must explain its allusion to his younger brother, Charles Goldsmith. The poet, when first established under the roof of Griffiths, where he met of course some literary men of established name, appears to have written of his new position in terms of such elation that this young man conceived his literary brother was now not only beyond the reach of difficulties, but able, if he chose, to make the fortune of another. He came over to London to be patronized, he cared not exactly how, by some of Oliver's 'great friends,' and found this friend of the great scribbling for bread in a garret.

'Dec. 27, 1757.—You may easily imagine what difficulties I have had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

'I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

'Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du païs*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotch,

man's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

'But now to be serious,—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? no. There are good company in Ireland? no. The conversation there is generally made up of a toast or a song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare there one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the Opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good Night," from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in—to me—the most pleasing horizon in nature.

'Before Charles came hither, my mind sometimes found refuge from severer thoughts among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that Lishoy and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex.'—*Life*, vol. i. p. 251.

A year later he thus writes to Mrs. Lawder, the daughter of his uncle Contarine:—

'I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe indeed you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude

tude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles. It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less—for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. Is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

‘ However, it is probable you may one of those days see me turned into a perfect hunk, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and cheek my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won’t be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady’s daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen; of which the following will serve as a specimen:—“Look sharp;” “Mind the main chance;” “Money is money now;” “If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year;” “Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.”—Faith! Madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you; but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

‘ And now I mention those great names—My uncle!—he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

‘ But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish a book entitled “The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.” The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given Mr. Bradley in Dame Street directions to send to him.—Now see how I blot and blunder, when I am asking a favour.—*Life*, vol. i. p. 272.

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We must quote also part of a letter of about the same date to his cousin, Mr. Bryanton, of Ballymahon.

'I sate down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks I have forgot my resentment already. The truth is, I am a simpleton with regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, but like Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet now I think on't again, I will be angry. Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heelpieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me! Think of that! I must own my ill-natured coteremporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected! If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence.—Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback.* Well, now I am down, where the d—l is I? Oh, Gods! Gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine,

'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'*London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
Temple Bar, August 14, 1758.*

'Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something the most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.'—*Ibid.* p. 266.

When the Enquiry was in progress his most intimate companion was Grainger, author of the 'Sugar-Cane,' then struggling like himself; by whom he was introduced to Smollett—who at this time edited the 'Critical Review,' the rival of the 'Monthly.' Smollett enlisted Goldsmith in his troop, but strongly concurred with Milner, in advising him to turn his views to obtain some professional

* 'A common phrase among schoolboys in Ireland now, in ridiculing an unskilful appearance of their companions on horseback.'

appointment in the army, the navy, or the colonies. Goldsmith applied to some of his Trinity friends who were now prosperously established in life, and he at length obtained a nomination in the East India Company's service. In writing, on this occasion, to request some pecuniary assistance from his brother-in-law, Hudson, he says—

‘ I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is ; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want?—what can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big-bellied woman's, who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true ; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller who employed him ; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions ?

‘ Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread, though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer who has abilities to translate a French novel that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided : to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain ; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life ; when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule ; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my sentiments.

‘ I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I expect to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.’—*Life*, vol. i. p. 278.

What answer Mr. Hudson made to this application we know not—but when the day of the preliminary examination approached, it found Goldsmith much at a loss how to put his outward man in case fit to appear at Surgeons' Hall. He applied to Griffiths, their connexion still lingering on, and the bookseller agreed to be his

his security for the loan of a suit of clothes, to be returned the day after. In these borrowed garments poor Goldsmith underwent the ordeal; but he had, we fear, neglected more important preparations for it. The following is an extract from the books of the college:—

‘At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st Dec. 1758—James Barnard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto.’

This rejection brought with it other miseries. In his confusion and distress he appears to have been driven to pawn the clothes which he ought to have returned, and Griffiths, who had probably heard, in the meanwhile, of his alliance with Smollett, was not to be pacified by four articles for the ‘Monthly’ which the unfortunate debtor immediately sent to him. He took and printed the papers, but threatened instant arrest unless the whole debt were discharged within a given number of days, and demanded back on the instant some books of his lent to Goldsmith, which also he suspected him of having carried to the pawnbroker. Of several letters which passed between the parties on this occasion, Mr. Prior has recovered one which bears no date of time or residence, but is endorsed by Griffiths, ‘Received in January, 1759.’ This touching document is as follows:—

‘Sir,—I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a gaol that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, Sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

‘I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of

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the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

'You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am,

'Sir, your humble servant, 'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.'—*Ibid.* p. 286-288.

The matter was in so far made up with Griffiths, by Goldsmith's executing for him the short but elegant Life of Voltaire, which was published anonymously in February, 1759; and is now at length placed where it ought to be, in the collection of his works. But the 'Monthly Review' soon began, and long continued, to insinuate bitter things against Goldsmith's moral character, and he had abundant leisure to lament 'the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it.'

From a long and most characteristic letter written at this time to his brother Henry, we extract a few paragraphs. It is dated in February, 1759; but he either had not entirely given up his East India scheme, or wanted courage to confess under what circumstances it had been dropped.

'I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child.

'Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short,

I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside—for every occupation but our own?—this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate?

‘The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned, that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own.

‘Above all things let him never touch a romance or novel: these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous—may distress but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear Sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle’s example be placed before his eyes.

‘My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not, for to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear Sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.’—*Ibid.* p. 301.

About the date of this inimitable letter, he was introduced by Grainger to the Rev. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who soon formed for him a lively affection, which lasted with their lives, but was at this period hardly better provided with worldly goods than himself. Many years afterwards

* Jenny Goldsmith, the younger sister who had eloped with a Mr. Johnston, in very poor circumstances.

the bishop thus described to Malone his first visit to Goldsmith at his lodgings in Green-Arbour Court, a little nest of poverty-stricken tenements, near the Old Bailey.

'The Doctor was employed in writing his Enquiry into Polite Learning, in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 325.

Mr. Prior has given some further particulars of Green-Arbour Court from a humbler source. Seeing a few years ago the first edition of Goldsmith's *Essays* (1765) in the window of a little shop on the Clapham Road, he entered into talk with a fresh old woman who attended at the counter.

'By her account she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-Arbour Court, and at the age of seven or eight years went frequently thither, one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family, by the gentleman who lodged there; these they duly valued at the moment, but when afterwards considered as the gifts of one so eminent, the recollection became a source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. He was usually, as she heard when older and induced to inquire about him, shut up during the day, went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visitors. One of the companions, whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watchmaker residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to my informant, whenever he had anything to bestow, and even when he had not, the stream could not always be checked in its current; an instance of which tells highly to his honour. The landlord of the house having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources; a new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised, proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. It would be a singular though not an improbable coincidence, if this story, repeated to the writer by the descendant of a person who afterwards became his tailor, and who knew not that it had been previously told, should apply to that identical suit of apparel for which he incurred so much odium and abuse from Griffiths; and that an effort of active benevolence to relieve a debtor from gaol, should have

have given rise to a charge against him resembling dishonesty.'—*Ibid.* p. 328.

The Enquiry, though he had taken too wide a field, and betrayed, of course, incompetent resources as to fact, and considerable crudeness here and there of speculation, was still a performance exhibiting such easy strength both of thought and expression, that it might well have excited curiosity. It can hardly be said to have done so; but in the same humble lodgings Goldsmith wrote various pieces which fared considerably better. Those miscellaneous *Essays*, now classed with the happiest even of Addison's and Steele's, began to appear about the close of 1759 in sundry vehicles, particularly in a weekly sheet entitled *The Bee*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *Literary Magazine*, and the *British Magazine*—this last a speculation of Smollett's, in which the chapters of his *Sir Lancelot Greaves* were originally published. Goldsmith's contributions to these works were plundered liberally by others of the same class, and by newspapers; but though the ability of the hand was thus recognised, the author's name still remained obscure; and there are several circumstances which lead us to agree with Mr. Prior, that Goldsmith painted himself at this period when he put the following words into the mouth of his George Primrose. After mentioning the old but by no means exploded trick of soliciting subscriptions for books never meant to be printed, this adventurer is made to say—

'Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a *second attempt for fame*, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause, but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philaethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.'

Next year, however, one series of *Essays*, to which a regular plan gave unity and cohesion, by degrees fixed general attention; and before the close of 1760 the *Chinese Philosopher*—the *Citizen of the World*—had greatly enlarged the estimate of his friends, and not less excited the curiosity of strangers. Goldsmith now found himself courted by several of the men of letters who enjoyed established reputation; and Johnson above the rest was eager to show his

his admiration of his talents, and to cultivate his friendship. Through him the access to Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, and the rest of that memorable society was easy, and, though Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties never ceased, he was thenceforth cheered by the confidence of minds stronger than his own. Doomed still to earn the bread of the passing day by compilations to which even his genius could rarely give any dignity, his self-respect was sustained by their approbation and authority; and he gallantly rescued from repose and relaxation sufficient time to produce at intervals the various original works in prose and verse to which, after and above the *Chinese Letters*, he owes his station among our classics.

In May, 1761, he exchanged his garret in Green-Arbour Court for lodgings of a better description in Fleet Street, and it seems that the first visit Johnson paid him was at a supper which he gave on taking possession of them. Percy, as their chief mutual acquaintance, conducted Johnson, and was struck with the then unusual trimness of his attire:—

‘He had on, said the Bishop, a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. “Why, Sir,” said he, “I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.”’—*Life*, vol. i. p. 377.

In the course of that year Goldsmith formed his first connection with Mr. Newbery, a kind-hearted bookseller of St. Paul's Church-yard, now chiefly remembered for the multiplicity of his little publications for children. Setting up the newspaper which still exists under its original name of *The Public Ledger*, he applied to Goldsmith for occasional literary contributions, and found him so adroit and withal so diligent, that he charged himself thenceforth for several years with providing occupation for his pen. In the course of 1762, Goldsmith produced for him a pamphlet on the *Cock Lane Ghost*, for which he received three guineas; a *History of Mecklenburg*, 8vo. (suggested by the marriage of good Queen Charlotte,) 20*l.*; seven volumes, 12mo., of an *English Plutarch*, 45*l.*; an abridgment of the *History of England* (the first and tiniest of *four* such abridgments from this pen), two guineas; a *Life of Beau Nash*, 8vo., fourteen guineas; and miscellaneous papers sufficient to raise his revenue, from St. Paul's Church-yard, in all to 120*l.* These items would prove this to have been a year of severe exertion: yet there seems good reason to believe that they do not exhaust the list of its performances; and we have plentiful evidence that all its industry

had not relieved him from the most tangible degradations of penury. We need not repeat the story of Johnson's finding him in a spunging-house for a petty debt, and releasing him by the sale of his *Vicar of Wakefield* for 60*l.* to Newbery. Boswell fixes the incident in the spring of 1763. That delicious little novel had been no hasty effort. Every version of the anecdote shows that he had kept it by him to be taken up as his 'Labour of Love,' whenever he could shift off the yoke of translation or compilation for an evening during the preceding year—perhaps during 1761 also.

Newbery had probably been offered the tale before, and when he did give 60*l.* for a copyright which must have put thousands into his pocket or that of his heirs, did so in deference merely to the favourable opinion of the Dictator Johnson. And he still clung to his own doubts—for the novel lay near two years in his desk, and was not published until after the poem of the Traveller, put forth with the author's name in 1765, had been crowned with universal applause, and there was a rush among what is called *the trade* to collect his fugitive essays, and partake *per fas aut nefas* in the lucre of a new celebrity. However, Newbery was also the publisher of the poem, and the sum he gave for it was twenty guineas!—to which Goldsmith stooped not to solicit any addition in the then usual shape of a dedication fee, for he inscribed it to his affectionate brother, the obscure curate contented with his obscurity—

‘ And passing rich with forty pounds a year.’

We extract, as a favourable specimen of Mr. Prior's manner, part of the chapter which he devotes to the *Vicar of Wakefield*—

‘ The Vicar secured friends among every description of readers; with the old by the purity of its moral lessons, and with the young by the interest of the story. With the popular productions before him of Fielding and Smollett, he studiously avoided their track by excluding variety of adventures, immoral scenes, and licentious intrigues, which, under the plausible plea of exhibiting human nature, almost necessarily corrupt the minds of youth by familiarizing what it is never prudent wantonly to display. He was equally regardless of the example of Richardson, of his prolixity and sentimental refinements, however he may have honoured his morality. . . . But its great charm, as of all the productions of Goldsmith, is close adherence to nature—nature in its commendable, not vicious, points of view. The Primrose family is a great creation of genius; such a picture of warm-hearted simplicity, mingled with the little foibles and weaknesses common to the best specimens of humanity, that we find nothing like it in the whole range of fiction. Each of the individuals is nicely discriminated without apparent art or effort; we can anticipate what either will do, and almost will say, on any given occasion. The unwearied bene-

volence and submission to the will of Providence under all his distresses of the good pastor ; the self-satisfied cleverness and little female devices to accomplish favourite purposes, of his wife ; the liveliness and indiscretion of Olivia ; the more considerate and sedate turn of Sophia ; the pedantry yet simplicity of Moses ; and goodness of heart of all, present a piece of moral painting of great beauty and of rare skill. . . . The conduct of the story has the merit of never once leading us from the main design of exhibiting the family in all their trials from the commencement to the conclusion, excepting the episode of the adventures of the son. The style is peculiarly easy, perspicuous, and simple, free from all attempt at fine writing or ambitious ornament, and without even one of those epigrammatic smartnesses which the apprehension of being considered dull led him occasionally to introduce into his *Essays*. This, among its other merits, has contributed to render the *Vicar of Wakefield* perhaps the most popular of all English books on the continent of Europe.

‘ For some of the incidents he unquestionably taxed his recollections of early life. The primitive habits of Lissoy and Kilkenny-West furnished hints which, when applied to the interior of an English vicarage, were thought, and perhaps truly, inappropriate or overcharged. As usual also we find much of himself. The adventures of George Primrose were without doubt nearly similar to his own. He makes Sir William Thornhill also travel over the continent of Europe on foot and return about the age of thirty, his own age nearly when the same feat was performed. . . . The character of the vicar is a more extended draught of the pastor in the “*Deserted Village*,” and meant, as was said by the family, for his father. The private marriages of two of his sisters may have supplied hints in detailing the conduct of Olivia. Burchell was the name of one of his connexions by marriage.’—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 117.

When these beautiful performances at length placed Goldsmith in that high station which the lapse of time has left undisturbed, he was in the 37th year of his age, and had struggled for nine years with the worst miseries of an author militant. The attainment of fame, had it come earlier, might perhaps have found character and manners comparatively plastic, and he might have emerged into the upper world with the ability, as well as the desire, to adopt its habitudes ; as it was, the boon came too late for this. Such as he had been in the darkest periods of his humiliation, he now and ever after continued to be ; or if he changed in anything, it was but to resume some of those lighter features of his own original temper and taste which had been for a time obliterated under the pressure of calamitous anxiety. He was spoken of and invited out ; but though many did justice to his worth and kindness, his manners carried the broad stamp of a prime chequered with mean sorrows and cheap indulgences ; and his amiable simplicity itself, furnishing easy merriment to intellectual inferiors, was as

easily connected in the mind of his social superiors with the notion of a sort of moral imbecility that would of itself frustrate any efforts of protection. It will always, however, be a deep stain on the dispensers of royal patronage in that age, that Goldsmith, after he had so nobly vindicated his right to their favour, was permitted to consume so great a part of the brief remainder of his life in the actual servitude of literature. The excuse that ease induces indolence,—that he who toiled because he must have bread sinks into listless inaction when secured against the iron gripe of necessity,—this excuse, so often repeated, and, it must be owned, countenanced by some sad examples in our own literary history, can never be more idly alleged than in the case of Goldsmith. He had in his mature years thrown off all, or almost all, the *vicious* irregularities which distracted his youth. He had, as all who have left any records of their acquaintance with him in the latter period agree, entirely abandoned excess in drinking. He had subdued an even more perilous propensity; he continued to like a hand at whist, and lost and won like other people among friends; but there is no trace of his ever having tampered with games of hazard, entered a gaming-house in London, or, in short, as *the* Dr. Goldsmith, done anything to bring him within the category of *gamester*; even in this matter therefore we must allow him to have exhibited considerable fortitude, though less than as to the pleasures of the table, which he continued to enjoy keenly, and yet had learned to partake in blameless moderation. For society he ever had a lively appetite, but it was only as the relaxation from labour; he never considered it as the serious business of life. But the solid and unanswerable argument remains; his greatest works, all those which one has no pang in connecting with his name, were produced in obedience to pure and generous love of literature and ambition of fame, in the midst of the grievous round of task-work to which he looked for provision against positive want. Who will believe that if he wrote his novel, his poems, and his comedies for the sake of his genius and his name, when beleaguered by printers' devils for the daily dole of compilation, he would not have left us many novels, many poems, and many plays, had his mornings and evenings, during the ten last years of his life, been his own, to do with as he listed? It is hard to say anything for the excisemanship of Burns; but it is harder still to turn over any page of any pension-list (Whig or Tory), and remember without worse than indignation the long library of booksellers' catch-pennies on which the inoffensive and unrepining Goldsmith wore out his strength, until exhausted nature gave way at forty-five.

We have quoted so largely from Mr. Prior's first volume, that we must not attempt to follow him minutely through the second, in

in which he details the history of these later years with the same accuracy of research. Until we perused the book, we had formed a most inadequate conception of the amount of drudgery to which Goldsmith submitted *after* he had come to be the established favourite of the public—filling after all a place only second to Johnson, even in the pages of Boswell. A mere list of the works which Mr. Prior affiliates on him, by the sure evidence of his own and his booksellers' accounts and receipts, would fill several of our pages, and prove incontestibly that he who, had no biographers told his personal story, would probably have passed with posterity for some gay loungeur who diverted his leisure by half-a-dozen brilliant master-pieces, was in truth the most diligent slave that ever toiled in the mill of Grub-street. It is true that even in the execution of tasks so unworthy of him, he displayed—he could not but display—occasional flashes of the genius which shines clear and unbroken in the unforced effusions of his happier hours; but the consolation is a sad one; indeed, the more varied the evidence of his genius, the more melancholy must be our regret for its perversion.*

He went through all this sort of labour, no doubt, with far greater ease to himself than will ever attend the penman incapable of higher things. His MSS., of which Mr. Prior has examined many, confirm Bishop Percy's statement that 'his sweet prose flowed from him with such happy facility that sometimes there was hardly a correction from the beginning to the end of a quire.' Even in his case, however, this was, and could only have

* We are tempted to extract, as a specimen of the gems which Mr. Prior has had the merit of discovering among Goldsmith's anonymous and utterly forgotten lucubrations, a brief character of Beau Nash, the celebrated Master of the Ceremonies at Tonbridge Wells, and afterwards at Bath. *Mutatis mutandis* we suspect it might stand for a faithful portraiture of the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of any of our modern Little Peddlingtons: so true is it that if the *manners make the man*, it is the *place* that makes the manners:—

'None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash: he had some wit, but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. Once a week he might say a good thing—this the little ones about him took care to divulge; or if they happened to forget the joke, he usually remembered to repeat it himself. In a long intercourse with the world he had acquired an impenetrable assurance; and the freedom with which he was received by the great furnished him with vivacity which could be commanded at any time, and which some mistook for wit. His intercourse among people of fashion had let him into most of the characters of the nobility; and he was acquainted with many of their private intrigues. He understood rank and precedence with the utmost exactness, was fond of show and finery himself, and generally set a pattern of it to others. These were his favourite talents, and he was the favourite of such as had no other.

'Some of the nobility regarded him as an inoffensive useful companion, the size of whose understanding was, in general, level with their own; but their little imitators admired him as a person of fine sense and great good breeding. Thus people became fond of ranking him in the number of their acquaintance, told over his jests, and Beau Nash at length became the fashionable companion.'—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 266.

been, the result of much discipline; and sweet as the prose is which he could at length produce with such rapidity, we must not think that it would stand comparison with that over which he passed and re-passed at intervals a cool eye and a correcting pen. The *curiosa felicitas* of such apparently artless narrative as we have in *The Vicar* is a thing of another class. No man kept his verses longer by him, and retouched them with more anxious carefulness than Goldsmith; and could he have done as he liked with his prose, we may be sure he would have bestowed corresponding attention upon it all. He used to say that he owed his early ambition of neat and elegant execution to a rebuke which a slovenly school-boy's letter produced him from his elder brother. 'Dear Oliver,' Henry's answer began, 'the less you have to say, there is the more reason that you should try to say it well.' And how reluctantly he followed the dictates of necessity in abstaining from revision of his larger works for the press, may be gathered from a casual expression of his to a young gentleman of fortune, who showed him a MS. towards the close of his life. The sheets were covered with interlineations and minute amendments. 'Ah!' said Goldsmith, 'while you can take all this pains to do yourself justice, think of me, that must write a volume every month.'

We are not, however, to confound with the humbler productions of Goldsmith the 'Letters on English History, from a Nobleman to his Son,'—the question as to the authorship of which has at last been settled by Mr. Prior. The clap-trap title-page had full effect, and these admirable letters, at first ascribed to Lord Chesterfield and subsequently to Lord Lyttleton, were never disowned by the latter nobleman, and still go by his name. Our biographer, however, has clearly proved, from the publisher's books, that they were wholly Goldsmith's, and adduces also a note of Bishop Percy, in which he describes Goldsmith as laughing at the title-page at the time, but adding that 'he hoped this book would live.' It has lived, and will continue to do so. Within similar compass no equally clear, comprehensive, and instructive survey of our annals ever has been, or is ever likely to be, written.*

Goldsmith wrote it in 1764, at a widow's house at Islington, where he had taken a lodging near the country-residence of his friend Newbery, who settled with the good woman quarterly, exactly as if the author had been in a condition of pupilage. Mr. Prior does not disdain to quote several of their accounts—from which it appears that Goldsmith's board and lodging cost 12*l.* per quarter; that his extra expenses were quite trivial; and that the

* One of the daily journals, much to its advantage and credit, drew largely from these letters during the agitation of the Reform Bill. A new edition of them was in consequence called for, and, we believe, rapidly disposed of.

landlady, from the regard she soon conceived for him, allowed him now and then to invite a poor brother-author to dinner, without making any claim for his entertainment. When wine was produced, which did not happen above once or twice in a month, Goldsmith was charged 1s. 6d. per bottle, and no one evening is burdened with two bottles. His usual beverage in this retreat was a slight decoction of *sassafras*, 'which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood;' and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Except when he went to dine in town on Fridays, with *The Club*, such was his simple fare. He read in the morning certain chapters of Carte, Rapin, &c., strolled away into the fields to arrange his reflections, came home to his early dinner, and then sat down to write for the evening. His chief amusement seemed to be playing with the children, who had always free access to his only room, and teaching the dog to beg. Whenever he had done enough of the letters to keep the press a-going for a day or two, he turned to some *child's book* for his employer; and if the author of Caleb Williams, himself long a children's bookseller, was not misinformed, one of these *opera subseciva* was the tale of 'Goody Two-Shoes.'

Goldsmith made two attempts to escape from this mode of existence. He drew up a memorial to the prime-minister, suggesting that if a competently qualified traveller were provided with the means of spending three or four years in the East, he might bring back some useful practical hints as to mechanical arts, and especially some chemical secrets serviceable to our manufactures; and tendered his own services for such an expedition. Lord Bute appears to have taken no notice of his application. Johnson's sarcastic observation, 'that if Goldy had gone he would probably have brought back a harrow or a hand-loom,' is condemned by Mr. Prior as unjustly severe; but he has nothing to say as to a subsidiary point in Goldsmith's programme, which referred to transcribing the sculptured characters of what are called the *Written Mountains*. Goldsmith was ignorant of all the living as well as dead tongues of the East; and neither he, nor any other man, could ever guess to what language those mysterious inscriptions might belong. It has been reported that he received soon after an invitation to *write for the ministry*, and that being, though on principle a Tory, old and wise enough to shrink from the tumults of partizanship, he at once declined any such service; but Mr. Prior leaves this matter much in the dark. The other attempt was, once more to establish himself in his profession in London. This occurred in June, 1765, and was, it is said, advised strongly by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He took apartments in the Temple, hired

a man-servant, (a Patlander, of course,) and appeared suddenly metamorphosed into 'a smart physician, with a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaire buttoned to the chin, charged in his tailor's bill at four guineas and a half' (vol. ii. p. 104); but imposing as was this attire, it earned the Doctor more jests than fees, and he soon retreated again to his Islington lodging and Goody Two-shoes. He ever afterwards, however, retained his chambers in the Temple (No. 2, Brick Court, up two pair of stairs). His subsequent works were produced partly here and partly in different country lodgings—and here he died.

The next of Goldsmith's classical works was the comedy of *The Goodnatured Man*, which Garrick declined, and which the rival manager, Colman, was with much difficulty persuaded to risk upon the stage of Covent Garden. Its success justified Johnson's prognostic, and covered both managers with confusion. Boswell gives some amusing particulars about the author's simple display of anxiety on the occasion of its first performance, and he is quite corroborated by Mrs. Piozzi.

'Dr. Johnson, who had been in his company the evening on which the play was performed and witnessed his distress, heard the avowal of that distress with surprise at the Chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, when both were dining with Dr. Percy, and censured it as silly, saying that "no man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity," a harsher remark than the matter deserved. Most dramatic writers would have felt as acutely as Goldsmith, though few might so unreservedly have avowed it.

'Returning home one day from dining at the Chaplain's table, says Mrs. Piozzi, Johnson told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very comical and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings when his play was hissed; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress them still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about '*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon*;' but "all this while I was suffering horrid tortures," said he, "and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again." "All which, Doctor," said Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, "I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world."—*Ibid.* pp. 166-168.

We must leave untouched Mr. Prior's remarks on this comedy,

and also his historical and critical chapters on the subsequent works which sustained and increased Goldsmith's reputation:—the *Hermit*; the *Deserted Village*, Mr. Prior's account of which will be particularly interesting to all Irish readers; the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; the admirable compendiums of Greek and Roman History; and the *View of Animated Nature*, which, as Johnson predicted, he had rendered 'as interesting as a Persian tale,' and which—though undertaken, unlike his novel and poems, with little higher ambition than that of earning a certain number of pounds—from the subject happily coinciding with the author's habitual tastes, engaged such a share of his better enthusiasm, that it is, in all respects, worthy to be ranked among the permanent monuments of his genius. A good edition of this work, in which minor inaccuracies should be corrected, and subsequent information shortly and distinctly conveyed, would secure its popular usefulness, in spite of all the more pompous performances now-a-days puffed and placarded. This was the only one of Goldsmith's heavier exertions for which he received even a decent remuneration from the booksellers. For the eight volumes he got 800 guineas. His *Deserted Village* brought him only 100*l.*—the same sum that Hannah More received about the same time for her worthless ballad, *Sir Eldred of the Bower*. By his first comedy, between theatrical profits and copyright, he appears to have netted about 500*l.* Upon the whole, during the last eight brilliant years of his established fame and unwearied diligence, his income does not seem to have averaged more than from 200*l.* to 300*l.* His first biographer (the preface writer) speaks quite at random when he talks of his having made in one year, 1800*l.*

But if poor Goldsmith had gained sums much larger than it ever entered his head to dream of, his open and reckless generosity would have prevented them from making him, at the end of any one of these years, a richer man than he had been at the beginning. He was, in truth, in his own exquisite expression, 'a machine of pity.' Mr. Prior, among numberless pretty anecdotes, tells one of his rising abruptly from a dinner table, and running out into the street to give all he had in his pocket to a ballad-singer. Some of the company observed and remarked on his lavish bountifulness. 'Oh,' said he, 'you were all saying she sung sweetly—but you did not perceive the misery of her notes.' He was continually practised upon by fraudulent mendicants; the hour after he detected an impostor found him as ready as ever to be imposed upon; and his natural compassionateness, quickened, no doubt, by the remembrance of unrelieved distresses of his own, gave rise to the only bitter strain of sentiment that pervades

pervades his writings. His verse and his prose have very often for their burden, 'Man's inhumanity to man;' and Mr. Prior quotes with more disapprobation than we should have expected, even such passages as the following:—

'There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature, the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters; whilst they have no share even in their own possession, but the choice of their market. I cannot bear to hear the rich crying out for liberty, while they thus starve their fellow-creatures, and feed them up with an imaginary good, while they monopolize the real benefits of nature.'—*Animated Nature*, vol. iii. p. 8.—Ed. 1774.

Whatever money Goldsmith had was always kept lying loose in an open drawer. When a laundress's bill was brought to him one morning at breakfast, a friend heard him say, pointing to the drawer, 'Well, Dennis, why don't you pay the poor woman?'—and ventured, when the man withdrew, to suggest that this was exposing a servant to undue temptation—'What!' cried Goldsmith, 'my dear fellow, would you take Dennis for a thief?'

But the great and eternal drain was his compassion for the humbler serfs of literature—and especially the ragged adventurers from Ireland, who, now that his name was up, flocked to him for countenance and support. Mr. Prior has himself conversed with several persons, subsequently holding respectable stations in different professions, who told, with gratefulness, anecdotes of this description. But for the following, which illustrates his simplicity as well as his generosity, we are indebted to the late Mr. Richard Sharp, who had it from the lips of Mr. William Cooke, known from the title of a poem he wrote, as *Conversation Cooke*. That *Conversation Sharp* should have preserved *Conversation Cooke's* story, is an amusing coincidence. He says—

'To this gentleman, while yet but a stranger in town and his supplies occasionally short, Goldsmith had more than once offered the use of his purse, which Cooke at length accepted, the temptation of an evening at Marylebone or Ranelagh Gardens with several companions being irresistible. On applying to the poet, however, he was told very seriously and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the mean time, Cooke, provided from

another quarter, had locked his chambers and proceeded to his amusement, but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which on examination proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapped in paper and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as those of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, "In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that." —*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 139, 140.

Another anecdote was told by Dr. Veagh M'Donnell, a physician of some reputation in St. Marylebone, who died but a year or two ago—

'It was,' said Dr. M'Donnell, 'in the year 1772, that the death of my elder brother in London, on our way to Ireland, left me in a most forlorn situation; I was then about eighteen; I possessed neither friends nor money, nor the means of getting to Ireland, of which or of England I knew scarcely anything from having long resided in France. In this situation I had strolled about for two or three days considering what to do, but unable to come to any determination, when Providence directed me to the Temple Gardens. I threw myself on a seat, and willing to forget my miseries for a moment drew out a volume of Boileau. I had not been there long when a gentleman strolling about passed near me, and observing perhaps something Irish or foreign in my garb or countenance addressed me, "Sir, you seem studious; I hope you find this a favourable place to pursue it." "Not very studious, sir, I fear; it is the want of society that brings me hither; I am solitary and unknown in this metropolis;" and a passage from Cicero,—*Oratio pro Archia*,—occurring to me, I quoted it.—"*Hæc studia pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" "You are a scholar too, sir, I perceive." "A piece of one, sir; but I ought still to have been in the college where I had the good fortune to pick up the little I know." A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he in return gave his address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratification, I found that the person who thus seemed to take an interest in my fate was my countryman, and a distinguished ornament of letters.

'I did not fail to keep the appointment, and was received in the kindest manner. He told me smilingly, that he was not rich; that he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavour to put me in the way of doing something for myself; observing that he could at least furnish me with advice not wholly useless to a young man placed in the heart of a great metropolis. "In London," he continued, "nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work; and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another, for here labour of every kind commands its reward. If you think proper to assist me occasionally as amanuensis I shall be obliged and you will be placed under no obligation, until something more permanent can be secured for you." This employment which I pursued for some time

was to translate passages from Buffon, which he abridged or altered according to circumstances, for his *Natural History*.

'It has been said he was irritable. Such may have been the case at times; nay, I believe it was so; for what with the continual pursuit of authors, printers, and booksellers, and occasional pecuniary embarrassments, few could have avoided exhibiting similar marks of impatience. But it was never so towards me. I saw him only in his bland and kind moods, with a flow, perhaps an overflow, of the milk of human kindness for all who were in any manner dependent upon him. I looked upon him with awe and veneration, and he upon me as a kind parent upon a child.

'I was abroad at the time of his death, and wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my nearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency.—Poor Goldsmith was himself subject to frequent fits of depression, as I heard from those around him.'—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 344.

Among these young Irishmen Goldsmith was usually styled 'Our Doctor;' he appears to have had a levee of them almost every morning at breakfast; he did what he could to get work for them among the booksellers; and whatever they wanted, and he had, was always at their command. To the worst sufferings of their tribe he had been himself no stranger; but Mr. Prior is of opinion that he refers particularly in the following touching page of his '*Animated Nature*' to the fate of an old associate of his, the translator of the *Henriade*, on whom he wrote the well-known epitaph—'Here lies poor Ned Purdon, a bookseller's hack, &c.'

'The lower race of animals, when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man: his mind anticipates distress, and feels the pangs of want even before it arrests him. Thus the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in common language, is often called a broken heart. *Some of these I have known myself when very little able to relieve them.*'

The truth is, however, that Goldsmith found the amusement most to his mind in the society of these poor dependents. Whenever he felt himself at his ease, and with a little money in his pocket, he used to say, 'Come now, my lads, let us have a shoemaker's holiday.' This ever welcome signal meant that the day was to be spent in a long ramble about the beautiful lanes to the north of London—and that the whole party should dine at his expense on bacon and eggs at some little ale-house of Kilburn, Islington,

Islington, Hendon, or Hornsey.* In such haunts and with such companions Goldsmith probably enjoyed himself greatly more than he would have done at the best table that was ever enlivened by the wit and eloquence of his Johnsons and Burkes. Here 'OUR DOCTOR' (not 'Goldy,' or at best 'little Goldsmith') was the king of the club—his jokes were sure to shake every side, his songs to be chorussed and encored—and his wildest rhapsodies (even Boswell confesses that he liked to hear *Goldy rattle on*) were received as the oracles of a wisdom above criticism.

The weakness that leads one man to delight in low company, is not, after all, so pitiable, as that which tempts another to haunt the society of those who, he must feel, consider their admittance of him as a condescension and a boon. The frailties are however kindred, and they are often combined in the same person; but though Goldsmith had his part in most of the follies of vanity, there was a touch of pride about him, sufficient, with the genuine tenderness of his heart, to make him prefer *taking his ease in his inn* among eager feeders who but for him must have had short commons.

Boswell's story of the new bloom-coloured coat in which Goldsmith exhibited himself on the 16th October, 1769—Garrick's merriment upon his self-satisfaction therein—and his indignant rebuke of Garrick, ending with the assurance that the tailor had particularly requested him, if anybody admired the coat, not to forget that it was made by John Filby of Water-Lane; this is only one out of many which compel Mr. Prior to admit the vanity of dress among the foibles of Goldsmith's later years. We see in them all, the same man that appeared in scarlet breeches before the bishop of Elphin, and are only amused with the anxious minuteness with which our biographer has examined the details of his hero's wardrobe. He has fished out the son of the said Filby, and, reprehending Bozzy for calling him John, whereas he really was William, is obliged to confess that the records of Water-Lane, touching the bloom-coloured garment, are '*creditable to his accuracy!*' (vol. ii. p. 231.) It is a truth no longer doubtful that Goldsmith was debited, that very 16th of October, for

'A half dress suit of ratteen lined with satin, 12*l.* 12*s.* 0*d.*

'A pair of bloom-coloured silk stocking breeches, 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*'

And a few weeks later the book of Filby presents:—

'To your blue velvet suit, 21*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*'

Mr. Prior fills no less than three pages with extracts from this important document—which proves that Goldsmith died 79*l.* in Mr.

* Few readers, we hope, have forgotten the exquisite account of a *tour* of this kind given in the 'Citizen of the World.'

William Filby's debt; and concludes with copying an autograph note with which he has been favoured by Filby *filis*, viz. :—' My father, though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to the doctor, who had been a good customer, and would have paid him every farthing had he lived. Half the sum was for clothes supplied to a nephew.' We trust Mr. Upcott may find means to add this note—and the ledger of Water-Lane itself—to his collection of Literary Curiosities; and we think we could point out one or two members of the Roxburgh Club, whose views it might suit to superintend a limited impression, illustrated with portraits of the two tailors, and fac-similes of their hand-writing. But, perhaps, the accounts of Goldsmith's Temple laundress, which, from some delicate scruple, Mr. Prior has not inserted in his work, might furnish a still more piquant contribution to that Club's valuable collection.

Goldsmith himself was conscious of this weakness, and could smile at it. In one of several interesting letters to Sir Joshua Reynolds, written during an excursion to Paris shortly before his death, he tells that kindest and most tolerant of his eminent friends, ' I have bought me a silk dress here, which makes me look like a fool.' Anything at all noticeable in dress does undoubtedly make any man above five and twenty *look*, at the best, like a fool; but we have dwelt too long on this folly, in which many wiser men than Goldsmith have had their share.

Mr. Prior, as we hinted at the beginning of our article, is very anxious to vindicate Goldsmith, respecting the charge so often repeated, of his exhibiting a fretful uneasiness when he witnessed the applause called forth by the accomplishments, even the meanest accomplishments, of other competitors for public favour. We have no doubt that most of the anecdotes connected with this allegation are greatly exaggerated; and can well believe, that in many of the cases to which they refer, Goldsmith's companions erred from not understanding a prevalent feature of his humour—namely, the assumption of a mock solemnity of look in order to heighten the effect of drollery. Nobody can have forgotten, for example, the story of his taking offence when, standing at the window of a hotel in Antwerp, he found some young ladies in his company were attracting the admiration of the passers by, and exclaimed, that they seemed unconscious of *his* presence. One of the ' young ladies' in question still survives—and she has assured Mr. Prior that it shocked all the party when they saw the story in print; that some one in the room must have misinterpreted Goldsmith, but that she knew his humour, and quite understood him at the moment to mean nothing but an additional compliment to his fair friends. All this we can easily believe;

but still not a few of the stories in question rest on the authority of Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds; and that so many stories should be told by so many such persons, all pointing to the same impression, is, it must be allowed, a fact hard to be got over by any such explanation as Mr. Prior offers. Mr. Prior himself gives some new ones too in the same line—his friend, the Rev. Samuel Hoole, of Poplar, for instance, son of the translator of Tasso, remembers being carried into the country when a boy, in a coach, along with his father and Johnson. The ‘Great Cham,’ always delighted with rapid locomotion, looked out at the window, and said—‘This fellow drives well and fast—were Goldy here now, he would tell us he could do it better.’ But the best story of the sort that has ever been recorded, is one which was told to Mr. Croker by Colonel O’Moore, and which he gave us accordingly in a note to his Boswell. It is in all its parts perfect—and if not true is at least most happily *trovato* :—

‘As the Colonel and Mr. Burke were proceeding to dine with Sir Joshua, they observed Goldsmith also on his way thither, standing near a crowd who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of a house in Leicester Square. “Observe Goldsmith,” said Burke to his companion, “and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua’s.” Proceeding forward, they reached the house before him, and when the poet came up to Mr. Burke, the latter affected to receive him coolly, when an explanation of the cause of offence was with some urgency requested. Burke appeared reluctant to speak, but after some pressing said, that he almost regretted keeping up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such indiscretions as he had just exhibited in the square. The Poet with great earnestness protested he was unconscious of what was meant. “Why,” said Mr. Burke, “did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the people must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jezebels while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?” Goldsmith was astonished. “Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so.” “Nay,” replied Mr. Burke, “if you had not said so how should I have known it?” “That’s true,” answered Goldsmith with great humility; “I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.”’—Croker’s *Boswell*, vol. i. p. 423.

We must now draw to a conclusion; but we shall make room for one more extract—it is from a letter addressed to Mr. Prior by the venerable Judge Day, of Dublin; and which, next to Goldsmith’s own correspondence with his relations, with Langton, and with Reynolds, we consider as the most valuable document included in these volumes. We incline to believe that the Judge’s hasty sketch embraces, on the whole, the most true and complete portraiture of Goldsmith in his latter days that the world is ever likely

likely to see. He appears to have formed his acquaintance when a young Templar in 1769:—

‘The Poet frequented much the Grecian Coffee-house, then the favourite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars; and delighted in collecting around him his friends, whom he entertained with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality. Occasionally he amused them with his flute or with whist, neither of which he played well, particularly the latter, but in losing his money he never lost his temper. In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor and exclaim, “*Bye-fare* George I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!”’

‘In person he was short, about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive,—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole we may say not polished, at least without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often indeed boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information and the naiveté and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation and laughed loudly without restraint.

‘Being then a young man I felt myself much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation and society of Grattan, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earnest of the unrivalled splendour which awaited his meridian; and finding us dwelling together in Essex Court, near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he much admired.

‘Just arrived as I then was from College, full freighted with academic gleanings, our author did not disdain to receive from me some opinions and hints towards his Greek and Roman histories, light and superficial works, not composed for fame, but compiled for the more urgent purpose of recruiting his exhausted finances. So in truth was his “Animated Nature.” His purse replenished by labours of this kind, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gaiety and amusement, which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out. He was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag wig and sword.

‘This favourite costume involved him one morning in a short but comical dialogue in the Strand with two coxcombs, one of whom pointing to Goldsmith called to his companion in allusion to the Poet’s sword ‘to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.’ Goldsmith instantly cautioned the passengers aloud against ‘that brace of disguised pickpockets,’ and having determined to teach those gentlemen that he wore a sword as well for defence from insolence as for ornament, he

retired.

retired from the footpath into the coachway, which admitted of more space and freedom of action, and half-drawing his sword beckoned to the witty gentleman armed in like manner to follow him; but he and his companion, thinking prudence the better part of valour, declined the invitation and sneaked away amid the hootings of the spectators.

‘Whenever his funds were dissipated, and they fled more rapidly from his being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevolence, he returned to his literary labours, and shut himself up from society to provide fresh matter for his bookseller and fresh supplies for himself.

‘I was in London when the *Deserted Village* came out. Much had been expected from the author of the *Traveller*, and public expectation and impatience were not disappointed. In fact it was received with universal admiration, as one of the most fascinating and beautiful effusions of British genius.

‘His beautiful little “*Hermit*,” which by some persons had been fathered upon Johnson, and reputed to have been given by him to his protégé to help the Vicar of Wakefield into popularity, was by this time restored to the owner by the public, who had discovered ere now that he excelled in the art of poetry even his eminent patron.

‘His broad comedy “*She Stoops to Conquer*” was received with scarcely less applause, though his friends Garrick and Colman had many misgivings of its success. His friends, of whom I was one, assembled in great force in the pit to protect it; but we had no difficulty to encounter; for it was received throughout with the greatest acclamations, and had afterwards a great run.

‘I also attended his funeral, along with a few others who were summoned together rather hastily for the purpose. It had been intended that this ceremony should be of an imposing kind, and attended by several of the great men of the time, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and others. This determination was altered, I imagine, from the pecuniary embarrassments of the deceased poet; the last offices were therefore performed in a private manner, without the attendance of his great friends. He was interred in the Temple burial-ground. Hugh Kelly, with whom he had not been on terms of intercourse for some years, shed tears over his grave, which were no doubt sincere; he did not then know that he had been slightly mentioned in “*Retaliation*,” nor would he have been so noticed there, could the deceased have anticipated this proof of good feeling. Slight circumstances often separate even the most deserving persons; nor are they perhaps conscious of the worth of each other until accidental circumstances produce the discovery.’—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 361.

After a long and melancholy chapter on Goldsmith’s pecuniary difficulties, which produced a visible change in his aspect and manners during the last two years of his life, and on the medical details of his death-bed, Mr. Prior proceeds as follows:—

‘Thus, on April the 4th, 1774, terminated the life of an admirable writer and estimable man at the early age of forty-five, when his powers

were in full vigour and much was to be expected from their exertion. The shock to his friends appears to have been great, from the unexpected loss of one whose substantial virtues, with all his foibles and singularities, they had learned to value. Burke, on hearing of it, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Northcote informed the writer, relinquished painting for the day—an unusual forbearance, it was considered, of one who under all common circumstances rarely permitted himself to be diverted from the exercise of his art. Dr. Johnson, though little prone to exhibit strong emotions of grief, seems to have felt sincerely on this occasion, for three months afterwards he thus wrote to Boswell—"Of poor dear Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" And again, "Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated as I believe by the fear of distress. Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

That he was 'a very great man' is the fond expression of Johnson's tender friendship;—he was himself, as we have seen, aware that he wanted 'that strong steady disposition which alone makes men great;' but that he was a most amiable one there can be no doubt. Indeed the native purity of heart and mind which could survive all the struggles and mishaps of the precarious life he led in London, is a feature, in as far as we know literary history, unique.

We have been seduced into such an examination of the *biography*, that we have no space left for doing justice to the *edition*. It must suffice for the present to say, that we believe no author has found a more diligent and honest editor than Goldsmith has at last done; that Mr. Prior's specimens of his criticism on his distinguished contemporaries, especially those on Burke and Gray, appear to us highly-interesting acquisitions—hardly less so than various new songs and poetical *jeux-d'esprit*, some of which last will henceforth share the celebrity of the *Retaliation*; and that though the notes are brief, and unburthened with any pretences of disquisition, they seem to us to compress a great deal of accurate information, and to throw much light on the temporary allusions in which Goldsmith largely indulged, and very many of which, if left unexplained in the course of our generation, could hardly have been expected to receive any elucidation hereafter.

It would be idle to close such a paper as this with anything like a formal summary of Goldsmith's merits as an English author; but we may be pardoned for observing that Mr. Prior him-

self concludes his biography with two extracts from this Journal, which in his opinion condense the essence of just criticism on his favourite. He has been enabled to give the names of the two distinguished associates from whom the articles he cites proceeded, and certainly they will lose none of their weight by being thus affiliated. In our 8th Number, commenting on some ridiculous comparisons instituted between Goldsmith and a then living rhymist, Sir Walter Scott expressed himself in these words:—

‘ In a subsequent poem Mr. Pratt is informed (for he probably never dreamt of it) that he inherits the lyre of Goldsmith. If this be true, the lyre is much the worse for wear; and for our parts, we should as soon take the bequest of a Jew’s-harp as the reversion of so worthless an instrument.

‘ This is the third instance we remember of living poets being complimented at the expense of poor Goldsmith. A literary journal has thought proper to extol Mr. Crabbe as far above him; and Mr. Richards (a man of genius also, we readily admit) has been said, in a note to a late sermon, famous for its length, to unite “the nervousness of Dryden with the ease of Goldsmith.” This is all very easily asserted. The native ease and grace of Goldsmith’s versification have probably led to the deception; but it would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style than the author of the “Deserted Village.” Possessing much of the compactness of Pope’s versification, without the monotonous structure of his lines; rising sometimes to the swell and fulness of Dryden, without his inflations; delicate and masterly in his descriptions; graceful in one of the greatest graces of poetry, its transitions; alike successful in his sportive or grave, his playful or melancholy mood; he may long bid defiance to the numerous competitors whom the friendship or flattery of the present age is so hastily arraying against him.’

And again, in the 11th Number of this Journal, the late Earl of Dudley, reviewing the Life of Lord Charlemont, found occasion to allude to Goldsmith’s exquisite prose style, the perfect purity and grace of which must ever, as Judge Day observes, be considered with wonder by those acquainted with the personal tastes and habits of the man; and the hints which our noble friend then administered to Irish writers in general would certainly not have been less pointed had he discharged the function of a reviewer in 1836.

‘ The Irish are much beyond most other nations in natural endowments, and they are daily advancing in education and knowledge. Their great defect is bad taste. This is the rock upon which the best talents among them are wrecked; and this will continue to be the case as long as they insist upon decoration and sublimity in works which properly belong to the “middle style.” As a first step towards improvement we would heartily recommend them to choose some safer and less brilliant object of imitation. If they seek it among their own

countrymen, the name of Swift will at once occur; and in more recent times, they will find in the prose of Goldsmith as perfect a model as any that exists in our language of purity, facility, and grace; of clear lively narration, of the most exhilarating gaiety, of the most touching pathos; in short, of almost every merit that style can possess, except in those comparatively few instances in which the subject calls for a display of higher and impassioned eloquence.'

On the whole, we expect that the effect of Mr. Prior's exertions will be to rescue Goldsmith from the comparative obscurity into which so many of our best old writers are falling among the readers to whom they would be of most use. We seldom find ourselves in a company of young gentlemen of the present day without being confounded and grieved to observe how ignorant they are, even those of them who betray a real love of letters, concerning the lives and works of the English classics even of the last century; and are often tempted to hazard a sermon on a certain pithy text of their own chief favourite about 'Horace then, and Claudian now.' Nor is there the slightest excuse in this case, as there is in many others, from anything like indelicacy of thought or word. Goldsmith's happy taste anticipated the coming age; there is no classic of any time whose *opera omnia* may be placed with more confidence in the hands of that sex for whom every author that now aspires to general and lasting success must on all occasions consider himself as writing. In his prose and in his verse *Virginibus puerisque* was always the motto of this benevolent and gentle-hearted man. His humour was without coarseness—his merriment without extravagance—his wit without spleen; and the volumes which we now close will ever constitute one of the most precious 'wells of English undefiled.'

ART. II.—*A Practical Treatise and Observations on Trial by Jury in Civil Causes, as now Incorporated with the Jurisdiction of the Court of Session.* By the Right Hon. Wm. Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1836.

WHEN a volume (however meritorious) is compiled upon a mere technical subject, connected with the practice of the law, we generally consider it as lying without our jurisdiction. But when a work appears from authority on the introduction of a great alteration in the form and the substance of a national judicature, we feel ourselves bound to take a different view of the case. Such a treatise must equally deserve the attention of the philosopher and the statesman; and can be without interest for no one who comprehends the importance of legislative changes affecting

affecting the long-rooted habits and feelings of an intelligent community.

A short summary of the state of things which immediately preceded the passing of that act of parliament which first introduced the trial by jury in civil causes into Scotland, will enable our readers to appreciate the difficulties which impeded the undertaking. The accumulation of appeals from Scotland to the House of Lords had long been a subject of general complaint; and the evil was rapidly on the increase. The vast expense which attended this tedious procrastination, and the advantages which the certainty of delay afforded to a wealthy and litigious appellant, had been for years lamented by those who possessed the best means of observation. As the arrear of cases increased, their frivolity also advanced in proportion; and questions of the merest and simplest fact, which could have been at once disposed of by a jury on the spot, in a perfectly satisfactory manner, were brought at a great cost before a distant tribunal but ill calculated minutely to sift their merits, and still less able to dedicate a sufficient portion of time to such a task. A grievance thus generally felt and acknowledged—the subject of common complaint amongst the advocates both of the English and Scotch bar, and which had called forth the just animadversions of the chancellor himself—attracted the notice of the prime minister, Lord Grenville, in the year 1806. He foresaw the impossibility of checking the accumulation, without providing an adequate tribunal which, by some expeditious system, should at once dispose of all questions of fact, to the satisfaction of the Scottish people. He brought into parliament a bill for this purpose, which was printed and circulated throughout the country; but he left office shortly afterwards, and no further steps were taken till 1808—when a commission of lawyers was appointed; who reported very cautiously indeed, but still in favour of some remedial measure similar to that of Lord Grenville's bill. The evil, meanwhile, had gone on increasing to an alarming extent; and at length, in 1816, the act of parliament which first established a jury court in Scotland received the Royal assent with the approbation of all parties. It was experimental at first for seven years; but was made permanent by an act passed in 1819. After the system had received a fair trial of ten years, the powers of the tribunal were transferred by another act to the Court of Session. In 1830 the jury court was abolished as a separate court, the lord chief commissioner being made a judge of the Court of Session, to have voice in all matters relating to trial by jury.

In 1819, when the experiment was to be begun, the selection of some presiding judge, combining knowledge with judgment, tact, and weight of character, was a matter of primary importance;

and fortunately in Lord Commissioner Adam was found a person peculiarly well calculated, from his personal accomplishments and position in the world, to undertake these arduous duties. He had been long in the possession of the Scotch appeal business in the House of Lords; and occupied a situation of high rank in this country. He had the advantage also of having been called in his early life to the Scotch bar, which enabled him to carry on a more free and confidential intercourse with the distinguished individuals of his native kingdom; and he brought to the new task a mind replete with professional information, and already in that state of active preparation which a long course of reflection and meditation had engendered.

He appears to have been strongly impressed with the policy of introducing the new measures in their most captivating garb, and of placing their many advantages in the most prominent point of view; being justly apprehensive that the exposition of improvements, which at the same time brought with them their correspondent difficulties, might tend to alienate the friendship of those whom it was his first point to conciliate. The application of the English law of evidence, in regulating the proceedings before the jury, seemed to be called for as a matter of necessity; but the imperious imposition of a foreign code, and coming from a powerful neighbour, was but too likely to call forth feelings of jealousy and ill-will. The first obstacle appears to have presented itself from the most influential quarter, and at this we are not at all surprised; indeed, without presuming to impugn the knowledge and attainments of the lords of session at this period, we see not well how it could have been otherwise. That they should have anticipated much difficulty about drawing a clear line of demarcation between the duties of the jury and those of the bench, was, in fact, inevitable; for even in England it would be no easy matter to explain, exclusively on scientific principles and grounds of sound logic, those various rules of arbitrary practice which have contributed from time to time to keep the machine in a regular and convenient course. To the consideration of this matter the Chief Commissioner forthwith applied all the powers of his mind. He felt that from England alone could the details of the new method be borrowed—that the main rules, and the largest portion of the machinery, must be acquired from the same source; but he saw also that, as the judicial institutions of Scotland partook far more largely of the models of the civil code, it must happen that no art of arrangement could apply some of the more technical English forms in an apt or satisfactory manner; and we must confess that we as frequently trace the master-mind in the departure from, as we do in the skilful adaptation of these forms.

The framing of the different issues, so as properly to raise the questions submitted to the consideration of the jury, became of course the first object of attention. That this great and leading difficulty has been successfully overcome, will be triumphantly proved by the perusal of Mr. Murray's reports; and as the settlement of it brings to view the striking difference between the two systems, we think it may not be unacceptable to the reader to explain to him in a summary manner the grounds of these peculiarities.

It had been in the first instance suggested to Lord Grenville that the mode of pleading in the Court of Session by *summons* and *defence* would at once have afforded sufficient means of placing a fit and proper issue before the court. But on this point it is truly observed—'That the summons is almost always a work of haste. It is not framed with the precision of an English declaration. The defences (in England, the plea), which are loose *argumentative* papers, do not offer a precise issue on which to join and try.' Next, it was open to the learned lord to have adopted the method of the English court of chancery, and have tried all the questions of fact through the medium of a feigned issue. Our readers are aware that the disputed facts are in this case placed before the jury in the shape of a wager between the contending parties; and although, practically speaking, it sufficiently answers its purpose, yet no candid person can deny that it is but a clumsy and unscientific expedient. 'If I had suggested a feigned issue,' says the Lord Commissioner, 'it would have excited irremediable alarm in the profession here. The making a fictitious wager the ground of a formal legal proceeding would not have been understood; nor was the profession familiar with the most simple English declaration, or pleading to it, so as to join an issue in the cause.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

It remained then to adopt but one other course; and that was, to embody in simple questions, framed under the authority and superintendence of the judge, the matter to be tried. The whole of the scheme may be comprised in the following short statement. The *summons*, in the first place, sets forth the injury or ground of complaint. The defender next puts in his *defence*; and possibly in some instances of the simplest description, these documents may of themselves afford a sufficient issue. This, however, can but rarely happen. Next comes the *condescendence*—being a specification of the facts on which the complaint rests, arranged in a more precise and particular form; and this is met by a more special *answer*. From these premises the issue is finally framed. This method appears to have received the sanction of the most eminent men amongst the English bench and bar; indeed it had

been recommended to the notice of the Lord Chief Commissioner, by some precedents, or rather opinions, to be found in our reports and books of practice. His inclination, in all cases where it was practicable, was to have recourse to the *general issue*, or the most general form of denial, and in this also he appears in the main to have been encouraged by his English advisers. That the scheme has succeeded beyond his utmost expectation, we now have abundant proof; and we are inclined to ascribe no small portion of this success to the unwearied industry, the caution and determination of purpose, and the straightforward simplicity of mind which presided over the whole experiment.

In giving this short summary of the origin of a great national benefit, we have purposely avoided running into detail, or wearying the reader with a minute and technical examination. It may not, however, be amiss to explain very briefly, why a form of pleading, which in the opinion of those the best competent to judge has, in its *extended* adoption in England, proved rather mischievous than otherwise, should have been applied with so much advantage in laying the foundation of a new system for Scotland. The truth is, that the loose and argumentative nature of the Scotch pleadings has been subjected to far more powerful checks than might appear on a superficial inspection. Had the *condescendence* and *answer* of the Scotch law been framed at all according to the model of the English *declaration* and *plea*, there would have been little difficulty in at once introducing the whole system of English pleading. But we must bear in mind that the general and special demurrer of the English courts, which of themselves had the effect of compelling the admission of undisputed facts, and settling the relevancy of the plea, and its materiality, were regulated by rules which had been moulded in the crucible of rigid logic; and all these causes contributed to give a character of singleness and precision to the declaration, and to bring to a fixed point the real question in dispute. This process had the effect of introducing to the jury in a definite and distinct form the fact upon which they had to decide, and all those voluminous arguments and reasonings, which were embodied in the *condescendence* and *answer* of the Scotch method, became in the English courts the arguments merely of the advocate to the jury, and subject to the control and direction of the judge. To counteract this looseness of argument and generality of reasoning, the learned Commissioner provided two important checks. The first was the refusal to notice in the issue whatever had not been distinctly averred in the *condescendence*; and the second was the obliging the contending parties to admit whatever was not really a matter of dispute, preparatory to the framing of the issue. With

these important checks and protections, we can easily see how the *general issue* was calculated to become the most efficient instrument for accomplishing the object in view; for—although a jealousy or littleness of mind, or an over-cunning will, in most cases, prevent the parties themselves from agreeing to a full and voluntary set of admissions,—the case is widely different when these come recommended by the authority of the judge, who stands clear of all suspicion of bias. It is hardly to be expected that cases will not arise, in which an intricate state of facts may require a more special form, on proposing the issue to the jury. But it is equally obvious that difficulties of this description must decrease, as well-digested precedents accumulate. The complicated questions that arise will be met by a more refined instrumentality, equally satisfactory to the Scotch bench and bar, and advantageous to the body of suitors.

In fine, we cannot but express our belief that this cautious and patient method in the promulgation of the new system will prove most acceptable to the general feelings of our northern neighbours, and that its adoption argued more wisdom than that imperative spirit of rapid legislation which is so much in favour at the present time, and which, in its anxiety to force the application of some general and abstract principle, is too apt to overlook the difficulties which stand in the way of final success. We have merely to add, that the power of moving for a new trial is given to the parties, and pretty nearly on the model, and according to the principles, established in Westminster Hall; and that if the court above should think proper to refuse the application, a bill of exceptions may then be applied for;—so that an ultimate appeal to the House of Lords on every question of law that can arise is still kept open and inviolate.

This volume is an invaluable manual for the profession in the North; nor ought the fastidiousness of the English lawyer to despise the many minute rules and directions which are scattered through its pages. In such a case minuteness becomes a virtue, and a rich assemblage of elementary propositions can alone form a stable and solid groundwork for the erection of the future edifice. We, in short, fully agree in the opinion which Sir Samuel Shepherd, an authority second to none, has expressed of this book:—‘I think it will be most beneficial to the bench and the bar in Scotland; and I also think that it would not be amiss if some of us on this side the Tweed were to give it an attentive perusal.’—p. 148. It is highly gratifying to find the venerable author exhibiting, in the written labours of his retirement, the same calm and dispassionate judgment which in his busier day balanced and blended together the opinions of his Scotch brethren and

and the communications of the English bench. We cannot doubt that his activity of mind, and disinterestedness of purpose, are held in just estimation by the northern public at large; and the opinion of the Scotch Bar on his final retirement from the bench stands recorded in the language of one of the most brilliant of that accomplished body, the then Dean of Faculty, Mr. Jeffrey—

‘None can be so fully aware as the members of the bar of the many and great difficulties which his lordship had to surmount in introducing trial by jury in civil causes into Scotland, or of the success with which they have been overcome. This triumph the Faculty is satisfied could only have been accomplished by the eminent qualifications of the venerable judge who has conducted so great and arduous a judicial experiment, and by the unremitting zeal and unvarying and devoted attention with which his lordship has dedicated his mind to the establishment and improvement of trial by jury.’—*Appendix*, p. 16.

On the whole, the manner in which the new system has been received reflects high honour on the candour and liberality of the people of Scotland. We may illustrate the readiness with which the nation appear to have dropped their prejudices in this matter by a personal anecdote, to the accuracy of which we can bear testimony. In the latter period of his life Mr. Dugald Stewart spent a winter in the west of England, when he seized on the opportunity which the circuit afforded him of witnessing for the first time the proceedings in an English court of justice. A long and tedious case (it concerned the obstruction of a water-course) occupied nearly the whole of the morning, and produced a great deal of skilful cross-examination. On leaving the court, he observed to the gentleman who had been his companion throughout the day, that he had always been an enemy to the introduction of Lord Grenville’s bill into Scotland, and that he was so at the very moment he entered the Assize Hall; but that he was free to confess his opinion had undergone a decisive, although rapid, alteration. ‘I could not have believed it possible,’ said he, ‘that truth to such an extent could have been extracted from such unwilling witnesses. They would in Scotland have baffled all our efforts for a long period, if not for ever. I am now decidedly in favour of the new measure.’

ART. III.—*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By Lord Mahon. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1836.

WE cannot believe that we are misled by that natural tendency of our mental optics to magnify the relative importance of whatever is nearest to us, when we affirm that the history of this

country from the Revolution of 1688 to the present time is the most instructive and interesting chapter in that of the human race.

Under various circumstances, and exposed to arduous trials, it has been the most striking example of a state of society, at once prosperous and progressive, attaining the highest pitch of civilization without experiencing the slightest relaxation of its moral energy. It is not alone the history of the political changes of a nation, but of the development of mind, of the achievements of human intellect, of the invention of new arts, of the creation of new powers, of the vast extension of every science and every department of knowledge.

Every stage of this great progress must afford matter of deep interest to the political philosopher, to the historian, to the statesman; and not the least remarkable is the period which is treated of in the work before us. Amidst the keenest rivalry and the bitterest struggles of party, struggles which appeared calculated to shake the political machine into fragments, our constitution then attained that firmness of texture and stability of position which endured so long, which raised us so high, through which we attained so much of prosperity and of glory, and enjoyed so much of liberty, security, and happiness. The social changes which we have undergone since, though immense, have been gradual—no violent convulsion has ushered them in;—and it is the more necessary that, to mark the alteration, we should carry our regards back, and institute a point of comparison from which to measure their scope and extent.

Certain remarkable analogies between the party struggles of the beginning of the last century and those of our own day have recently directed the public regards to that portion of our domestic history, and re-awakened an interest in it which had been obliterated by the more exciting events of later years. And this curiosity found no very great facility or satisfaction in its gratification. The materials of history were indeed abundant; but the history itself, presenting to the mass of the reading public a succinct relation of the transactions, and a comprehensive view of the spirit and tendency of the times, was not to be found. By a sort of prescriptive title, chiefly founded upon the similar garb in which they have been attired by the printer and the bookbinder, Smollett has acquired the privilege of being considered as the legitimate successor of Hume;—yet few have waded through his annals without weariness and impatience, or without remarking upon the singular contrast between the sprightliness and invention of the novelist and the heavy tediousness of the historian. The public owe a large debt of obligation to the labours of Archdeacon Coxe, whose biographical works

have done so much to render them acquainted with the events of the early part of the last century; yet, however much of an historical character the lives of men like Marlborough and Walpole must necessarily partake of, still the distinction between biography and history will always remain a wide one. A work concentrating the whole interest round an individual, and treating events not in proportion to their actual importance, but to their connexion with that one person, can never adequately supply the place of a general history. Mr. Hallam's admirably written Constitutional History excludes, by its original design, all detail and narrative of transactions not immediately connected with his subject, and can only indeed be appreciated by those who have acquired a previous knowledge of the period. Lord John Russell's *Memoirs of the History of Europe* do not, when perused, serve to explain the doubt as to his plan, which his ambiguous title causes. The slight thread of his narrative, winding over so large a space, seems only intended as an accompaniment and key to the anecdotes and reflections in which the interest of his book, such as it is, consists.

In addition to the advantage of finding a field thus abundant in interest, and in a great degree unoccupied, Lord Mahon has had the command of a variety of new materials. It is curious by what an insensible progress, the motive of curiosity and desire of investigation in the many surviving the reasons of concealment in the few,—the secret springs of action,—the real designs and objects of the great actors upon the stage of public life, have a tendency ultimately to reveal themselves. We may trace the gradual relaxation of the watchful guard over the private journal or confidential letter, or communication in cypher, which was once maintained by all the jealousy of intriguing ambition. Little by little these depositions of state secrets see the light, one serves to elucidate another, and a clue is obtained by which to unravel the complicated web, which had been impenetrable to the most prying contemporary. Like a picture seen from its proper point of view, the details fall into their just proportion; the lights and shadows exhibit their natural effect; and that which, at too near a distance, or in an unfavourable position, would appear to the most experienced connoisseur but as a confused medley of different tints, conveys to the eye a distinct and vivid image, accurate in its outline, harmonious in its colouring. Lord Mahon, himself the direct descendant of one of the most prominent characters of the period he treats of, possesses in the Stanhope Papers a mine of historical information, from which he has enriched his work, and thrown much light upon the intricate political intrigues of that time. The collection of Papers in the family of Hardwicke, which have been

placed at his disposal, have contributed largely to the same object ; and the MS. Memoirs of the Master of Sinclair are valuable, as containing the keen and shrewd remarks of an intelligent and observant man, himself an actor in all the scenes he describes, and as supplying the best commentary upon the events of the Rebellion in 1715, and the conduct of its leaders, which we have yet seen. But the most interesting source from whence Lord Mahon has derived information is unquestionably the collection of the Stuart Papers, which, falling into the hands of the late Pope, at the death of the last member of that ill-fated race, were by him presented to King George IV., and are at present deposited at Cumberland Lodge. Were we inclined to moralize, we might well find abundant material in the circle of events by which the triumphant successors of the expelled line have inherited even to the most private records of the long series of abortive plans and disappointed hopes of their unfortunate rivals.

In an appendix to the present volume is contained a great variety of extracts from these MS. collections, including several letters from Bolingbroke to the Pretender, during the time he acted as his Minister. These are in themselves admirable specimens of his clear, concise, and easy style ; and they give a vivid picture of the state of the Pretender's cause, the difficulties with which it was encompassed, the hereditary obstinacy of the Stuarts, and the weakness and want of conduct in their advisers.

The domestic history of England during the reign of Anne, is that of the great struggles between Whig and Tory ; and Lord Mahon introduces his subject with some very striking remarks upon the relative position and objects of those parties. He has pointed out a number of precisely parallel lines of policy, and instances of unscrupulous resort to the same censurable set of weapons of party warfare, in the Tories of the reign of Queen Anne and the Whigs of the reign of William IV. :—

‘ At that period the two great contending parties were distinguished, as at present, by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that in Queen Anne's reign the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712 would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that, in nearly all particulars, a modern
Tory

Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

'First, as to the Tories. The Tories of Queen Anne's reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war against France. They treated the great General of the age as their peculiar adversary. To our recent enemies, the French, their policy was supple and crouching. They had an indifference, or even an aversion, to our old allies the Dutch. They had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home. They were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections. They had a love of triennial parliaments in preference to septennial. They attempted to abolish the protecting duties and restrictions of commerce. They wished to favour our trade with France at the expense of our trade with Portugal. They were supported by a faction whose war-cry was "Repeal of the Union," in a sister kingdom. To serve a temporary purpose in the House of Lords, they had recourse (for the first time in our annals) to a large and overwhelming creation of peers. Like the Whigs in May, 1831, they chose the moment of the highest popular passion and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a short-lived cry for the purpose of permanent delusion. The Whigs of Queen Anne's time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim. They had for a leader the great man who gained those victories. They advocated the old principles of trade. They prolonged the duration of parliaments. They took their stand on the principles of the Revolution of 1688. They raised the cry of "No Popery." They loudly inveighed against the subserviency to France, the desertion of our old allies, the outrage wrought upon the peers, the deceptions practised upon the sovereign, and the other measures of the Tory administration.

'Such were the Tories and such were the Whigs of Queen Anne. Can it be doubted that, at the accession of William IV., Harley and St. John would have been called Whigs; Somers and Stanhope, Tories? Would not the October Club have loudly cheered the measures of Lord Grey, and the Kit-Cat find itself renewed in the Carlton?'—Vol. i. pp. 6-8.

The defence of the Whigs against these imputations, as we have noticed them in some of their organs, seems to be founded upon the famous Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means. They do not deny the facts, but they assert, that while the Tories of 1713 resorted to such modes of furthering the interests of arbitrary power, they have employed them in advancing the progress and securing the ascendancy of the democracy. Such an answer will not be deemed sufficient by two large classes; those who think that we may err as easily and as widely on the side of democracy as of despotism—and those who believe that the distinction of right and wrong obtains in politics as in the other transactions of human life,

life, and that we are bound to pursue the attainment of our objects only by the straight and open paths.

There is another remarkable coincidence between the position of the Tories in 1713 and the Whigs in 1836; it is, that in both there is the same union with another party, acting for the time subordinately to them, and suffering them to take the lead, yet preserving a distinct character, possessing a powerful influence in the country, and intent upon carrying out their objects to a much greater extent:—

‘ Besides these two great party divisions, there were also, in the reign of Anne, a handful of Republicans and a large body of Jacobites. The former generally screened themselves under the name of Whigs, as the latter under the name of Tories. But the former, comprising at that time only a few of the more violent Dissenters, and a remnant of the Roundheads, possessed hardly any influence, and deserves but little detail. Nay, even amongst that small party which was taunted as republican, by far the greater number are not to be understood as positive enemies of the throne. They wished both the monarchy and peerage to subsist, though with diminished authority. It is true, that the term of Republican Party was perpetually in the mouth of the Tories and the courtiers. But this, which at first sight might make us believe in its strength, is, in fact, only another proof of its weakness; since the idea of a republic was so generally hateful to the nation as to afford a useful byword for crimination. “It may be confidently asserted,” says Mr. Hallam, of the reign of William, “that no republican party had any existence, if by that word we are to understand a set of men whose object was the abolition of our limited monarchy. . . . I believe it would be difficult to name five persons to whom even a speculative preference of a commonwealth may, with great probability, be ascribed.” It is surely no small proof how severely the people had suffered under the old commonwealth, to find that, with all the misconduct of the succeeding reigns, that commonwealth had left no roots nor offsets behind it. The Jacobites, on the other hand, were at this time a most numerous and powerful party. To explain their principles and conduct will require a short historical retrospect.’—pp. 9, 10.

He proceeds to point out, in an able summary, the various causes which, since the expulsion of James II., had tended to strengthen and increase the Jacobite party. Totally different, then, as were the political tenets of the adherents of the Stuarts from those of the modern Radicals, yet pursuing the comparison which Lord Mahon has instituted between the Tories of Queen Anne’s reign and the Whigs of our days, we may observe that in position they were similarly situated between two great opposing parties, the champions of hereditary right and the supporters of the Hanover succession; that they were upheld to a great degree by the Jacobites, who regarded them as instruments for the accomplishment of their own ends; that they equally disclaimed any

compact, yet accepted support; and that their leaders maintained a secret intelligence with these doubtful and sinister allies which went far beyond their ostensible agreement.

We will not pursue this analogy farther. In writing the history of a period so near our own, and the events of which are so easily traceable in their effects upon ourselves, such comparisons naturally suggest themselves. Considerations connected with our political institutions, and with the changes they have subsequently undergone, almost unavoidably arise out of the subject. But in all the remarks which he introduces upon topics connected with our constitutional history, Lord Mahon preserves a remarkable tone of calmness and impartiality. Sincere in expressing, without reserve, his own opinions and impressions, he states them in the fairest and most candid manner. He places his reader in possession of the facts upon which he grounds his inferences, without ever losing the tone of moderation befitting the historian.

The natural bias of the author evidently leads him to sympathize with the feelings and opinions of the illustrious men who at that period were the leaders of the Whig party. His admiration of the great name and achievements of the Duke of Marlborough renders him extremely forbearing and tender in dealing with the glaring defects which stained the character of the hero. Yet it is impossible to palliate faults which all the lustre of his military glory cannot efface. One fact appears in the Stuart Papers which is more than sufficient to affix a stain of the foulest treachery upon his reputation. In one of Bolingbroke's private letters to the Pretender, written during the height of the rebellion of 1715, speaking of the indiscretion of the followers of the Jacobites, and the great difficulty of preserving secrecy in their affairs, he cites as instances of this want of caution, 'that a gentleman belonging to Stair named the number of battalions we expected from Sweden, and that the Marquis d'Effiat told me the very sum which Marlborough has advanced to you.' Marlborough was at this time deeply mortified and irritated at the coldness and neglect with which he had been treated by the new monarch, who probably entertained some jealousy of the power and influence attached to his name, and suspicions not ill founded of his trustworthiness. It has already been ascertained that during his whole life he kept up a secret correspondence with the exiled family, for which double dealing the very unsatisfactory excuse has been made, that it was not carried on with a view of seriously promoting the return of the Stuarts, but of making his peace with them in the contingency of their success. But in the present instance this equivocal apology falls to the ground, for no aid could be more substantial than a loan at this critical moment, nor, considering

dering Marlborough's known love of money, could he have adopted a more convincing method of showing that he was in earnest. The study of this period, the searching scrutiny which later times have instituted into the conduct and character of its public men, cannot indeed contribute to raise our ideas of their characters and principles. To whichever party we turn, we find almost every one of its chiefs not only animated by the bitterest and fiercest party spirit against his opponents, but intriguing against his colleagues, and carrying on under-plots to supplant and overthrow his associates, with a degree of duplicity which would now be stigmatized as the basest dereliction both of public principle and of private honour.

Lord Mahon gives us the clearest account of this succession of intrigues which we have yet seen, and the subject is one of those which present many difficulties to the historian. It is comparatively easy to describe those great public transactions which are open to all the world at the time—which are recorded in state papers—which are handed down by the contemporary statement of numerous witnesses. But the period before us contains, with the exception of the rebellion of 1715, few features of a striking and salient character. It is the chronicle of party struggles and ministerial changes, and the causes of important events are to be explored through a labyrinth of petty personal interests, and of obscure motives of rivalry and jealousy. Yet the ultimate influence of such quiet and noiseless times, when trifles float on the surface, and when the current takes its natural course, undisturbed by forceful counteractions, is perhaps more permanent upon posterity. The peaceful administration of Walpole produced more lasting effects than the brilliant exploits of Marlborough; and perhaps the changes now in progress in French society will make an enduring impression, when the meteor-like course of Napoleon has scarcely left a vestige of its track. The reason is evident;—in the one case an insensible but powerful direction is given to the national habits, and they imperceptibly undergo essential modifications; while in the other an abrupt violence is done to them, and they revert back to their former state as soon as the pressure is removed.

From this period we may observe in full efficiency one great practical excellence of the British constitution. While its uniform tendency has been gradually to purify and elevate the character of the public servants of the country, at the same time its stability never depended upon the possession of any uncommon share of disinterestedness or public virtue in its ministers. It made no unreasonable demands upon the weakness of human nature. It adapted imperfect instruments to its uses; it did not stand still till it could procure faultless ones. Here is one leading distinction

between our practical system and the Utopian theories, the paper constitutions, of the later philosophers and politicians of the French school. They always framed their plans upon the assumption of an exaggerated standard of virtue and patriotism, both in the governors and the governed. Lord Mahon's pages exhibit dark shades of selfish ambition, hollow patriotism, factious intrigue, interested conduct, not only in Harley and St. John, but in Marlborough, Shrewsbury, Sunderland, and Walpole. Yet the chemistry of our constitution knew how to extract from each his contribution of good and valuable service to the state, while, if it did not entirely neutralize, it rendered comparatively harmless the alloy of baser motives and passions.

Considering the variety of the subject, and the quantity of material in his hands, Lord Mahon has displayed skill and judgment in the weaving of his narrative, and in the selections which he has made from the stores at his disposal. He has successfully avoided the opposite defects of too great dryness and meagreness, and of encumbering and overlaying his story by petty details. To this last error he was tempted by the mass of private papers at his command, which, however, he has sifted with great discretion, while he has in his notes and appendix gratified the curiosity of the reader by the introduction of anecdotes and original letters, which might have been considered below the dignity of history, or too much broken the thread of his narrative. In this first process of the historian's task, the framing and putting together the skeleton of his story, Lord Mahon has made a very lucid arrangement, and has known how to combine the various courses of foreign and domestic policy, court and party intrigues, and parliamentary annals, into a clear, full, and rapid stream. Possessing that essential requisite—a warmth and love of his subject, his lively and animated style carries the reader with him; and whatever cavils, in these days of party feeling, may be made at some of the opinions he has expressed, and comparisons he has instituted, candour cannot refuse him the merit of having composed a work agreeable in its manner and accurate in its statements of facts.

Another branch of the historian's art is the manner in which he conceives and delineates the mind and character of the personages who figure upon his stage, and round whom much of the interest of his narrative centres. In the collection and arrangement of facts, he has need of industry, patience, clearness, and accuracy; but in this second province, there are required the higher qualities of nice discrimination, of knowledge of human nature, of the powers of analysis, and of forcible and vivid description.

Lord Mahon's work abounds with biographical sketches of great vivacity and spirit. It will be difficult to produce a portrait exceeding that of Walpole, in beauty of language and fidelity of description; and long as is the extract, our readers will owe us an obligation for giving it a place in our pages.

'The talents of Walpole were eminently practical, and fit for the conduct of great affairs. He was always steady, and therefore usually successful in his schemes. His views of policy were generally most acute, and his knowledge of finance profound. No fanciful theory, no love of abstract principles ever warped his judgment; even the most trying circumstances could very seldom ruffle his good humour; and calm himself, he worked upon the passions of others. So closely had he studied all the weak points of human nature,—so skilfully were his address and management adapted to them, that he scarcely ever failed, either in public or in private, to gain upon his hearers. There have certainly been many more eloquent orators, but never, I believe, a more dexterous debater. He would not willingly leave even the least part of his subject untouched. He knew that weak minds seldom yield to a single argument, even to the strongest, but are more easily overpowered by a number, of whatever kind. Always catching and always following the disposition of the House,—knowing exactly when to press and when to recede,—able at pleasure to unfold the most intricate details, or to involve in specious reasoning the grossest fallacies,—he, in the long run, prevailed over spirits far more lofty and soaring.

'We are assured, however, that the powers of debate were not those to which he entirely or principally trusted for the management of the House of Commons. The indignant clamour of his contemporaries—the eloquent voice of a Wyndham—the magic pen of a Bolingbroke—have denounced in glowing terms the patron and parent of parliamentary corruption. Beneath the flowers of their rhetoric, and the venom of their party rancour, there is no doubt a foundation of truth. But the more equal tribunal of posterity has discovered no small excuse for him in the political turpitude even of many who thus arraigned him—in the general lowness and baseness of his age—in the fact, that so many of the representatives of the people were on sale, and ready, if not bought by Walpole, to be bid for by the Jacobites. The more the private letters of this period come to light, the more is this truth apparent. What shall we say, for example, when we find the great grandson and representative of Hampden, and himself a distinguished statesman, have the effrontery to threaten in writing, that, unless he can obtain a pension from the reigning family, he will “very soon take service in some other family”—meaning the Pretender's? Are we really justified in speaking as if public men had been all disposed to be virtuous and incorruptible during Walpole's government, and were turned from the paths of honour by the address of that wily tempter?

'Besides, are not these charges against Walpole marked by extreme exaggeration, even on the testimony of his enemies themselves? At the fall of Walpole a select committee was appointed to inquire into his

public conduct during the last ten years, and out of its 21 members, that committee comprised no less than 19 of his bitterest enemies. The minister then stood forsaken and alone—there was no Court favour at his back—no patronage or lucre in his hands—much popularity to gain, and no danger to run by assailing him. Yet, even under such favourable circumstances, what did this ten years' siege upon his character, this political Troy, really bring forth at last? What facts does the report allege in support of its avowed hostility? An attempt upon the virtue of the Mayor of Weymouth! The promise of a place in the revenue to a returning officer! The atrocity of dismissing some excise officers who had voted against the Government candidate! Vague surmises from the large amount of secret service money! Now, if Walpole had in real truth been the corrupter of his age—if he had prostituted public honours or public rewards in the cause of corruption—if fraudulent contracts, undue influence at elections, and bribed members of Parliament, were matters of every-day occurrence—if, in short, only one tenth part of the outcry against Walpole was well founded, how is it possible that powerful and rancorous opponents should be able to find only so few, imperfect, and meagre proofs to hurl against him? No defence on the part of Walpole's friends is half so strong and convincing as this failure of his enemies.

‘On these grounds, then, I think that we are justified in asserting—first, that there was extreme exaggeration in the charges against Walpole; and secondly, that there is no small excuse to be found for him in the tone and temper of his age. I am far, however, from denying that considerable corruption did exist. I am even inclined to believe that Walpole did not sufficiently strive against it, and went beyond the supposed necessities of the case. An honest minister, even if unable to stem the tide of corruption—even if he can reconcile it to his conscience to be borne along by it, should at least never lose the hope of changing its direction and purifying its waters. Still less should he do any thing to strengthen its current and aggravate its foulness. Now, it appears to me that the corruption of public men, so far from diminishing, rather grew and increased during the long administration of Walpole. On this point it is impossible to produce any English testimony that shall be considered quite free from impartiality. But Count Palm, the Imperial Minister in London, could have no bias for or against the previous characters of our history, and we find him in 1726 apparently limiting the corruption of the House of Commons within “these few years.” Some other testimonies might, I think, be shown. But it also seems to me that the sort of language which we are assured was held by Walpole in familiar conversation, was calculated to prolong and to perpetuate a low tone of public morals. He used to talk of honesty and patriotism as “school-boy flights;” of himself as “no saint,” “no Spartan,” “no reformer;” and ask young men, when first entering public life, with their inborn feelings and classic themes of freedom fresh upon them, “Well, are you to be an old Roman?—a patriot? You will soon come off that, and grow wiser.”—Thank God! the next generation did not “come off that,” and was “wiser!”

“The administration of Walpole was prudently and beneficially directed to the maintenance of peace abroad, to the preservation of quiet and the progress of prosperity at home. It may, however, be doubted whether, in his domestic policy, he was not too fond of palliatives, and applied himself merely to silence complaints, instead of redressing wrongs. It is also to be observed, that though he loved peace much, he loved his own power more. He kept the country from hostilities so long as he could do so with safety to himself; but when the alternative lay between a foolish war and a new administration, he never hesitated in deciding for the former. Office was, indeed, his natural element: when excluded from it, he was, as we have seen, most turbulent and restless; he crept back to it, through a peculiar humbling coalition; and even at the end, Speaker Onslow assures us that he “went very unwillingly out of his power.”

“The knowledge of Walpole was very limited, and he patronized literature as little as he understood it. “In general,” says his son, “he loved neither reading nor writing.” “How I envy you!” he exclaimed to Fox, whom he found one day, after his fall, reading in the library at Houghton. His splendid success in life, notwithstanding his want of learning, may tend to show what is too commonly forgotten in modern plans of education,—that it is of far more importance to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored—strong rather than full. Walpole was, however, fond of perusing and quoting Horace, to whom, in his private character, he might, perhaps, not unaptly be compared. He was good-tempered, joyous, and sensual, with an elegant taste for the arts; a warm friend, an indulgent master, and a boon companion. We are told of him, that whenever he received a packet of letters, the one from his gamekeeper was usually the first which he opened. To women he was greatly addicted, and his daughter by his second wife was born before their marriage. He had an easy and flowing wit, but too commonly indulged it to the utmost limits of coarseness; and Savage, who had seen him familiarly at Lord Tyrconnel’s, used to say of him that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity. In his private expenses, he was not only liberal, but lavish; and it must be acknowledged that the magnificence of his buildings, the extent of his purchases, and the profusion of his entertainments at Houghton, gave his enemies no small handle for invective. He should have recollected that the display of wealth by a Prime Minister is always unpopular with the multitude: if acquired, it excites suspicion; if inherited, envy. So true is this, that in democracies an outward air of poverty is often considered the best recommendation to public favour and confidence. In the United States an intelligent French traveller lately saw an eminent living statesman, a candidate for the Presidentship, canvassing in a patched coat and ragged hat. Such is the uniform of the courtiers to King Mob!

“It would be unjust to Walpole to conclude his character without alluding to his mildness and placability towards his political opponents. The system under which contending statesmen used to raise up rival scaffolds, and hunt down one another even to the death, ended during his administration;

administration; although I must own that I think no small part of the praise belongs to the personal clemency and kindliness of George the First and George the Second. On the whole, Walpole appears to me to have been a man of many useful and some great qualities; who faithfully served his country, but who never forgot his own family; and who rose partly by the frailties of others, as well as by merits of his own. With every allowance for the "evil days and evil tongues" amongst which his lot had fallen, it is impossible not to own that his character wants something of moral elevation. Name him in the same sentence with a Chatham, and who will not feel the contrast? The mind of Chatham bears the lineaments of a higher nature; and the very sound of his name carries with it something lofty and august. Of Walpole, on the other hand, the defects—nay, perhaps, even the merits—have in them something low and common. No enthusiasm was ever felt for his person; none was ever kindled by his memory. No man ever inquired where his remains are laid, or went to pay a homage of reverence at his tomb. Between him and Chatham there is the same difference as between success and glory!—pp. 401-409.

It must be felt that in this branch of the art, the delineation of character, there is, after all, much uncertainty. An author may often, insensibly perhaps, draw more from his imagination than from the slender materials which have been transmitted to him. Individual character appears dimly through the mists of time, erroneously through the second-hand descriptions of partial or prejudiced contemporaries. The nicer shades of character, like the diversity of feature, depend upon differences too subtle, and the perception of them upon sympathies too fine and delicate, to admit of their being rendered with perfect fidelity through such a medium. One slight expression, one glance of the eye, a smile or a frown, may reveal to a close and acute observer motives and qualities which shall elude the most elaborate investigation of the biographer. Of the nicer distinctions of character, even with the advantages we enjoy in our day from the multiplicity of channels of public and private information, much must still be lost, and even in the general outline there is always some risk that there may be mistake. But while the delineation of individual character necessarily becomes more liable to error by the progress of time, there is another, and a yet higher department of his art, in which that very advance affords to the historian a wider and more extended field of observation, and places within his grasp a fuller command of his subject. His means of judging of persons may be diminished, but his means of estimating the tendency of measures and importance of events are infinitely increased. He can trace the effect to the cause, compare the result with the intention, and mark the prevailing direction of national progress, through the ebbs and flows, the partial fluctuations of its course.

This province, which he enters upon with the advantage of enlarged experience, and a knowledge of the issues and consequences of things, is incomparably the most elevated in its character, and the most practical and important in its application. Whether there was most of hypocrisy or fanaticism in the stern faith of Cromwell, are speculations for the curious inquirer which admit of no certain solution; but in tracing the rise and course of the sour sect of the Independents, till they produce the reflux towards irreligion and licentiousness after the Restoration, we deal with facts which admit of no dispute, and extract a lesson applicable to all times.

The interest of the period embraced in this work is the stronger, that within the present reign we seem, either for better or for worse, to have taken a fresh departure. We are entering upon a new course, and the epoch from the reign of Anne to the death of George IV. appears to form a complete division of our history, which we can now contemplate from its commencement to its close. There is a perpetual interest in the comparison, in observing what we have retained, lost, and acquired, in noting the points of resemblance and of difference in the beginning and at the termination of this important century. The spirited sketch which Lord Mahon gives us of the composition of the two Houses of Parliament in 1713, affords an apt illustration of the instructive nature of this sort of retrospect—

‘The scope of this work appears to me to impose the necessity, and the period of a general election to afford the occasion, for my giving some details on the composition of both Houses at this period.

‘First, then, of the House of Lords. It comprised, at this period, one Prince of the Blood Royal, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, under the title of Duke of Cambridge; twenty-two other Dukes, two Marquesses, sixty-four Earls, ten Viscounts, and sixty-seven Barons. These, with twenty-six Spiritual and sixteen Scotch Representative Peers, made up a total of 207; several of whom, however, as Roman Catholics, could take no part in public business. In comparing these numbers with those at the accession of William the Fourth, we find them, at this latter period, amount to 390, including four Spiritual and twenty-eight Temporal Representative Peers from Ireland—an increase, certainly, not at all more than commensurate with the improvement of properties and the increase of population. In fact, the proportion between the Peers and the population will be found nearly the same at both periods. Were such limits to be outstepped in any very great degree, the result could not fail to be felt injuriously by the landed interest, as withdrawing considerable proprietors from the representation of the counties, and throwing that representation into inferior hands.

‘Of the 207 Peerages which existed at the accession of George the First, not more than fifty-two remained unaltered at the death of George the Fourth. But the rest were by no means all extinctions. Many

appear changed only from promotions in rank—as, for example, the Earls of Exeter and Salisbury; and, on the other hand, several are continued in collateral branches, and under lower but more ancient titles, as was the case, for instance, with the Dukedom and Earldom of Shrewsbury. It may not be undeserving of notice as a singularity, that though, in 1714, the body of Peers was so much smaller than in 1830, a greater number of them held the rank of Dukes.

‘The House of Commons then, and throughout that century, consisted of 558 members; 513 being sent from England, and 45 from Scotland. It is well worthy of observation, how large a number of the family interests and local ties which still exist, or, at least, which existed before Lord Grey’s administration, were in force at this early period. We find, in this Parliament, a Drake returned for Amersham, a Grimston for St. Alban’s, a Whitmore for Bridgnorth, a Musgrave for Carlisle, a Cholmondeley for Cheshire, a Bathurst for Cirencester, a Banks for Corfe Castle, a Lowther for Cumberland, a Wynn for Denbigh, a Mundy for Derby, a Foley for Droitwich, and another Foley for Hereford, a Hervey for Bury St. Edmund’s, a Mostyn for Flint, an Eliot for St. Germain’s, a Berkeley for Gloucestershire, a Brownlow for Grantham, an A’Court for Heytesbury, Lord Hinchinbrook for Huntingdon, Sir Edward Knatchbull for Kent, a Sibthorp for Lincoln, a Walpole for Lynn, a Wentworth for Malton, a Bruce for Marlborough, a Vaughan for Merioneth, Thomas Cartwright for Northamptonshire, a Fitzwilliam for Peterborough, an Edgcombe for Plympton, a Fleetwood for Preston, a Cocks for Reigate, a Vernon for Stafford, a Cecil for Stamford, a Dowdeswell for Tewkesbury, a Greville for Warwick, and a Forester for Wenlock. These hereditary seats in Parliament, combining in some degree the permanence of peerages with the popularity of elections—these feelings of mutual kindness, which bound together our wealthy gentry and their poorer neighbours, and brought them into frequent and friendly intercourse—these bulwarks against any sudden and overwhelming tide of popular delusion appear to me to have been one of the main causes of the good working of our ancient constitution, and, still more, of its long duration. Thanks, in great measure, to them, the constitution of England might long be compared to its country,—smooth yet not uniform, diversified yet not rugged, equally removed from the impracticable heights of democracy or the dead level of despotism!’—vol. i. pp. 62-65.

The mere enumeration of names in the preceding paragraph affords perhaps a clearer insight into the structure and nature of the British constitution than half De Lolme could furnish. The places cited are not for the most part small or nomination boroughs; they have almost all survived the Reform Bill, and under the new system of election they still have in the majority of cases preserved their connexion with the families thus hereditarily united with the representation. There can be little dispute that they assimilate in character to peerages, and will always operate as an addition to the aristocratic element in our government. Those who are fa-

miliar with the feelings and impressions of the upper classes of our finely-shaded society will often have had occasion to remark the different degree of estimation in which these seats were held, and the greater personal importance which they conferred. The small nomination borough, in which a stranger, a junior branch of the family, a useful adherent of the party, might be placed, was regarded as a convenient appendage, but the member for it found that, except he brought the irresistible claim of superior parliamentary talents, he occupied a far lower place in the scale. The wealthy merchant or the active lawyer, who by the assiduous cultivation of local influence obtained the representation of some important and populous place, had reflected upon him a greater share of consideration;—but the ephemeral and merely personal nature of such an interest, depending upon a thousand accidents, liable to be overturned by the caprice of a popular constituency, or the intrigues of a demagogue, and contingent upon the health of one who had probably advanced far on the road of life before he obtained the prize, still detracted from its value. But the member of the lower house, who by the influence of large landed property, of local influence, of antiquity of family, of prescriptive title, was in possession of a preponderating and permanent interest in a county or considerable borough, an interest not transferable like the nomination borough, enjoyed a distinction in political and social intercourse scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of the peerage. Such a commoner, in fact, is identified with the nobility in his interests, habits, modes of life, early prejudices, and opinions.

It was by such diversities in the composition of the House of Commons itself, that the mixed character of our government was really preserved. The abstract theory of the constitution, of three estates in which the monarchical, the aristocratic, and the democratic elements were each separately and distinctly embodied, was a mere Utopian chimera, which never did exist, nor could have endured. But it is not the less true that the end was obtained of a government containing a large proportion of each of these ingredients, though by a less apparent and more artificial distribution. The House of Commons itself contained a large infusion both of the popular and aristocratic spirit, but the latter, no doubt, preponderated, not by the indirect influence of the peerage, but by the prevailing sentiments of its own members. The late M. Dumont once observed, ‘It is absurd to talk of your English House of Commons as a pure representation of the people; it is no such thing, but it is the first legislative assembly in the world; and take care, if you ever attempt to make it the former, that you do not destroy it as the latter.’ The political constitution

of England was in perfect harmony with the whole nature of its social system, which was an open aristocracy, full of an infinity of shades and gradations, and containing a thousand avenues of advancement, so that the whole community was imbued with the spirit of emulation and the pursuit of distinction, while the jealousy of superior rank was disarmed by the feeling that its elevation was not inaccessible. The changes which the Reform Bill has worked in this branch of the constitution are not exclusively of a popular nature. By sweeping away the small boroughs, it has destroyed many of the channels through which moneyed men and acquired fortunes obtained a footing in political society. On the other hand, the increase of the county representation, the division of counties, and the franchise of tenants at will, have a tendency to augment the number of those permanent and hereditary interests which are in the possession of the territorial aristocracy. And in the progress of a little time, when the ferment, already so visibly on the decline, has disappeared, when the new constituencies have found their level, and when properties have been enlarged, or exchanged, with a view to obtaining additional influence in these districts, it is probable that the representation of counties will be centred still more exclusively in a few hands. This was pleaded at the time as a counterbalance to the strong democratic tendencies of other parts of the bill. It was a species of compensation which never won our approval. The old proportion of these aristocratic seats was beneficial, as giving ballast and stability to the whole, but we cannot regard with favour the large increase of them at the sacrifice of those smaller and more generally accessible places which served practically as a corrective to their confined and exclusive character.

The present volume closes with the rejection of the Peerage Bill introduced by Stanhope and Sunderland in the year 1719, for the purpose of limiting the number of peers and controlling the power of creation in the crown—which suggests to Lord Mahon some very just and striking remarks upon the spirit and tendency of such an enactment, as well as upon the nature of the institution itself. The arguments alleged at that period in favour of the measure, were rather of a popular character. The prerogative of the crown, when the arbitrary maxims of the Stuarts were fresh in the recollections of all, and were still asserted by a numerous party, was the great object of national jealousy. An abuse of the power of creating peers, but a few years before had actually been committed by an unprincipled ministry, for the express purpose of controlling the independence of the House of Lords, and rendering it a passive tool in the hands of the executive. Whatever might have been the real designs of its authors, they

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they certainly were not without pretexts—under such circumstances, and in such a state of feeling in the country—for representing the bill of 1719 as an additional security against the encroachments of kingly authority. The errors and mistakes of one age are seldom the same with those of a succeeding one, and it would be superfluous in these days to expose the fallacy of such arguments, or to demonstrate the inexpediency, under the pretence of limiting the crown, of converting the British Peerage into a narrow and exclusive oligarchy. But it is both curious and instructive to revert, not so much to the reasoning of Steele and Walpole against the measure—certainly conclusive enough, but to our apprehensions sufficiently obvious—as to the nature of the spirit awakened in the Commons which led to its rejection. Lord Mahon mentions, on the authority of Speaker Onslow, that the Whigs in opposition under Townshend and Walpole

‘were either favourable to the bill or despaired of any successful opposition to it. Very many considered it as a sound Whig measure to restrain a prerogative against which they themselves had repeatedly inveighed, and protested that they could not with any show of decency oppose it. Lord Townshend himself had already in the House of Lords approved its principle, and several other Peers were not averse to the increased importance which it would confer upon themselves. On the whole, it was the general opinion of the meeting that the bill should be permitted to pass without opposition. Walpole alone stood firm. He declared that this was the only point on which they could harass the Government with effect, and that he saw a spirit rising against it amongst the usual supporters of the administration, and especially the independent country gentlemen. One of these, he said, a member of the House of Commons, he had overheard declaring to another with many oaths, that though his estate was no more than 800*l.* a year, and though he had no pretension to the Peerage for himself, yet he would never consent to the injustice of a perpetual exclusion to his family. “Such a sentiment,” added Walpole, with his usual sagacity and foresight, “cannot fail to make its way. It will have a strong effect upon the whole body of country gentlemen; and for my part, I am determined that if deserted by my party on this question, I will singly stand forth and oppose it.” Walpole’s declaration produced much altercation and resentment, and many attempts were made to shake his purpose; but finding him firm, his friends gradually came round to his opinion, and at length agreed to act with him as a body,—to take no division on the ministerial project in the Lords, but to resist it in the Commons.’—pp. 543, 544.

We may observe, that the great constitutional bearings of this question did not in the first instance excite the attention of the opposition. A Whig government possessing generally the confidence of the House brought it in; and, so far was its arbitrary and encroaching character from being recognised, that the portion of

the liberal party then in opposition at first appeared to think that there would be inconsistency in their resisting it. Walpole, a worldly politician, destitute of all attachment to principles, but sagacious in reading the motives of men, perceived that there was a chord of personal feeling, an *esprit de corps* in the House of Commons, which in playing the game of Parliamentary tactics he could work upon for party purposes. What was this string which vibrated so readily to his touch? What was this hidden rock, against which, like the coral reefs in the Indian seas, a ministry secure in the previous support of a decided majority in the House of Commons had so nearly wrecked themselves? That it was a single, insulated effect arising out of that particular measure, bearing no reference to the general disposition of the parliament towards the government, is demonstrated by the following brief statement:—

‘It is very remarkable that so signal and thorough a defeat of Ministers does not appear to have loosened their hold of office, nor lost them a general majority in the House of Commons. I cannot discover that their parliamentary power afterwards was at all less sure and steady than before. . . So hopeless, indeed, seemed the prospect of overthrowing them, that, as we shall find, Walpole, a few months afterwards, consented to accept a subordinate office under them, and became Paymaster of the Forces, while he prevailed upon Townshend to be named President of the Council.’—p. 547.

A theoretical writer upon the British constitution, De Lolme or Montesquieu, would have cited this as an instance of the correct working of the balance between the three estates, and would have considered it as the democratical spirit controlling the aristocratic. It is evident, however, from the preceding observation of Walpole, that in the feeling of opposition generated against this bill, democracy had little share. The real cause lay in the pride and jealousy of the aristocracy of the lower House, which took fire at the idea of an impassable barrier being raised between them and a class from which they considered themselves as separated by a very slight demarcation. One of the speeches which has been handed down to us on this question, is that of Sir John Packington; and inaccurate as were the reports of those times, there is something in it so characteristic of the bluff, proud, independent country gentleman of the period, that we should have difficulty in doubting of its genuineness. He says, ‘For my part I never desire to be a Lord, but I have a son who may one day have that ambition, and I hope to leave him a better claim to it than a certain great man had when he was made a Peer.’ Sir John Packington was no democrat either in politics or position; descended from a family which traced its pedigree to the days of the Plantagenets, and representing

representing the county of Worcester, in which his ancestors had possessed a noble property since the reign of Henry the Sixth—he was a strong Tory in his political principles. Whoever in the present day has seen the stately turrets of Westwood, will have no difficulty in comprehending that its proprietor would have little disposition to acquiesce in a measure excluding his ancient race from all chance of honours to which their position in the country might give them so fair a claim. Here is an illustration of a preceding remark—viz., that the great secret of the stability of the British constitution was, that it required no purists in politics, but contrived to enlist the interests and passions of men in its support. Walpole seems to have been principally intent upon dressing a battery against the minister; the country gentlemen who supported him were actuated by a personal feeling of jealousy at a monopoly of honours and titles; yet the result was the total defeat of a measure which, if successful, would certainly have led to the overthrow of our form of government, and would have had the most pernicious consequences upon the relations of social life, to which political ones must yield in importance.

The next portion of this work will contain the remarkable administration of Walpole, and the first appearance upon the stage of the elder Pitt. It is a period which has influenced powerfully the destinies of England; and it is one of which no sufficient history has yet been supplied.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.* A New Edition. Post 8vo. London. 1836.

MR. CAMPBELL has here comprised, within the modest compass of a single volume, the whole of his poetical works.* When the writings of a well-known author are thus collected and re-published, the question naturally arises, not how they will be received by a contemporaneous public—for this has already been decided—but what respect they are likely to obtain at the hands of posterity—what place will be allotted to them in the abiding literature of the country. In an honest attempt to determine this question, the critic cannot do otherwise than judge by the highest standard of excellence. Calling to mind whatever is of old and acknowledged repute in the kind of literature in which the new aspirant for fame has laboured, he must submit his

* In all likelihood this could not have been done, had not the legal copyright of Mr. Campbell's earlier and best writings already expired; and yet Mr. Campbell is still in the vigour of his life! This fact we leave, without comment, for the consideration of our legislators.

writer, not to a comparison with living rivals, but to a competition with the picked champions—the laurelled victors—of all preceding ages. He must applaud as if within hearing of a jealous antiquity. He must be permitted to escape from the glare which falls on present reputation. In criticism, as in higher matters, it is only by receding into the shadows of the past, that the eye becomes susceptible to the faint outline which futurity extends.

There are many causes which assist in giving celebrity to a living poet, whose name may, nevertheless, be destined to pass away with the generation that praised and delighted in him. There is, in the first place, the unquestionable novelty of his production. When writers complain of the reluctance exhibited to admit a new candidate for applause, they must be understood to allude to the feelings of men who are themselves authors, or who are, by some means or other, soliciting the attention of the public. That large portion of the multitude who have only to cheer without a thought of their own comparative claim to the pleasant gratulation—who have no envy to curb or to conceal, no generosity to exercise or to simulate—who applaud only because they are gratified—are ever ready to admit fresh candidates for distinction, for the simple reason that they are always open to fresh sources of amusement. With these, if a book pleases at all, it will doubly please from its novelty.

It follows, as an attendant circumstance on the novelty of a work, that, if it prove attractive, there are more persons intent, at one time, upon its perusal, than are occupied with the pages of any older writer, or will ever again be simultaneously engaged upon its own. A long-established author is read after a solitary fashion, each one perusing the work as leisure permits, or his course of study prescribes; but the volume last produced, if fortunate enough to excite the public curiosity, is in the hands of all its readers at once—of old and young—of the student and the idler—of all who are likely to read it at any time whatever. Admiration is heightened into social enthusiasm; a sentence of applause echoed from every side is forced upon the coldest of readers; that which might have been perused with languor if perused alone, comes already infected with the sympathies of a crowd; the heart anticipates its impression, and no portion of the work is allowed to fail of its effect. Nor are critics themselves, who are flattered in vain with the title of ‘representatives of posterity,’ altogether exempt from this social fervour of applause. Nor should we envy them if they were. Who would desire to abate a jot of the admiration bestowed upon Sir Walter Scott, yet who can soberly anticipate that the reputation even of this incomparable novelist will ever again be so high as when all Eng-

land were deploring the fate of Amy Robsart, or travelling up from Edinburgh with Jeanie Deans?

The living writer who partakes the manners, shares the grievances, and reflects the temper of his times, enjoys a manifest advantage which it is only necessary to glance at. The interest of the passing event, not the skill of the allusion, may give poignancy to his wit; the bias and peculiar taste of the age, not genuine emotion, may impart a pathos to his rhetoric. Some favourable prejudices may arise from the very circumstance that the work is that of a *living* man—of one who is walking with us on the face of the earth—who may be met with in our streets—who is perchance of our county, our town—of the same college, of the same profession. All or any of these may exert a share of influence on the reader. Books are not such utter abstractions as to be withdrawn from these usual sources of human interest. There is flesh and blood in the volume of a known contemporary.

In enumerating these causes of the sudden and transient renown which works of very slender merit are permitted to attain, we allude of course to ordinary times and seasons. There are periods, it seems, when the public ear has grown weary of some species of literature, when it is reluctant to be wooed, and slow to turn towards the new candidate for its favours; when it requires novelty, not in the individual of the race, but in the entire genus, and seeks a different pleasure rather than a variation of the old. Such, perhaps, at the present moment, is the feeling of the public with regard to poetry. From being eager and applausive, they have grown lethargic, captious, and indifferent. In vain do critics praise—in vain have that much-abused race become apparently the most amiable of mankind—as they were unable at one time to deter the avidity of readers, so now they labour without success to stimulate their languid curiosity. A new poem is a new plague. There is a general avoidance, instead of a tumultuous greeting; and our dearest friend becomes less dear by the intrusion of a volume of verse, if he is so unreasonable as to expect it to be read.

It has been hitherto a received opinion, and one still more generally implied than expressed, that whatever fails to reach posterity is therefore proved to be of spurious merit. This presumption, we think, must admit, in future, of some modification. As the talents requisite for authorship are diffused more widely, and more prodigally displayed, that writing must become ephemeral which was formerly thought worthy of preservation. There is a degree of excellence sufficient to afford considerable delight, which yet is not of so singular a nature, or of so difficult attainment, but that in a highly literary age it may frequently reappear; and works of such a gradation of merit, unless favoured by

by some adventitious circumstance, will be permitted to expire only because they can, and will be, re-produced. A much-reading, will of necessity be a much-writing community; men will imitate what they are in the habit of admiring; books will beget books; and of these, as with their human authors,—let their excellence be what it may,—some must die off, if others are to be continually added to the stock.

Each age leaves something durable behind it, and thus renders the attainment of a literary immortality a task of increasing difficulty. Time must at length have his hands filled; in other words, it is impossible that the public mind can hold in view an unlimited number of writings, whose permanence depends upon their being very generally read. It must happen therefore, sooner or later, that the new competitor for a place amongst the immortals can obtain his seat only by ejecting some prior occupant, who has in his favour the right of prescription, and a long historical existence. And after all, though the joint sentence of time and the multitude is final, and admits of no appeal, yet even here there is room for accident and caprice. We have no reason to believe, indeed, that any work of very exalted character ever failed to receive its due meed of renown; but productions of a more ordinary merit meet not with the same rigorous justice. We cannot help suspecting that many a composition persists in living which *ought*, according to all rules of criticism, to have resigned itself long ago to oblivion; or else, that many others ought to have shared the same envied prosperity.

Of the poetical writings which have lately been popular in England, how few can possibly become the text-books and familiar reading of posterity! Our voluminous bards, though of great and acknowledged worth, must be content, we fear, to survive piecemeal—must submit to be contracted within the odious limits of 'Specimens' and 'Extracts.' Some names, recorded only in critical histories of the period, will be doomed to pay for their short-lived notoriety a long and lingering retribution of neglect; books, whose gilded leaves have shone and fluttered over the land, will lie closed in dust; strains of sublime pretension may be remembered merely because they were parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses;' the pathos of our age will, in many instances, survive only in the jest and humour of the next.

What, amidst this inevitable and increasing mortality of reputations, will be the fate of him whose name stands at the head of our article? There is no poet of our times, we think, of whom it may be more safely predicted that *something* will survive. Inferior to many of his contemporaries in reach of thought, in strength of passion, in subtlety of imagination, Campbell is

superior to all of them in that combination of terseness, melody, and beauty of illustration, which, if insufficient to give excellence to an entire work, stamps perfection upon individual passages. When Pope gave his celebrated definition of wit, he at least expressed with tolerable precision the peculiar merit of his own writings; his line repeatedly contains 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.' In adopting the same compact and lucid style of composition, Campbell has frequently attained the same species of excellence. He has struck out many of those lines which—being complete in themselves, accurate as well as pleasing, and rich with fancy, yet open to the apprehension of all—become the popular and ultimate expressions for the sentiments they convey. Already it may be observed, that many individual passages of this author, by fastening on the public ear, have been disjoined from their place in the poem, and are quoted from mouth to mouth by those who never knew, or who have entirely forgotten, by whom, or in what works, they were originally produced. This is a high testimony to the skill, and a favourable prognostic of the duration, of our poet; he has at least secured an immortality of quotation.

But if Mr. Campbell has frequently rivalled his master in the flow of his verse and the elegance and force of his illustration, he cannot be said to share in that keen and vigorous sense, and that penetrating observation of mankind, which distinguish our great poet of society. Neither has he frequently risen into those higher regions of poetical enthusiasm from which Pope was confessedly remote. His thoughts are obvious, and not always very carefully discriminated; it is in the beauty of his metaphor, and the occasional brilliancy and power of his language, that his merit principally lies.

We know not whether it will be considered as an advantage or a disgrace, that in an age of philosophical poets, Campbell is without boast or appearance of philosophy. His verse bears no trace of anxious meditation; nor does his heart seem ever to have been implicated in that suspense and vicissitude of feeling that await on speculative inquiry. But as poetry is addressed to the generality of mankind, this absence of a profounder strain of meditation than they are disposed to follow may be regarded as no fair objection, or viewed even as a circumstance fortunate to his fame. There is, however, another defect manifest in his compositions, which cannot be so readily excused. He has too frequently drawn his topics, not from the stores of his own consciousness, or from actual observations upon the realities of life, but from the learning of books; he has taken the impressions left by the writ-

ings of other men for the subject-matter of his own verse ; he has been more occupied with words than things.

The ' Pleasures of Hope'—the earliest, but yet the most successful, of his works—is more particularly marked, as might be expected, with this error of youthful poets. At the commencement of the piece we are presented with a succession of situations from real life, in each of which the sentiment of hope is to be displayed in operation ; and although in the course of these descriptions many lines occur of great beauty, yet nowhere is the sentiment itself, as springing from, and involved in, the particular circumstances of the case, vividly and naturally portrayed. Here he has failed simply from not having fixed his eye with sufficient steadiness on the thing itself he meant to describe.

The sailor who, while stemming the monotonous and interminable ocean, thinks of his distant home, and finds his spirit upheld by the hope of returning to it again, is an admirable subject for the poet. The sentiment felt is one which readily commands our sympathy, and the external circumstances with which it is associated are highly picturesque and magnificent. With these last Mr. Campbell may have succeeded, but he has not been equally fortunate in presenting to us the feelings of the man. He takes his mariner to the Atlantic—

' Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world *'—

He then carries him to Greenland, where

' Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow'—

And having set him fairly again on the broad ocean, he gives an enumeration of those images of home which are supposed to engage the mind, and feed the expectation of the sailor. In this catalogue there is not one circumstance which could be selected as a manifest violation of probability ; and yet the reader feels throughout that it is a collection of topics gathered from remote sources, not the result of a strong realization in the poet's mind of the feeling of the home-sick mariner.

* This passage, we believe, is a general favourite. The last line deserves applause ; a mountain, viewed from a distance, may be visible above as well as below the clouds, and the expression

' Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world' is as just as bold. But the passage is disfigured, to our taste, by the introduction of too many points of similitude with human grandeur. The 'giant of the western star' shall be allowed to pass in all its vague magniloquence ; but the 'meteor-standard to the winds unfurled' inevitably suggests ideas of military pomp, if not of military office, which accord but ill with the mountain's solitary and severe magnificence. Had the poet spoken of the Andes as a chain or assemblage of mountains, this image would have been more in keeping.

The same may be said with still greater justice of the descriptions which immediately follow. The ardent expectations of a youth of genius were to be represented. Hope descends in the form of an angel, and after 'waving her golden wand,' proclaims the various glories that await on the successful prosecution of science, philosophy, or the muse. There is here much skilful verse, but is there one glow of honest enthusiasm? That *Hope* should have been personified, and made the speaker on the occasion, is an inauspicious commencement; but was Mr. Campbell's imagination so inextricably involved in the mythology of Greece, that he could not put into her mouth an address to the young poetical aspirant somewhat nearer to our feelings than such as this?—

' Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks—the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.'

The next theme is the Hope of a poor but reputable couple, who trust that their rising offspring will one day relieve their anxieties and administer to their wants. Who does not wish that the hope may be realized, but who that had the wish would talk of 'Hybla sweets,' and 'bloomy vines,' and bid 'prophetic Hope' tell the solicitous parent,

' Tell that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath.'

The subject most effectively treated in this portion of the poem is the Hope of the poor maniac for the return of her shipwrecked lover—an expectation perpetually disappointed, and perpetually revived. As the feelings of such an individual come rarely under observation, and must remain with most of us a subject only for the imagination, the departure from truth—if any such there be—is not readily detected, and the topic affords scope for the harmonious numbers and tender generalities of the poet.

The second part of the 'Pleasures of Hope' is chiefly occupied in celebrating the anticipation of an immortal life—a glowing theme, and treated with great power. But here the poet has sometimes, in his attention to the music of his line, and the vigour

of his diction, neglected to secure a sound and accurate basis of thought.

‘ Unfading Hope! when life’s last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return ’—

The return of dust to dust we understand, but that of ‘ soul to soul,’ if it have any analogous meaning, implies the absorption of the spirit of man into that of his Maker, and therefore contradicts the hope of a personal immortality. Perhaps there is no passage more elaborate, or more frequently, and on many accounts more justly admired, than the concluding lines of the poem.

‘ Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal’d their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay’d, shalt o’er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature’s funeral pile.’

He who regards the destruction of the world as the era when his future and immortal existence shall commence, may say with truth and beauty that his hope ‘ lights its torch at nature’s funeral pile,’ inasmuch as the prior conflagration of the earth is a necessary condition of his felicity. But the poet is not speaking here of the *grounds* of a present hope—he is celebrating the duration of the sentiment itself—and in doing this he has converted the hope of immortality into an immortal hope. The expectation of an eternal life cannot surely be said to survive when that eternal life has itself commenced. The *hope* of immortality passes away with that terrestrial scene which it cheered and illuminated ; it *does* fade, for it is lost in fruition ; and instead of lighting ‘ her torch at nature’s funeral pile,’ Hope might with more accuracy have been represented as throwing her now useless torch upon that pile, to be consumed with the rest of the world to which it belonged.

‘ Gertrude of Wyoming ’ is a more equal and better sustained effort, but contains fewer of those separable passages of mingled terseness and beauty, which form the charm of the ‘ Pleasures of Hope.’ The verse is extremely melodious, and a hue of tenderness is suffused over the whole. The scene it presents is one of almost pastoral simplicity ; the feelings dealt with are few, and of no complicated nature ; and the characters introduced are such as require no peculiar powers of discrimination. The theme is well adapted to a poet more accomplished in the mechanism of his art, than versed in the passions of mankind. That quite imaginary personage,

'The Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,' is, for the same reason that we gave when speaking of the love-lorn maniac, a fortunate subject for his powers. It is a blemish in the piece that the story, which is sufficiently simple, should have been told in so obscure and abrupt a manner, that the reader is perplexed, and his attention distracted, in putting together the few incidents of which it is composed.

Of 'Theodric' we would willingly have said nothing. Mr. Campbell seems in this, and some other of his minor poems, to have been emulous of a certain simplicity which, of late, has been more talked of than understood. Be this as it may, his error is manifest—he has attained to nothing but an exceeding triviality. This much-abused simplicity! into what a dance of folly and confusion has it led both poet and critic! If by simplicity is meant a unity of impression, whether of the sublime or of the pathetic,—or if the term is identical with perspicuity of style,—in either case it constitutes an acknowledged excellence in literary composition; but if the phrase is intended to designate a certain humility either in the topic itself, or in the manner of treating it, then it is clearly a disadvantage or a blemish. It may be a just triumph of the poet to disguise, by a number of artful associations, the natural homeliness of his theme, but that which he gains credit for concealing cannot have been an original merit in the topic selected. Let a writer deal with his subject, whatever it may be, clearly, honestly, and with his whole heart, and he will not fail from any lack of simplicity; but if he go about searching in the first place for *the simple*—as a radical element in his topic or his manner—so surely will he fall into ridiculous puerilities, into bald and insipid prate.

Tame at once and improbable, the narrative of 'Theodric' demonstrates the incapacity of our poet to deal with the common realities of life. The hero, of whom we are told many honourable things, but whom we feel to be a very plodding, wearisome companion, walks, like an uninstructed actor, through his part. On the one hand is a Swiss girl, the high-spirited Julia, who dies in love for him long after he has been married, and although she had never known him till his affections had been elsewhere engaged. On the other is Constantia, his English wife, celebrated throughout for wisdom and firmness above her sex, who expires because a passionate mother and certain quarrelsome relatives, whom she has been in the habit of reconciling and controlling, think fit to be abusive. Theodric decorously performs the part of chief mourner to both the women, and the piece concludes. We were about to quote, as a justification of our censure, the passage in which the death of Constantia is related to Theodric

by 'her one kind sister;' but as we have not transferred into our pages any specimens of excellence from his more successful works, we should create an unfair impression were we to hold up any lengthy extract from this unfortunate performance—certainly, without exception, the most maudlin production that was ever advanced into the front ranks of literature.

It will not be expected that we should examine each of the smaller poems which complete the volume of Mr. Campbell's works. The best of his lyrical effusions are so well known, and their merits so vividly appreciated, that nothing would remain to us but the not very grateful task of moderating the applause bestowed on them. We certainly do not acquiesce in the opinion that on these will rest the future fame of Campbell, or that the genius of this poet is peculiarly lyrical. A daring freedom and a boldness of manner sit but ill upon our careful and polished writer; there wants in all these productions—half song, half ode—that appearance of spontaneous effusion which hurries on the sympathy of the reader; the judgment is satisfied or, at least, silenced, when the feeling remains cold; and we oftener think that we *ought* to kindle, than experience the glow itself.

'The Last Man' is one of the most striking of these shorter performances, and might be selected as a fair specimen of the powers of Campbell. Here are stanzas of almost faultless execution, and individual lines which once heard are never forgotten; but the sentiments attributed to the human speaker are so ill-defined, so imperfectly excogitated, that the whole leaves behind it an unsatisfactory impression. The scenery by which the *Last Man* is surrounded is finely delineated.

'The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!'

But the demeanour and language attributed to this extraordinary speaker are scarcely intelligible, and degenerate into a sort of poetical rant. Whether we regard this last of the family of man as a Christian, or a philosopher, or merely as one who has lived, and rejoiced, and suffered on the earth, we are equally at a loss to understand why he should address the sun in the following strain:—

'Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire ;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
 Th' eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
 The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost !'

Mr. Campbell has earned the title of the bard of Liberty as well as of Hope. Freedom is his favourite watchword, and to ban a tyrant is his dear delight. God forbid it should be otherwise with an English poet ! But a failing we have previously noticed besets him here. His passion for liberty, however sincere, is that of the scholar, and the scholar of poetry, not of the living observer of passing events. The common-places of other times and seasons are strung together on the given occasion, but the contemplation of the facts themselves could never have been the source of his inspiration. We speak merely as critics, not as politicians. The lines on the 'Power of Russia' are marked with an exaggeration *antipoetical*, inasmuch as it checks and disturbs that indignation which the poet was bent on exciting. In some verses which have this long title, 'Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots latest killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angoulême,' there is a poetic licence taken which is inadmissible. We are required so far to divest ourselves of our knowledge of present times, as to regard the Duke of Angoulême as the reviver and main support of bigotry and superstition amongst the *people of Spain* !

A poet is habitually disposed to look out for facts of a picturesque nature, or such as may be placed together in striking contrast ; he is little inclined to contemplate those more prosaic circumstances from which our sober deductions are usually drawn ; and we are not, perhaps, justified in requiring from him a greater accuracy of reasoning than is necessary to secure the sympathies of the generality of mankind. We cannot help noticing, however, an amusing instance where this habit of thought is carried to a ludicrous excess ; it is in prose, and therefore indicates still more faithfully the class of facts, the kind of detail and circumstance, which is apt to work upon the mind of our susceptible poet when casting his views abroad upon the 'foreign policy of Great Britain.' In a note to some stanzas addressed to Sir Francis Burdett, occasioned by a certain speech on this subject, we have the following solemn announcement :—'*There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe*

that it must be written!) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the *Talavera*, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the *Talavera* to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.' Some sailors, we suppose, took the emperor's drink-money, and cried Nicholas for ever! And this shout, audible to the ears of the poet, becomes the most disgusting, &c. It seems, however, that good fighting will make amends, and we have no fear for the *Talavera*.

The poets of an island might naturally have been expected to find in the ocean a favourite subject of their verse, and if the passages in which allusion is made to the sea were collected from our writers, they would of themselves form a volume of the highest order of poetry. Campbell has not been wanting in his contribution to this national theme. In the 'Lines on the View from St. Leonard's' we have a fresh proof that a good subject can never grow old.

'Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in;
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it, like a wearied bird:
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.'

As we have censured this writer for not sufficiently attending to things themselves, but being too easily satisfied with the conventional forms and traditionary impressions of poetry, we must not omit to mention an instance which occurs in these lines of a quite contrary procedure. Mr. Campbell is the first poet, we believe, who, in connexion with the beauty and sublimity of the sea, has ventured to allude to the steam-vessel. He has thrown over it the protection of his polished verse, and has spoken very elegantly of

'Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing.'

This is as it should be. However strange the intrusion might at first have appeared to eyes poetical, the steam-vessel must now be considered as naturalized upon the ocean; and surely, without disputing the pre-eminence due to its elder brother of the sea,—to the leaning ship, with its sail expanded to the wind,—we may admit, as a new object of admiration,—a new instance of the beautiful,—

beautiful,—the upright and indomitable march of the self-impelling steam-boat.*

The lines 'On leaving a Scene in Bavaria' we never met with before, except in a newspaper some eight or ten years ago. They are, in parts, obscure and unfinished ; betraying that want of perspicuity (as indeed do some other of Mr. Campbell's works) which results from no difficulty in the thought itself, but merely from the constraint of metre ; the stanza becomes entangled, and the meaning is shut up in the involutions of the verse : but they bear traces of genuine feeling, and in the expectation that they will be new to many of our readers, we extract some of the best stanzas :—

' Adieu the woods and water's side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain ;
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain !
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill ;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

' But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle ;
Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul :
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
And rage, thou darkened sky !

* * * *

' Oh heart-effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherish'd here ;
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear !
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say—is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam ?

* We have been struck also with the admirable manner in which Turner, the most ideal of our landscape painters, has introduced the steam-boat in some views taken from the Seine. The tall chimney, the black hull, and the long wreath of smoke left lying on the air, present, on *his* river, an image of life, and of majestic life, which appears only to have assumed its rightful position when seen amongst the simple and grand productions of nature.

' Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
 Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore;
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
 And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
 For man's neglect I love thee more;
 That art nor avarice intrude
 To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
 Magnificently rude.

' Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
 Its milky bosom to the bee;
 Unheeded falls along the flood
 Thy desolate and aged tree.
 Forsaken scene, how like to thee
 The fate of unbefriended worth!
 Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls;
 Like thee, in solitude she calls
 A thousand treasures forth.'

We alluded, in our opening remarks, to the coldness and indifference with which poetry is said to be regarded at present by the reading public. We have heard this spoken of as an almost inexplicable phenomenon. To what extent such a lethargy prevails we cannot tell, but we regard it as little else than that natural oscillation of feeling which communities, as well as individuals, exhibit. In the age that has just elapsed, there was felt towards this branch of literature a degree of public interest which has never been equalled. Never, we will venture to say, was a nation so poetically disposed,—so generally imbued with those restless and aspiring feelings most favourable to the art,—so ready to add the domain of fancy to the returning triteness of the sober realities of life. Other circumstances, beside the great talents of the poets who arose, were undoubtedly at work to produce this enthusiasm, but into these it were too long a history at present to enter. The feeling, it is evident, could not be sustained at its unusual height, and by a common reaction it sunk into torpor and repose. But there is no fear of any permanent indifference towards this most delightful of the finer arts.

Whilst engaged in the toilsome occupations of manhood—its rude excitements and perpetual collisions—the labours of the poet may seem as foreign to our purpose, and as alien to our hearts, as the laughter and the tears of childhood. It is chiefly, we suspect, at the commencement and the close of life that poetry is read,—and read at these periods with what different feelings! In youth we apply to poetry to have our emotions called forth, and the heart informed of its own dangerous capabilities. We thirst for

the cup of passion. It is then we read, not separable parts, scanned with critical judgment, but the whole long work, devoured with unrepressed avidity. We desire to be carried on, days and nights, in the car of the enchanter, quite careless by what enchantment it is moving. We rather feel the passion which the melody is breathing, than listen to the cadence of the music itself. A happy time! which, like youth itself, never comes but once. In age, we return to poetry in order to embody, in adequate and perfect expression, feelings now made familiar to us by experience. We wish again to smooth, in the music of verse, the ruffled and distracted sentiment. We care not to be transported beyond the bounds of a known and tried reality, and sympathize little with ideal and imaginary conditions of the human heart; or, if we seek these wilder transports, we seek them as the ecstasies of our former days,—as the revived delight of a past existence. Our youth is with us as we read, and mingles one amongst the visions of the poet. Where we first learned to feel,—to more than to live,—we again revive an ardent sympathy with the various passions of mankind, which helps to ward off the torpor and contraction of old age.

‘O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings!’

Even in manhood itself, amongst its severest labours and sternest cares, many a breeze ‘from Araby the blest’ comes freshening over our path. Paradise is *not* lost utterly while it remains in the poetry of Milton. And many a mind of far less power than Milton’s may throw a momentary grace upon the scene of life, sufficient to conceal or obliterate its lesser troubles and afflictions. Amongst these the writer whose works we have attempted to estimate may fairly be placed; and who shall say that the sentiment of hope, the dearest to the heart of man, may not have gained one avenue the more from the language in which the poet has invested it?

ART. V.—*The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence.* By Edward Osler, Surgeon to the Swansea House of Industry. London. 12mo. 1836.

WHILST the matter is still in abeyance, we are anxious to say a very few words on the subject of *church-rates*, with the simple view of putting our lay readers, and through them the public at large, rather more in possession of that question. We are encouraged to hope that such an attempt may not be altogether fruitless, by observing that many popular hallucinations have been

abated of late by the gentle operation of time, which has allowed a nearer investigation of things, so that matters which at first sight were the easiest in the world to dispatch (for *qui pauca considerat facile pronunciat*), were found on approaching them more intricate than had been supposed. When one of our enterprising northern voyagers looked on one occasion from the mast-head, he saw, as he thought, his way smooth over the snow to the Pole; yet on actual experiment, the surface which seemed so level at a distance, proved to be a succession of chasms and ridges, presenting obstacles the most formidable at every step.

We know not what Ministers may propose to do on a subject into which, we must be allowed to say, they rushed, as Baxter would express it, 'with the shell upon their heads.' However, if they are to make any change at all, there are but two ways of proceeding open to them: either to uphold the churches still out of the national purse, but by some other mode than church-rates; or to leave it to their respective congregations to uphold them for themselves. If the first plan be adopted, and the repairs be charged on the consolidated fund, for instance, where is the relief to the dissenter? for the principle by which he is made, indirectly to be sure, but still substantially, to contribute to the maintenance of a building which he never enters, is just in as full force under this system as under the system of rates; and it is the *principle* of the payment, if we understand it right, to which the dissenter objects, and not to the amount. And yet it seems singular that whilst he sees so much to reprobate in the principle which makes one man minister to the support of another man's creed, he should, nevertheless, accept on his own part the *regium donum*, a provision for poor preachers of the three denominations voted out of the national purse; and which, it appears, from the discussion in parliament towards the close of the last session, he is not willing to relinquish. True it is that the sum is small—a four or five thousand pounds matter—but the principle is not the less objectionable on that account; for we presume that he would shrink from sheltering himself under the argument of the frail girl, 'That her child though it was, it was a little one.' The dissenter in his new Marriage Act does not abstain from drawing upon the churchman's purse for the support of his registrar, he being clerk of a union, though he must be well aware that so far as that functionary is employed in celebrating a marriage, he is employed in doing a gross violence to the conscience of every churchman who pays him his salary; and who differs from the dissenter in holding marriage to be a holy rite, and not to be made over to unconsecrated hands. Surely it would be as well that the dissenter should not decry a principle when it happens to work for the church, and

hail it when it happens to work for the chapel, lest he should expose himself to misinterpretation, and give room for the surmise that his scruples are not so disinterested as they profess to be. The principle, however, to which the dissenters object thus inconsistently, is one of vast importance to maintain, and the pertinacity with which it is impugned by parties hostile to all our institutions shows that they think it so. Indeed, the principle lies at the root of all government, for it is merely this, that the minority shall give way. And if the contrary be contended for in our religious relations, why should it not be in our civil? One man may think it hard to support a church when he dissents from its doctrines; another, to support an army or navy when he objects to the profession of arms; a third, to support a police, when he repudiates such abridgment of the liberty of the subject. Now, if all these objections are to be allowed—and why should they not, if all men's alleged scruples are to be listened to?—all government is dissolved; for the nation must split into sections, according to corresponding divisions of opinion; and as opinion is infinitely divisible, those sections must split again; till at last each individual must do what seems right in his own sight; and then the principle has worked itself out, and the decomposition of the social system is complete.

It may be replied that in the cases we have supposed, the parties objecting do, in spite of themselves, reap the benefits of the institutions against which they protest, by their reflex operation for good upon themselves, their property, their comforts, or their lives;—that though they resent an army, yet, there being an army in spite of them, no foreign foe lays waste their fields; or a police, yet, there being a police, no robber breaks open their doors; and that thus they receive ample interest for what they contribute towards these wants of the state, having nothing to complain of, save that (as King Lear's fool says) they get 'a blessing against their will.' The same answer may be made to those who resist church-rates: they too 'have their full equivalent,' to use the nervous language of Archdeacon Bather, in one of his admirable charges, 'in having a better land to live in; the purification, through the Gospel, of the moral atmosphere in which they breathe being worth more than any man has to pay for it.' Or, as the great anti-puritan divine puts it—'If there were not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of *constables*; and if the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need of them to be *prisons* for the breakers of the laws of men.' Nay more—'Dissent,' says Mr. Osler, in the little work of which the title heads our paper, and which we hope to make thus more generally known, 'Dissent is a fluctuating creed, and seldom continues in a family beyond the third generation.'

generation. Without, therefore, alluding to the powerful influence which an orthodox and pervading religious establishment exerts upon every man, the Church is the source whence the individual dissenter received, either directly in his youth, or through his immediate forefathers, that religious knowledge which, when he became a separatist, made him a dissenter instead of an infidel: and however unwelcome the truth to his present feelings, he may conclude, from all the experience of society, that his own descendants will worship in the Church, and that, perhaps, even in his lifetime. Add to this, that the Church offers to himself security, that if the changes to which every Meeting is liable should destroy that which he attends, or compel him to leave it; or if he should remove into the country, or to a distant part of the kingdom, he will be sure to find a place where God is worshipped according to the truth of the Bible. In as far, therefore, as every man is interested in the source whence he derived the good he enjoys, in the welfare of his children, and in the contingent probabilities of his own life, every dissenter is interested in supporting the Church of England.'

Nor is this all that can be said in defence of the *principle* of church-rates. So long as you have national church-rates, you have a national church establishment properly so called. Rates are a sort of pepper-corn rent (for they are little more) paid by the people in testimony that the people has an interest in its services. Accordingly, the nation at large, without any reference to distinction of creed, does benefit in other ways besides those we have named, in having a body of functionaries in the country on whom society can devolve a number of offices which they are peculiarly qualified to fill; some springing out of laws and regulations which Courts call for at the hands of the legislature; and some out of laws and regulations which private societies adopt for themselves. It is a great public convenience, independently of the question of religious instruction, to have in a nation a body of individuals of the station, class, and character of the clergy—safe men upon the whole to trust; intelligent from their education; pledged to good behaviour from their profession; known in their several districts from their functions; at hand from the necessity of fixed residence; universal in their presence from the parochial divisions to which they are severally attached, and so covering every nook where it is wanted that a law or a regulation, public or private, shall penetrate. And accordingly it is difficult to frame an act of parliament for any improvement whatever in our internal economy, without some appeal or other in it to the services of the clergy; services which they never undertook to discharge, but which, when required of them, they

they discharge cheerfully, under a feeling that whilst the nation, without any distinction of creed, maintains a Church Establishment of which they are the ministers, they owe to the nation, without any distinction of creed, whatever services their favourable position in society enables them to afford. Thus, if the government is called upon to meet any emergency, any national visitation or distress, the clergy are the organs of which it avails itself to act upon the prudence, the energies, the benevolence of the people. If the government has occasion to ascertain the life, the identity, the character, the conduct of persons who have claims upon it, say soldiers or sailors, it resorts to the clergy for its information as the readiest and most trustworthy it can procure. If the government has need of any statistical details, such as may conduce to the public welfare, the clergy are the quarter to which it chiefly looks for satisfactory intelligence. If, again, in private life, friendly societies have need of certificates of the *bonâ fide* sickness of their members on their application for relief, the signature of the clergyman is that they insist on. If the soldier or sailor has any communication on his part to make to the War-office or the Admiralty, it is to the clergyman that he repairs for assistance and advice. If a poor man falls under any family disaster, his limb broken, his pig dead, it is to the clergyman that he goes for a testimony to the truth of his tale and the fairness of his fame, and that testimony secures to him the help of the district in which he lives. If the thrifty cottager wants his little earnings deposited in the savings-bank, to the clergyman he confides it, to negotiate the matter for him. If he desires to have his frugal will made, that the nothing he possesses may be secured to the parties whom he loves best, it is the clergyman that he solicits to draw it out. These are but a mere sample, *medio ex acervo*, of the little services of a hundred kinds which the clergyman renders to the country at large, as a free gift, quite independently of his ministerial duties, and without any reference whatever to creed, sect, or sentiment. So that none but the clergy themselves, or those who happen to be under their roof for a season, and witness the numberless calls of this sort that are made on them, know how very large a portion of their time is occupied in such vocations as these; and none but they, whilst they are so engaged, can feel the full injustice of the hard measure which is dealt out to them in these days by that very public for whose welfare they are spending themselves in unostentatious but most effectual toil. Yet their capacity to do all this, and the justice of expecting it at their hands, arise entirely and altogether out of their being ministers of a national church; and sure we are that such good offices to the nation at large are far more than a set-off against the payment

ment of rates, which in turn are exacted from the nation at large, the only pecuniary support the nation lends to the church; for its endowments are of private origin as strictly as those of an hospital or an alms-house. We have sometimes amused ourselves with thinking what would be the amount of fees which the other learned professions would receive for the discharge of offices such as these—the time, the mileage, the material, all taken into strict account; the daily life of a clergyman, it should be remembered, being in fact the daily life of a professional man of the best education in great practice.

Another consideration there is, not altogether distinct from the last, yet sufficiently so, perhaps, to deserve a separate notice. The parish priest has hitherto been accustomed to look upon himself as the pastor of his whole flock, however some of them may have strayed from his fold, inasmuch as he is a pastor of the Established National Church. Accordingly, he has held himself in duty bound to render to all the poor within the limits of his parish his helping hand, without much discrimination, searching and endeavouring to relieve the wants of any distressed member of a family, which, however large, he still regards as in some sort his own. We do not suppose it will be denied that good accrues to the labouring class in *general* from this disposition of things; and though we do not believe that any circumstances will induce the clergyman to discontinue such promiscuous intercourse with his people, we nevertheless do think it unwise in the legislature to tempt him to it by drawing distinctions for him, and in spite of him, which he would never seek to draw for himself, and so make him feel that indiscriminate charity is not so much an act of duty in him as of forbearance. But if ever there was a time when the clergy of the Church of England, independently of their calling as ecclesiastics, were rendering essential service to the state at large, without respect of party or profession, in both those capacities to which we have adverted, as *functionaries* and as *philanthropists*—if ever there was a time when the Establishment was fairly earning a national church-rate for national benefits imparted, it is now, when the new Poor Law Bill is furnishing so ample a field for its profitable intervention. We are not at present contemplating the clergy as directly exercising the office of guardians under this bill, though this, we perceive, they are doing in many instances; but we are contemplating them as *moderators*—a position, in our opinion, in which they are of much greater use, and one vastly more suited to them. Here they stand between the guardians and the poor, and hold the balance between them;—they have opportunities by personal communication with both classes, such as fall to the lot of no other persons, and in our rural districts especially,

of

of encouraging consideration on the one side, and content on the other ; of upholding authority and abating resistance ; of explaining objections, correcting mistakes, healing heart-burnings, and removing, in short, by the word in season, a thousand obstacles to the success of this great experiment. So much for them as advocates, with reference to this bill ; then as almoners,—none but those who live amongst the poor, as the parish priest does, and witnesses the workings of this austere enactment in detail, can tell the revolution it is effecting in their habits, and the sufferings they have to undergo in the process of their regeneration. In all parishes there have grown up under the old laws a number of people who lived upon them or by them ; some as dependents, some as subordinate administrators. The recoil upon private charity, arising from these parties being, as it were, disbanded upon the country, the most helpless of discarded placemen, and without pensions too, is very great ; and if trade were less prosperous than it is, a contingency for which we must be prepared, it would be much greater. The applications to the minister of the parish for his ticket of admission to the county hospital ; for his name and support to petitions, such as we have already alluded to ; for the means of discharging a doctor's bill—of providing a child with clothes before it can go to place—of rescuing a poor family from ejectment for arrears in rent—are multiplying fast ; and whatever scruples many of these applicants may have about going to the church, they have none whatever about going to the parsonage—nor, as matters stand at present, need they have any. Should circumstances render this resource less open to them, we think they would feel the change both in the amount the parsonage contributes, and in the example it sets ; and we repeat, that however it might be done with impunity, it is better for all not to practise experiments upon the generosity of the clergy over much, or put their feelings as churchmen, which are strong, and which have been a good deal tried of late, in array against their feelings as citizens.

If we suppose, then, the government to retain the *principle* of upholding the churches out of the public purse, which we have shown to be a defensible principle, it becomes a question whether it is best to do it by a grant from the consolidated fund, or by the continuance of church-rates—a question of *expediency* alone. We confess that the system of rates seems to us far the better course to adopt. It is established, which is something. It has worked tolerably well till wilfully disturbed ; and when once more affirmed to be the abiding law of the land, we doubt not will work well again ; more especially as the dissenters have by this time disco-

vered in the contests they have waged, or refrained from waging, on this subject, that they had considerably over-rated their strength. An application to any fund set apart by government for the repair of all the churches in England would necessarily be cumbrous and expensive—the measure which Lord Althorp contemplated would have been eminently so. There must be an apparatus of surveyors, and estimates, and approval of estimates, which would waste both time and cost; for church-work, which has ever proverbially gone upon crutches, would be doubly halt under such embarrassments. Then again, small repairs would be beneath the attention of a process so majestic. A pane of glass is broken—a spout is stopped—a tile is damaged by the wind—a lath or two have been rotted by the snow;—the churchwarden on the spot is aware of the mischief as soon as it shows itself; applies (what in such repairs above every other is true economy) the timely stitch; and by an outlay of a shilling or two on the instant prevents the necessity of renewing a casement or stripping a roof in the end. Were the application for repairs to be made to some distant quarter, the damage would be allowed to accumulate till there should be a case worthy of such august intervention; and the ruin of the churches would proceed rapidly, whilst the sum spent upon resisting it would be infinitely greater than at present. Meanwhile, the obvious interest of the churchwarden and vestry would in general suffice to check all lavish expenditure; and if such restraint were thought insufficient, nothing could be more easy, as nothing would be more just, than to define with accuracy the purposes to which a rate was to be confined, and prune, if you will, the luxuriance of the over-zealous official.

If, however, in spite of the principle of a national provision for the repair of the national churches being so defensible, and the application of that principle by means of a rate being so comparatively free from objection, the congregations of the Church of England should be left nevertheless to maintain their places of worship for themselves, and we should profess the anomaly of having a national church unsupported by the nation, let us consider whether the probable consequences would be such as would be satisfactory to the dissenter—whether the measure he seeks with so much pertinacity and violence would not be, if carried, a suicidal measure after all. On the whole, we believe it will be found that the wealth of the country is principally in the hands of members of the Established Church. The lists of benefactors to our charitable establishments throughout the land, which have of late been published from time to time, to meet a challenge thrown out by the enemies of the church, have proved this; unless we are to suppose that the dissenter has indeed the means, but not the will,

to contribute to hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, and the like—an imputation which we will not indulge, but presume rather that the wealth of the country is with the church; that its members, in short, are the parties amongst us who are the chief *buyers*. On the other hand, a great proportion of what dissenters there are will be found, we think, to belong to the class of retail dealers; or, in other words, a very large division of the dissenters are *sellers* rather than buyers. As matters have stood in times past, churchmen have made no distinction in their dealings—they have resorted to the shop of the churchman and dissenter alike, only having respect to the honesty of the party and the quality of his merchandise. Indeed, so long as the dissenter was content with his position in the state, which was that of complete toleration, and did not seek to disturb the establishment, his scruples were respected, which were the rather supposed to be conscientious, because they subjected him to some additional charge—a small one, it is true, but some additional charge—in supporting a place of worship of his own; and a friendly feeling was accordingly entertained towards him. But once exempt him from church-rates, and the case will be altered. The churchman will then naturally do his best to uphold the man who upholds the church—it would be exceedingly unreasonable to expect that he should do otherwise; to do so would give just cause of complaint to his own allies. We have no manner of doubt that the abolition of church-rates would be the signal for a separation between the churchman and dissenter, complete as soon as present engagements or connexions should cease to operate. Now we submit that the dissenter would not have cause to rejoice in this result. As it is, by contributing perhaps a crown to the repairs of the church, he secures to himself the advantageous handling of scores, perhaps of thousands of pounds in the year. Retaliate he cannot, because, in the first place, the funds, as we have said, are chiefly on the churchman's side; and, in the next place, the dissenter does already, almost to a man, spend whatever he has to lay out with his brother in dissent, and with none besides; he cannot do more. We would appeal to dissenting tradesmen in towns where resistance to church-rates has been attempted, and ask them whether they have found their books improved by the agitation of the question, or whether many good customers have not since left them, and whether many others whom they had reason to believe might have become so, have not held their hand. We have no sort of doubt that in a profit and loss view of the matter the dissenters are far more deeply interested in the continuance of church-rates on their present footing than the members of the church themselves; and that, if their friends in power should

give them their wish, they will be the first to exclaim, *Pol! me occidistis, amici!*

We can assure our readers that we have discussed this great question—which is, in truth, though under a new disguise, no less a one than that of the severance or non-severance of Church and State—without any apprehension about the pecuniary loss the church would sustain by the relinquishment of church-rates. Indeed, our bias lies quite another way. As Englishmen we may grieve to see society, which has so long been tolerably harmonious, split into parts; but as churchmen we are rather tempted to hail than to proscribe any measure by which the members of our own communion may be made to stand confessed as such, and the Church of England be gathered up again. By a desire to meet the dissenter on neutral ground—(how vain a desire, if conciliation was the object, events have shown!)—we have for some time sunk the sin of *schism* by mutual consent, as if there was not a word about it in all Scripture; and given occasion to many to surmise that those who sign the Articles do so rather because they hold livings than hold *them*. The present process of legislation is applying a succession of tests to churchmen by which they will be eventually sifted clean. The new Municipal Corporation Bill has done much for this; the new Marriage and Registration Bills will do more; but the abolition of church-rates would do most of all. Every man will soon have to take up his ground; and the Church of England will have at length to know herself again; to feel that she has nothing to do with other men's opinions, but must be true to her own; that in all her proceedings she must keep within the compass of her own constitution, and abate no jot of that; that her immortal founders 'set her feet in a *large room*,' expressly that her members might be under no temptation to stray out of it; that they contemplated her in their construction of her, as the single accredited agent through which all religious operations at home and abroad were to be conducted, so that the household was to be visited, the congregation to be taught, the colony to be quickened, the heathen to be converted, but still through her—through her, a noble instrument for the work if effectually wielded, and made to develop the resources that are in her:—That those her founders imagined they had left ample scope for the exercise of zeal the most intense, for the promulgation of doctrines the most evangelical, for the application of labours the most abundant and the most devoted, strictly within the confines of the church they marked out; and that they never contemplated, as they never would have allowed, a compromise, direct or indirect, of the great principles it involved for any object

however plausible :—That if this be bigotry (which will be said), it is bigotry to be of the Church of England at all, and the charge can effectually be removed in no other way than by withdrawing from her altogether, for that the twenty-third Article is quite incompatible with the lax church notions of modern times ; and still more, Cranmer's sermon 'Of the Authoritie of the Kayes,' which may be regarded as a comment from head-quarters upon that Article.

This sermon will be found in Cranmer's Catechism, which, with several other works admirably calculated to throw light upon the nature and construction of the church as our Reformers conceived it, has been lately re-published at the Clarendon Press. And with a strong recommendation to our younger clergy to peruse it, as an authentic record of that great man's views, we shall close this short paper. High time it is to plumb our building again, and apply a correction by a reference to these original documents, which will demonstrate that, liberal as were Cranmer's notions, so liberal indeed that his first impression was to draw up articles that should serve for Christendom, and not for England merely, he was so little of a latitudinarian that in these days he would assuredly come under the name of a very high churchman. Meaning, however, by that word not one who reposes upon the dignity of his order ; talks largely about the church, and leaves others to labour in it ; seeks personal distinction, and praises pastoral retirement ; thinks he is orthodox because he is dogmatical ; is so fearful of being extravagant himself that he is dull ; and chills all around him lest he should make them fanatics ;—but one who holds that he has a special commission, yet never relaxes in the practical duties which flow from it ; finding, on the contrary, a call to exertion in every provision his Church has made in her services for hallowing every crisis of the life of her members and baptizing it to God ; one who feels that in playing the zealot indeed he would be untrue to her, but that in every word she causes him to utter, and every act she causes him to do, she counts upon his zeal being awaked ; one who readily admits, to be sure, that she most properly insists on all things pertaining to the worship of God being done decently and in order, but only as the platform for high and holy objects to rest upon ; and one who regards her most truly as the uncompromising advocate of the strictest morals, but beholds her, in every aspect she presents, bearing the Cross for her crest, and *hoc signo vinces* for her motto.

- ART. VI.—1. *Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino*. Ecrits par lui-même. Tome i. 8vo. pp. 485. London. 1836.
 2. *Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino*. Written by himself. Translated from the original manuscript under the immediate superintendence of the author. Vol. i. 8vo., pp. 496. London. 1836.

M. LUCIEN Buonaparte has been hitherto considered a man, if not of talent, at least of some tact and shrewdness; but what possible object he can have hoped to gain by publishing these Memoirs, it seems at first sight very difficult to imagine.

That he has a strong and *unrequited* passion for literary fame has been proved by some ponderous quartos of what he calls poems, which rival in bulk, though they do not quite equal either in spirit or popularity, the similar epics of old Chapelain and our own Blackmore of Dunciad memory.

But though the author of *Charlemagne* and the *Cirnéide** may have mistaken for verse an unreadable mass of measured prose, he must surely have too much knowledge of the world to expect any literary fame from a meagre recapitulation of forgotten speeches and abortive intrigues, compiled, for the greater part, from the *Moniteur* and the *Bulletins des Débats*.

Still less should we have thought that he could have any eye to pecuniary profit,—yet it would seem as if something of that sort had entered into his imagination—(into his bookseller's pocket it assuredly never will)—for we find prefixed to the volume one of those monitory denunciations of legal vengeance against piracy, of which, though common in France, we do not recollect to have before seen an instance in a book published in England—and we certainly have seldom seen a book published in England where the precaution seemed less necessary; for we really believe that, protected by its own intrinsic inanity, the boldest speculator would hardly venture to reprint it.

We are, therefore, convinced that the prospect of either fame or profit can have had a very subordinate share in this publication, which must rather be attributed to the hope of producing some political effect, though it is certainly not very easy to guess

* The fame of this poem is so very limited that we have never seen it, nor even heard it mentioned, except by the author himself in these Memoirs. Our judgment of Lucien's poetical talent is formed from the *Charlemagne*, published some twenty-five years ago in two huge quartos. We presume that the *Cirnéide* is a poem in praise of *Corsica*, and that it is so called from its Greek name *Cyrrus*,—though why the learned author has thought proper to spell it *Cirnéide* we cannot tell. The Buonaparte swarm have shown no great personal attachment to their native hive—

'*Sic tua Cyrrneas fugiunt examina tazos.*'—VIRG. Ecl. ix. 30.

of what precise nature that political effect was meant to be. Two or three objects are pointed at distinctly enough: one is the repeal of the law which exiles the Buonaparte family; a second is a proposition that Louis Philippe's royalty should be legitimized by an appeal to the universal suffrages of the French people; a third is a kind of obscure retraction of Lucien's former radical principles of government, and the announcement of his matured opinion that a *republican monarchy*, with *one hereditary* and one elective chamber, after the fashion of England, is the best of all possible constitutions. But he had already advanced these propositions in a pamphlet which he published last year, under the pretence of replying to some observations of the late General Lamarque. Perhaps the little notice taken of that pamphlet may have piqued the author into a reproduction of his ideas in a more imposing form; perhaps, after all, he may have had no settled object beyond that of keeping himself before the public, and of occupying a share of the attention of France in her present unsettled state.

We are not now to learn that 'bold designs and crooked counsels' are the character of the whole Buonaparte school, and that whenever any of that tribe announces a design, it is safe to conclude that he has something else in view. It is therefore very possible that M. Lucien may have some other ulterior object which has escaped our sagacity; all we can say is, that the book appears to us inconceivably trivial and intolerably dull. We were not so unreasonable as to expect much solid information or historical truth from French modesty grafted on Corsican sincerity; but we really hoped for at least some personal anecdotes—some occasional touches of character—some passing gleams of light on the history of the times—or, in short, a little information and a larger portion of amusement. We have been wofully disappointed. Except a few of the earlier pages, nothing can be more meagre. We rise from the perusal wearied to death, and without having acquired the slightest addition to our previous knowledge either of events or men, or even of Lucien Buonaparte himself, unless indeed it may appear something of a novelty to have at once such undisputable evidence and such a striking example of what *blockheads a revolution may raise to eminence*. It is certainly the greatest of revolutionary miracles, that such a set of boobies as this whole tribe have always shown themselves whenever they were beyond the immediate influence of Napoleon, should have been actually ministers, ambassadors, princes, kings—what not?—and it now appears that Lucien is little better than the rest of the puppets.

The first pages of the book are, as we have hinted, infinitely the

the least uninteresting, because they contain something, though but a little, of the personal history of the family. It will not exceed our limits to extract *all* that he says on that subject—all, indeed, in the book that is worth extracting:—

‘When the revolution opened in 1789, the grand era of political reform, I had entered my fifteenth year. After having been for some time at the College of Autun, and at the military school of Brienne, lastly at the seminary of Aix in Provence, I returned to Corsica. My mother, a widow in the prime of her life, devoted herself to the care of her numerous family. Joseph, the eldest of her children, was twenty-two years of age, and seconded her attentions to us with ardour, and with paternal affection. Napoléon, two years younger than Joseph, was just returned from France with our sister, Marianne-Eliza, from the Ecole Royale of St. Cyr. Louis, Jerome, Pauline, and Caroline, were all children. A brother of my father, the Archdeacon Lucien, was become the head of our family, and though gouty and bedridden for some time past, he watched incessantly over our interests. . . . A brother, worthy of our mother, the Abbé Fesch, completed our family.

‘Although holding one of the first ranks [?] in the island in every respect, our fortune was not very brilliant. Several voyages of my father to France, where he was deputy of the noblesse to Louis XVI., and the expenses of our education, superior to his means, notwithstanding the benefits he derived from government, had much impoverished our fortune.

‘The education of my two elder brothers upon the continent, mine, and the deputations of our father to Paris, had rendered us entirely French. Corsica had been declared, since the 30th of November, 1789, an integral part of the monarchy; and that declaration, which had satisfied the wishes of the islanders, had completely effaced from their minds the bitter remembrance of the conquest. The philosophical ideas and revolutionary agitation which prevailed upon the continent fermented also in our heads, and no one hailed with more ardour than we did the dawn of 1789. Joseph entered into the administration of the departments—Napoléon prepared by serious studies to march with giant steps in his career of prodigies—and the third brother, a mere boy, ran to throw himself into the popular societies with the lively enthusiasm of a youthful and ardent head, filled with the remembrances of college and the great names of Rome and Greece.’—pp. 1—3.

Our readers will see that this is a very vague and meagre account of matters that belong essentially to the style of writing which M. L. Buonaparte has chosen to adopt; yet it is the whole of what he gives us on these domestic subjects. He adds indeed—

‘I think it right to suppress all details that are foreign to public affairs: of what avail would they be?’—p. 3.

And in a *Reply* which he has made in the newspapers to some criticisms on his work, he defends his omission of all personal anecdotes,—and adds, after quoting the foregoing passage of his proemium,—

‘It

'It is therefore not *my fault* if my readers are disappointed,—*after that notice*, the searchers after private anecdote might have *shut the volume*.' Very true, we 'might have shut the volume,'—and most readers will have done so at a very early stage of the perusal, but M. Lucien forgets that we had *already bought the volume*, and we had bought it on the faith that we were buying a work of the nature always understood by the title of *Memoirs*; and having purchased what professed to be a personal narrative, it is rather more frank than honest to tell us, when we complain of the trick, 'I did not ask you to read my book, I only induced you to buy it.' But the truth is, we believe, that this excuse is, after all, a mere subterfuge. He tells, we are satisfied, *all* that he thinks can do credit to the *imperial family*, and if he therefore has so little to tell, we look upon it rather as his misfortune than his fault; but then, belonging to a family about which such reserve was expedient, he really ought not to have obtained our money on the pretence of writing *his memoirs*.

M. Lucien's popular enthusiasm gave him, we are here for the first time informed, a marked ascendancy among the turbulent youth of his native place; and when the French fleet under Truguet visited Corsica, in 1792, this miracle of wisdom and eloquence, at the age of seventeen, was, according to his own account, placed at the head of the deputation of Corsican patriots sent to fraternize with the Jacobins of the fleet. Here is a precocity which exceeds that even of Napoleon:—

'I repaired on board the admiral's vessel. The troops were composed of young Marseillaise conscripts, as yet ill disciplined, and bringing into the service the agitation of the clubs; these young men had communicated to the ships' crews a taste for political discussions. On board each vessel they had established a popular society; so that, notwithstanding their courage, these troops tried the patience of the admiral tolerably well, and *their insubordination caused the failure of the expedition against Sardinia*. We were hardly announced, before the popular society of the admiral's vessel assembled in a public sitting in the *great hall of the council*. [We really do not know what is here meant.] I made a discourse. The president gave us the fraternal embrace, and invited us to the honours of the sitting. The president was a purser's clerk; he harangued us for more than half an hour, in such a strain that we could hardly retain our gravity.'—pp. 4, 5.

A party of these Marseillaise having been allowed to land, began to signalize their patriotism by attempting to hang, *à la lanterne*, as an aristocrat, a poor *Frenchman* who had held an office under the ancient *régime*; but M. Lucien states that he and the Corsican population were indignant at such an atrocious attempt, and that by their resistance, and by the influence of the officers of the fleet, the Marseillaise marines were hurried away to their vessels—and the fleet soon after set sail.

'This attempt at political assassination made,' says Lucien, 'a deep impression on our countrymen. We had long looked with an evil eye on these agents of the ancient government, but it had never entered into any of our heads that a man might be killed because he had once been in power or thought differently from us.' This would have led one to hope that the *impression* to which Lucien alludes, was one of additional good feeling and humanity towards the unhappy persons in question. It seems, however, by the sequel, to have been quite the reverse. Notwithstanding the ambiguous wording of the following passage, it is evident that these men were in imminent danger of their lives only for 'having been formerly in power, and thinking differently' from Lucien and his party, whose boasted humanity appears to have been tinged with what looks a little like either cowardice or cruelty:—

'In order to terminate at once our embarrassment as to how we should deal with these men of the continent who had so oppressed us and who knew not how to be silent, we resolved to send them away from the island. A vessel was prepared, and they were embarked together. "You were not born amongst us," we said to them, "and we, although become Frenchmen, cannot recognize as fellow-citizens the agents of the tyranny which has so long borne us down. We have saved the life of one of your number; we have spared you every violence; but your presence and your evil proposals trouble us; we desire no more of them. Go home, and leave us tranquil." The sentiment was unanimous. The men of the ancient *régime* departed.'—p. 8.

Thus, to relieve themselves from an embarrassment, they sent away these poor people,—(entirely innocent, as Lucien will presently confess,)—*whither?*—*that* he does not exactly tell us, but it turns out to have been to Marseilles, the very head-quarters of terror.

'We learnt too soon, that on their arrival on the continent they had been all immolated by those of their compatriots who judged and executed in the street, by the aid of the revolutionary *lanterne*! *Assuredly, none of them were guilty*, and had it not been for the attempt of the troops of the fleet, these unfortunate men (to the number, I believe, of eight or ten) *might have ended their days in peace amongst us.*'—p. 8.

It is but too plain, and indeed it seems subsequently admitted,* that M. Lucien, young as he was, cannot be exonerated from some share in the fate of these unhappy men, whose chief crime was that they were *Frenchmen*—a name to which it is now Lucien's chief glory to aspire.

'The deplorable catastrophe of these men, the violence of the revolutionary acts and writings of the continent, the attacks every day more

* It must be in allusion to a regret for his own share in this affair that Lucien says of a transaction that occurred soon after, '*This time my success was without alloy.*'—p. 11.

bold against religion, changed, during the year 1792, public opinion in Corsica.'—p. 9.

Public opinion,—yes, but not that of the Buonapartes. Even the authority of Paoli, the most intimate friend, as Lucien says, of their father and himself, and their personal benefactor, appears to have failed to keep these young men quiet. On the death of Louis XVI., Corsica at the voice of Paoli threw off her allegiance to France;—all except Ajaccio, where Lucien gives us to understand that the efforts of his family had a great share in maintaining the tri-colour flag; he, at least, so far distinguished himself, that the popular society of Ajaccio having decided on sending a deputation to the popular society at Marseilles and to the Jacobins of Paris, to solicit succour, Lucien was named chief of the deputation, which departed within a few hours.

We suspect that Lucien very much exaggerates the importance of his family in the following passages:—

'Scarcely, indeed, had we departed, when the spirit of insurrection broke out, and knew no longer any limits. "*Vive Paoli!* Long live Paoli! Let Paoli govern us! We will have only what he ordains! Death to his enemies!" Such were the clamours of the immense majority. The horn of the islanders resounded in every valley, and its menacing voice carried defiance even to the ramparts of Ajaccio. My mother had at that time with her only her two youngest sons, three daughters, and her brother, the Cardinal Fesch. But it was not the first time that she had performed the part of both father and mother to her family; and she again displayed that firm and courageous spirit which had distinguished her in her early years, during the wars of independence. She provided for all like an expert chieftain; she dispatched numerous messages to Joseph and Napoleon, both by sea and land, and gave notice that they would soon arrive in the port, with the representatives of the people, and she succeeded in neutralizing the partisans of Paoli in the town.

'But this great chief had not forgotten the art of making the most of time. To regain us or to stop us, he determined to have the most precious *hostages*; and while waiting for the French fleet, my mother was upon the point of falling into the hands of irritated enemies.'—pp. 18, 19.

We knew General Paoli, and often talked with him about the Buonaparte family, of which his knowledge, or at least his recollection, appeared to be—although a very few years had then elapsed—scanty and indistinct to a degree quite inconsistent with the part which Lucien assigns to them both in the General's private intimacy and in public affairs. One incidental point connected with Paoli's history, and implicating the veracity of one at least of the Buonapartes, we must notice. In Napoleon's first, and for aught we know, only publication,—*Le Souper de Baucaire*, he charges Paoli

Paoli with a variety of criminal acts, and amongst others with having insidiously '*fait échouer l'expédition de Sardaigne*,' whereas we have just seen Lucien's almost ocular testimony that the failure of that expedition was caused 'by the insubordination of the *Marseillaise* troops.' That Paoli attempted to seize the widow Buonaparte as a *hostage*, would require better evidence than that of any Buonaparte of whose accuracy we have had any measure. It is certain, however, that she and the whole family soon followed Lucien to Marseilles. Lucien says, that when they escaped from Ajaccio, their enemies set fire to their house; and that, on seeing the flames at a distance, the '*Signora Letizia*' exclaimed, '*Ah! never mind; we will build it up again much better: Vive la France!*' (p. 20.) This prophetic enthusiasm seems to us somewhat apocryphal—but let it pass.

Lucien proceeds to give an account of his feelings and proceedings on his arrival at Marseilles, which seems to us more frank and natural than any other part of the book:—

'I sailed with the deputation from Ajaccio; and a favourable wind wafted us to France in twenty-four hours. I had left it about four years before, without having finished my studies at the seminary at Aix; and I was about to re-appear in it, charged with a political mission. My vanity was exalted to so high a pitch, that I fancied myself a personage of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the crowd which covered the port of Marseilles, where we landed in the evening. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment of repose, so great was our anxiety to arrive at the popular Society. In a vast room, which admitted very little light, were seated the members of the Society, all of them with red caps upon their heads. The galleries were filled with noisy women. As soon as the president had announced that a deputation of *Patriots from Corsica* were the bearers of important news, a hearing was allowed us, and I was called to the tribune before I had thought of what I had to say. I began by declaring that the nation was betrayed in Corsica, and that we were come to invoke the aid of our brethren of the continent. As I was ignorant at that moment of the flight of our family, I did not then feel any personal hatred against Paoli: I wished to keep fair with him; but the acclamations from the galleries augmented in proportion to the violence of my words, and, for the first time, I experienced how much power the passions of those who listen have over those who speak. Carried away by the cries and applauses from the galleries, I soon began to talk in a manner calculated to increase their excitement. It was not only a speedy succour that I demanded, but I painted Paoli as having abused the national confidence, and as having only returned into his island that he might deliver it up to the English. *They*, above all, were not spared in my figures of rhetoric. It was the chord most likely to touch the feelings of my auditors, and I made it my favourite theme. I was overpowered with caresses and compliments; they would not let me quit the tribune; and I chattered away for about two hours at random. Motion upon

upon motion succeeded one after the other. An order for printing my speech—a message to the administrators of the department to send troops to the aid of Ajaccio—a deputation of three members to accompany us to the Jacobins of Paris, to denounce the treason of Paoli, and to demand vengeance;—all these measures were adopted *instantly* and with unanimity. My colleagues not having funds sufficient for the journey to Paris, I determined upon accompanying the deputies of Marseilles alone, and we left the assembly together at midnight.”—pp. 22-24.

Some feelings of remorse, however, for his attack on Paoli, as he says, supervened, which, enforced by a scene that occurred the next day, induced him to resign the deputation to Paris; but as he has not explained how *he* obtained funds, the want of which stopped his colleagues, we suspect that something else than his remorse for so brilliant and successful a speech may have contributed to arrest his progress. Let him, however, tell out his own story:—

‘Next morning, the Marseillaise deputies came to fetch me to breakfast with them at the café: I followed them. They conducted me to the Cannebière, the principal street of Marseilles. I admired that long place, surrounded with superb edifices. An immense crowd of men, women, and children, were walking, and pushing against each other to get on. I inquired of one of the “*Brothers and Friends*” [the cant term for the Jacobins] if it was a day of festival. “Oh no,” he replied with great tranquillity, “it is only about twenty aristocrats, who are giving us a little trouble: don’t you see them?” I looked in the direction to which he pointed, and I beheld the guillotine, red with blood, at work! It was some of the richest merchants whom they had for above a quarter of an hour been murdering! and that crowd, whom their bounty had so often fed, were then promenading the Cannebière, to enjoy the spectacle! and the shops were full of customers as usual, and the cafés were open! and the cakes and gingerbread were circulating around us as upon the day of a fair!!! Never shall I forget the first time I walked in the streets of Marseilles.”—pp. 25, 26.

The effect of this scene upon Lucien was the very reverse, as it seems to us, of what might have been expected: instead of proceeding forthwith to Paris, he resigned, under, as he wishes us to believe, the influence of disgust and horror, the duty which would have removed him from the scene of blood, where his extraordinary sensibility induced him to remain. We fancy we should have hastened under any pretence to escape from such atrocities; but there is no disputing about tastes. The rest of the family now arrived, and the Revolution was not ungrateful to its Corsican proselytes. Napoleon was already an officer of artillery—Joseph was appointed a commissary of war—and Lucien was placed in the department of military subsistences, at St. Maximin, a little town near Marseilles. The rest of the family, under the claim of refugee patriots, had rations of bread, and by the economy and

management of the mother, and contributions from the pay of the salaried brothers, were enabled to live.

‘The tribune of the Club of St. Maximin soon resounded with the speeches of the young Corsican refugee; and the popular favour carried me rapidly from the chair of the Society to the *presidency of the Revolutionary Committee*. In a few days I had acquired a *little dictatorship*; and although this success was quite unlooked for, I was not the less proud at having obtained it.’—vol. i. p. 29.

His retrospective reflections on the perilous position in which he now stood, fill another page, which we think worthy of being quoted:—

‘How often have I thanked Providence for not having abandoned me to the intoxication of a position so extraordinary, so dangerous at my age, and for having placed me among plain and simple people, who lent themselves to the moderate course suggested, as they would have been equally ready to have aided me in committing excesses: for in those moments of democratical despotism (*the worst of all despotisms*!), the power of an orator, as long as he commands popular favour, is stronger than public conscience. I have often looked back upon myself: I have felt that my good sentiments were powerfully seconded by favourable circumstances. I was a refugee-patriot—a martyr in the revolutionary cause; these titles placed me above all suspicion of aristocracy or *moderatism*. I might venture up to a certain point to brave the predominant prejudices and to follow an honest course; but if, like so many others, I, instead of these lucky circumstances, had been placed between my personal safety and my conscience—if the terrible, the inexorable, “*en avant, en avant,*” *forward, forward,* of the menacing democracy had resounded incessantly behind me;—if, like so many others, I had been reduced to the infernal alternative of *kill—or die*;—can I be quite certain of what might have befallen me? I flatter myself that I should have remained faithful to my better feelings, and that my moral courage would not have deserted me. Yet how many Frenchmen, as good, or perhaps better than I was—have slipped down that precipice! How many of those unfortunate beings, born of parents equally virtuous as my own, and gifted, like me, with a good education,—have fallen! Yes, *that* is by far the worst of all social states, where an honest man is exposed to become criminal,—where the fate of each is at the mercy of all,—where we are never certain of what we may say, what we may do, or what will become of us on the morrow. Young men!—read the history of 1793; not in the *pleadings of those rhetoricians who call themselves historians*, but in the pages of the inexorable *Moniteur*;—read with patience, and you, like your fathers, will hold the government of the multitude in detestation and horror. Under the despotism of one alone, or of several, we no doubt run the risk of becoming victims;—under a democratic despotism, besides the same danger multiplied a hundred-fold, we run another still more horrible—that of becoming executioners!

‘If we appreciate justly that great tempest of 1793, two sentiments

will simultaneously arise from a serious examination:—indulgence and pity for the individuals who were hurried on by such cruel circumstances; but also hatred, strong, durable, and profound, to the government of the multitude.’—vol. i. pp. 30-32.

This is too true: the worst crimes of a revolution are to a certain degree involuntary—the consequences of the intoxication of fear—of the inexorable necessity of keeping a-head of the infuriate precipitation of the crowd as dreadful to their leaders as to their enemies—rather than of deliberate guilt or natural cruelty. We should, however, have liked these truths rather better, if they had not come,—and so tardily,—from a follower, a friend, a *protégé* of Barras and the Robespierres.

Of course Lucien felt nothing of this at the time; nay, he honestly confesses that, without any such pressure as he alludes to, his own *spontaneous* Jacobin zeal kept the prisons of St. Maximin full of all the more respectable inhabitants of the place, as ‘*suspects*,’ or suspected persons—a violence which he seems to think he altogether redeemed by subsequently refusing, in conjunction with an apostate monk, who called himself *Epaminondas*—(he, Lucien, being *Brutus*)—to allow an emissary of the Committee of Public Safety to remove these poor people to Orange, which would have been, he says, equivalent to sending them to slaughter. He makes very light of the imprisonment he inflicted on these poor ‘*suspects*,’ but is exceedingly indignant when, after the fall of Robespierre, one of these ‘*suspects*’ retaliates on the ‘*little dictator*’ of St. Maximin, by sending him with other terrorists to prison in their turn. ‘What ingratitude!’ he seems to say; ‘I threw him and all his family into a nauseous dungeon, but I succeeded, after a desperate and doubtful contest, in preventing their being removed to another prison, where they might have been slaughtered.’—Yes; but if you had not put them originally in jail, they would not have been within the reach of the butcher—just as the poor French *employées* would not have been murdered if you had not sent them to Marseilles—so that on the whole, we think M. Lucien’s complaints of the *ingratitude* of his prisoners are rather unreasonable.

Of the relations of himself and his brother Napoleon with the Robespierres—a subject, with us at least, of considerable interest—the following anecdote is all that he tells:—

‘The brother of Robespierre, after the capture of Toulon, had been sent as commissioner to the army of the Alps. Napoléon was considered as the hero of that memorable siege, and was appointed general of brigade; he was at Nice, where he commanded the artillery. Intercourse on points of service had brought about an intimacy with the young Robespierre, who appreciated him. It appears that the ruler of the Conven-

tion had been informed of the uncommon talents of the conqueror of Toulon, and that he was desirous of replacing the commandant of Paris, Henriot, whose incapacity began to tire him. Here follows a fact which I witnessed.

‘My family owed to the promotion of Napoléon a more prosperous situation. To be nearer to him, they had established themselves at the Château Sallé, near Antibes, only a few miles distant from the headquarters of the General; I had left St. Maximin to pass a few days with my family and my brother. We were all assembled there, and the General gave us every moment that was at his own disposal. He arrived one day more pre-occupied than usual, and, while walking between Joseph and myself, he announced to us that it depended upon himself to set out for Paris the next day, and to be in a position by which he could establish us all advantageously. For my part, the news enchanted me. To go to the great capital appeared to be the height of felicity, that nothing could overweigh. “They offer me,” said Napoléon, “the place of Henriot. I am to give my answer this evening. Well,—what say you to it?” We hesitated a moment. “Eh? eh?” rejoined the General; “but it is worth the trouble of considering: it is not a case to be enthusiastic upon; it is not so easy to save one’s head at Paris as at St. Maximin. The young Robespierre is an honest fellow; but his brother is not to be trifled with: he will be obeyed. Can I support that man? No, never. I know how useful I should be to him in replacing his simpleton of a commandant of Paris; *but it is what I will not be*. It is not yet time; there is no place honourable for me at present but the army. We must have patience: *I shall command Paris hereafter!*” Such were the words of Napoléon. He then expressed to us his indignation against the reign of terror, of which he announced the approaching downfall: he finished by repeating several times, half gloomy, half smiling, “*What should I do in that galley?*” The young Robespierre solicited him in vain. A few weeks after, the 9th Thermidor arrived, to deliver France, and justify the foresight of the General. If Napoléon had taken the command of Henriot, on which side would have been the victory?”—pp. 42—44.

M. Lucien’s memory must have failed him.—Napoleon, one year later, accepted from the same party in the Convention the same command, and wrote the pledges of his unscrupulous and unhesitating zeal, in letters of fire and blood, on the façade of *St. Roch*. Why should he have declined the same mission from the hands of Robespierre, whose friend and partisan it is, from the very offer, evident that he was? Nor would it, we conceive, have been more injurious to his reputation to have accepted—than to have been so much in Robespierre’s confidence and good opinion as to have received—that offer; and if he had accepted, he would probably have been a benefactor to humanity, by having an earlier opportunity of controlling and extinguishing the anarchy. Regrets about by-gone possibilities are foolish; but it is probable, that if Napoleon had been in the place of Henriot,

his talents would have spared Robespierre the necessity of relying on the gaol and the guillotine for the maintenance of his position, and either by strengthening, and, therefore, humanizing Robespierre's power, or by establishing his own, he would have abridged the *reign of terror*, and accelerated the return to a regular order of things.

That it was from no disapprobation of the *régime* of Robespierre that the alleged offer could have been refused, is additionally proved by the fact, that after the 9th Thermidor Lucien was himself sent to jail, and Napoleon dismissed from the army, as *Terrorists*. No doubt *they* are not to be considered as implicated in the extravagant horrors of the terrorism of Paris. Nay, we hope and believe, that they may not have had to reproach themselves with actual blood-shedding at that period—but they were avowedly of that party; and, for the reason before assigned by Lucien himself, they owe to accident, perhaps, that they were not more early notorious. At least, we have but too good reason to suspect that the planner and perpetrator of *the murder of the Duke d'Enghien*—a crime which exceeds in all its circumstances any act, or any dozen of acts, of the Revolutionary Tribunal—would not have been very scrupulous about justice, or very chary of innocent blood. When Lucien was intermingling the eulogies of Napoleon with his indignation at the 'legal murders' of Bailly—Lavoisier—and Malesherbes—of the Queen—and of 'that saint who bore on earth the name of Elizabeth,' we wonder whether the image of the young and gallant son of the Condés—*illegally murdered* under circumstances of still more complicated and cold-blooded atrocity—did not flit across his memory!

Besides this very dubious anecdote as to the command of Paris, there is, we believe, but one other relative to Napoleon in the whole book.

'Napoléon, in one of those congés which he went to pass at Ajaccio, (it was, I believe, in 1790) had composed a history of the revolutions of Corsica, of which I wrote two copies, and of which I much regret the loss. One of those manuscripts was addressed by him to the Abbé Raynal, whom my brother had known on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal found the work so extremely remarkable, that he decided upon communicating it to Mirabeau, who, on returning the manuscript, wrote to Raynal, that this little history appeared to him to announce a genius of the first order. The reply of Raynal accorded with the opinion of the great orator, and Napoléon was enchanted. I have made a great many researches in vain to find those manuscripts: they were, perhaps, destroyed in the burning of our house by the troops of Paoli.'—pp. 71, 72.

Our readers have now seen all—positively *all* that Lucien has to tell of his great brother. Napoleon's two first steps to power—

his re-entry into the army—and his selection by Barras to do the bloody work of Vindémiaire, are dispatched in one line :—

‘ Barras confided the command to General Bonaparte, who was still without employment.’—p. 59.

The result of that day is told with equal laconism :—

‘ General Bonaparte was promoted to the command of Paris.’—*ib.*

His marriage* is not even mentioned; his appointment to the army of Italy is thus vaguely announced :—

‘ Napoléon had arrived at the theatre of that great war for which he felt himself born.’—p. 72.

The entire history of that ‘ great war ’ is comprised in a quotation from the at once pert and pompous epitome of M. Thiers, introduced obviously less for the sake of celebrating Napoleon than of flattering the minister-historian; and we suspect, that if M. Lucien could have foreseen that M. Thiers was to be so soon an *ex-minister*, as well as an *ex-historian*, we should not have had even this slight mention of the campaigns of Italy. We were much amused by an exclamation of Lucien’s after making this extract from Thiers—

‘ There, Sir Walter—Sir Walter!—there is how history should be written!’

He had, it seems, forgotten the censure that had just escaped from his pen of ‘ *rhetoricians who call themselves historians*,’ which seems to us to fit Thiers better than any other writer of the age—at least the imputation of *rhetorician* flights could never apply to the easy and unaffected style of Sir Walter Scott †.

But notwithstanding his quotations from Thiers, we really do not believe it would have been possible for any other man who had lived in France, during the same period, to have written his Memoirs without many more and more important notices of Napoleon, than we find in the meagre scraps of Lucien. The *Reply*, which we before mentioned, treats this objection, by saying—

‘ It was expected that more should have been said of Napoléon. O!

* It is remarkable that in his marriage contract—the only authentic record that we possess of his birth and name—Napoleon signs *Napoléone Buonaparte*; and states—producing his *baptismal extract* to that effect—that he was born on the 5th February, 1768, and not on the 15th August, 1769, the birth-day which he latterly assumed; see Quarterly Review, xii. 239; but since that article was written, we have discovered another curious attempt on his part to juggle the day of his birth, for we find that the first *Almanachs Nationaux* in which St. Napoleon appeared (1803, 4, and 5), fixed his *fête* for the 16th August—but when Buonaparte assumed the crown, it was no doubt observed that the 16th was the feast of St. Roch, whose detrusion from the calendar to make way for St. Napoleon might excite unpleasant recollections of Vindémiaire—and in the next *Almanach Impérial*, St. Napoleon was shifted to the 15th.

† The author of *Charlemagne* had the coolness to ask the author of *Marmion* to translate his great Epic into English verse; and the contemptuous brevity of the reply seems not to have been forgotten.

as to that critique, I receive with *gratitude the sentiment* which dictated it. But it is forgotten that during the time comprised in my first volume, Napoléon, being in the East, could not figure in the discussions of Paris.'—*Times*, Oct. 29.

For ourselves we have to observe, that M. Lucien Buonaparte owes us at least no *gratitude* for wishing for more anecdotes about his brother. It is not, as M. Lucien may choose to suppose, from any admiration of, or affectionate curiosity about him, that we make the observation, but simply because Napoleon is, or rather *ought to be*, the real hero of these Memoirs. To *him* it is owing that Lucien was ever heard of—if he had not been elevated as one of the bobs in the tail of that great kite, where and what would he have been now? Under what pretence does he intrude himself and his book on the public but as the brother of the man whose name is hardly mentioned? This is really acting *Hamlet* with the omission of the *Prince of Denmark*. But the second part of this excuse is still more surprising. 'Napoleon is omitted because, during the period comprised in my first volume, he was in the *East*!' What can M. Lucien mean by such an assertion,—so notoriously absurd? The first volume comprizes all that portion of Napoleon Buonaparte's life about which students of history feel the greatest curiosity, and must naturally have expected some satisfaction from his *brother*. For instance, we should have liked to hear something of his military habits and studies while a subaltern;—by what means he was *first* promoted;—what he was doing at Paris in the summer of 1792, where Bourrienne found him in great indigence, though Lucien's account would lead one to suppose he was still in Corsica;—whether he had any and what share in the 10th August, 1792, at which Rœderer reports that he said he was present '*as an amateur*;'—how he came to be so prominently employed at Toulon;—what he *actually did* at Toulon;—by what acts of *Terrorism* the brothers had distinguished themselves to such a degree, that after the 9th Thermidor Napoleon was dismissed the military service, and both he and Lucien sent to jail? What was the real nature and extent of his connexion with the Robespierres? What was he about, and how did he exist on the pavé of Paris, between Thermidor 1794 and Vindémiaire 1795? When and how did he become acquainted with Madame de Beauharnais? What was the channel of influence which recommended him to Barras? Was there any other connexion besides identity of *time* between his marriage and his appointment to the army of Italy? What were his private and extra-official habits and occupations during these periods? What was the amount of his private fortune when he joined that army in 1796? And what was it after the peace of Campo Formio, in 1797? These are a few of the thousand questions belonging to the time comprized in M. Lucien's first

volume, which no one as yet, that we are aware of, has answered in any clear detail or with any personal authority. Madame d'Abrantes and Bourrienne (a much better witness) have given a few anecdotes of times and circumstances approaching to those we have mentioned, and the St. Helena volumes contain some manifest falsifications and some very suspicious assertions on certain of these topics—but no one can deny that this important and most curious part of Buonaparte's personal history remains in great obscurity, and it is well known that during his fourteen years of omnipotence he used every effort to obliterate all the traces of his early life—whether from a silly or a well-founded reluctance to have the whole truth known, we cannot decide. M. Lucien promises us (in the same *Reply*), that after Napoleon's return from Egypt he intends to say a little more about him. We humbly thank him. He will give us corn in harvest; we had rather that his bounty had shown itself when and where there was a real dearth.

But, indeed, Lucien does not tell us much more of himself. In most men's memoirs, their marriage would be an event worth mentioning; in Lucien's life his marriages were peculiarly important. We suppose that we shall, in due time, hear of his *second* marriage, because the spirit with which he vindicated his domestic independence against the upstart vanity and injustice of his brother does him honour; but the period of his first marriage with Mlle. Boyer, sister of an innkeeper at St. Maximin, falls within the limits of the present volume, and Monsieur le Prince does not so much as allude to it.

When the victory of Vindémiaire—before the gaining of which Napoleon was so little known that the official account of it now before us calls him '*Le Général Buona Porté*'—enabled Barras to name him to the command of Paris,—Lucien, who was still a storekeeper of victuals somewhere in the south, was, through his brother's influence, promoted in the Commissariat. After remaining a month in Paris, he was ordered to join the army of Moreau, but he left Paris with regret, having begun to feel the first pricks of ambition:—

'I assisted frequently at the sittings of the councils, which made me take a disgust to the functions that I had hitherto been happy to obtain. I would willingly have renounced them all not to have been distant from the public tribunes; but I was obliged to depart for Munich, Brussels, and Holland, where I went in turn during the course of the year 1796, to execute, ill or well, an employment in which I occupied myself with less ardour than in reading the political journals and pamphlets. I became a very decided partizan of the two chambers, and the directorial government.'—p. 62.

In the meantime Napoleon obtained the command in Italy, and was already in his first gallop of victories. Here Lucien joined him,

him, but was presently dispatched on a mission to Corsica, of what kind he does not tell, but the real object seems to have been to prepare the way for his future election as deputy. We think it worth while to extract his testimony as to the style in which the French carried on this war:—

‘ I had obtained permission to quit the north to go to Milan, where our army had made its entry. Napoléon was no longer at Milan. The revolt of Pavia had just broken out: and it was said that the general was gone to the banks of the Adige, to chastise the guilty city. I hastened to Pavia: upon the road my eyes were struck with the distant reflection of a vast fire. . . . It was the village of Binasco delivered up to the flames to expiate the assassination of several of our straggling soldiers. I traversed the burning ruins. Pavia presented me in a few moments after with a spectacle even more deplorable. That great city had been delivered up to pillage in the morning: the traces of blood had not been effaced: the bodies of the peasants, who had refused to surrender, were not carried away: people were occupied by funeral rites within the gate by which I entered. The streets and places were transformed into a perfect fair, where the conquerors were selling, to hideous speculators, the spoils of the vanquished! *What miseries, even in the most just of wars, in the most necessary of victories!* ’—pp. 74, 75.

The picture itself is frightful enough; but what shall we say of the *feeling* which calls the massacre of poor people who rise against a plundering invader ‘ *the most just of wars—the most necessary of victories* ’ ?

Here ends all the interest, small as it is, of these Memoirs. Napoleon is dispatched in a line or two to Egypt—Lucien is elected, contrary to law, into the Council of Five Hundred—and the rest—that is, above four-fifths of the whole volume—is occupied by the proceedings of the Council, and the speeches of Lucien on several now-forgotten topics, which might be read with equal profit and pleasure in the pages of the ‘ *Moniteur* ’ as in the Memoirs of Prince Prettyman de Canino.

The legal difficulty, however, about his election is worth noticing, as an additional instance of the way in which these Buonapartes, who were and are always prating about *legality* and so forth, broke through all laws when it suited their purpose. All the biographies state the objection to have been, that Lucien was but twenty-four years of age, whereas the law required the candidate to be twenty-five. It is, we suppose, for some reason connected with this affair, that Lucien studiously omits to name the month or even the year of his birth, but as he says that he was about fourteen in 1789, he was probably born, as the biographers assert, in 1775, in which case he would have been at the time of his election, April, 1798, but twenty-three, and, of course, not for two years more

of the eligible age. The Appendix to these Memoirs, however, alleges that the difficulty was that the department (Liamone, in Corsica) for which he was chosen, had no right of election—which it certainly had not. We believe that both the objections were well founded—but we find in the *Moniteur* no mention of the *first*, and as to the *second*, the Council suspended the law in favour of Napoleon's brother, and he took his seat.

And now, having laid before our readers every line of the book that has any air of novelty or interest, and having indicated the character of the rest, we revert to the question of what possible object M. Lucien Buonaparte could have proposed to himself by such a publication? which we can only answer by our original supposition, that he may have three chief objects. First, he probably wishes to keep himself before the public eye, and at the same time to make a profession of political faith calculated—as he, in his long-sighted ambition and short-sighted judgment, fancies—to conciliate the acquiescence of various parties in his accession to the empire of France. The very idea seems as preposterous as the mode by which it is attempted is ridiculous; but preposterous and ridiculous as they may be, we can, with our best diligence, discover no more rational motive.

When he complains, with the most patriotic sensibility, of the hardships of the exile of the Buonapartes from *their* beloved France, it is not assuredly with any great hope of persuading Louis Philippe to invite such a swarm of hornets into his hive, already uneasy enough; no, it is merely to flatter the national vanity, and to get over the original difficulty of his *Corsican* origin, by the affectation of being *peculiarly* and most sentimentally *French*. But this affectation partakes a little of effrontery, when we recollect that his original exile, when he escaped from the benignant rule of his illustrious brother, first to Rome, and subsequently to England, was his own choice. If exile from France be indeed so grievous to M. Lucien, he certainly is, and has been the greater part of his life, a most unfortunate gentleman; for we do not believe that there is another sexagenarian in the world, pretending to the name of a Frenchman, who has spent so small a portion of his existence in *France*. He was born in Corsica, at a time when, he admits (p. 3), Corsica was not France; how long he was at school in France he does not tell—indeed he tells nothing *precisely*—but at the age of seventeen he came to reside there, which he continued to do (not interruptedly) for a dozen years—and he has spent the last thirty years of his life in this protracted exile—though—we beg pardon—in the ordinary use of the term, the dozen years which he really did pass in France seem rather to partake of the nature of *exile*.

The next object we can suppose him to have is to shake the throne of Louis Philippe, just so far as to throw him out of it, without overturning the seat itself, which Lucien no doubt thinks he could himself at once fill and steady. This design is scarcely, we think, veiled in the following passages:—

‘ At this moment the French throne is yet between the *quasi* legitimacy of divine right, and the *quasi* legitimacy of the popular right. Its power has not been consecrated either by the elevation upon the shield, which was the universal suffrage of the ancient Franks; nor by the hereditary coronation, the legitimacy of past times; nor by the national vote, the legitimacy of new times.

‘ If, immediately after the 30th of July, government shrank from universal voting, this may be explained by reasons that our contemporaries know, and which are useless to mention. But at this time, after five years of exterior peace and material amelioration, *now that factions are vanquished or rendered powerless*, what is there to fear in legitimatising? Is France descended so low that it is possible to dispense with her vote? If the new government of *our fine country* would at length submit itself to the popular voting, it would confirm and strengthen itself; and all parties would then surround with conviction the elect of the people. If, on the contrary, it refuses to render homage to that sovereign whom in our age it is in vain to disown I wish to deceive myself; but the abyss of a revolution is inevitably about to open before us; and the counsellors of the crown, who do not endeavour to engage it to bend before that popular sovereignty, draw upon their own heads all the responsibility of the struggles which threaten every government that is ill seated. To persist in not consulting France, would be shewing that that they do not regard the 30th of July as a revolution, but as a personal catastrophe.’—pp. 260-261.

The same idea is repeated in another place; but did any man out of Bedlam ever seriously imagine such a preposterous proceeding, or advance it on such unfounded data? What!—factions vanquished and innocuous in France?—Witness the *Cloître St. Mery*—the *Rue Transnonain*—the *Rue de l’Oursine*—the assassination plots of the *Pont Royal*, of *Neuilly*, of *Fieschi*, and of *Alibaud*—and finally the insurrections of *Strasbourg* and *Vendôme*! But again; Lucien must believe that the votes would be either *for* or *against* Louis Philippe; if they were *for* him, what would be gained beyond what he possesses in the acquiescence of the people in the votes of their representatives?—and if Lucien believes, as we have no doubt he does, that the votes would be *against* Louis Philippe, what is the advice but the old revolutionary mandate—‘*ôte-toi que je m’y mette?*’ It is not easy to say what, if it were possible to refer the question to universal suffrage—unbiassed by bribery or intimidation—the result might be. Our own belief is, that the *principle* of Louis Philippe’s government—the monarchy of the Hôtel de Ville—would not obtain *one single suffrage*; but

that a vast majority of the intelligence and property of the country do *practically* repose their hopes of tranquillity and order on the experienced firmness and prudence of his personal character; and of this class a great number, perhaps the majority, in their hearts prefer him as a *locum tenens*, till circumstances may permit the legitimate succession of Henry V. But as a real poll by universal suffrage could be in fact nothing else but an uncontrollable popular insurrection, the numerical majority would depend upon the whim and passion of the moment. It might have been for Louis Philippe, if the election had occurred just after his gallant conduct in the Fieschi slaughter; at any other period the majority would be against the Government merely because it was a government; and as the Buonapartes are essentially the enemies of all *legitimate* authority, it is possible some one of them might be elected, and—until he had published this foolish book—we should have thought that Lucien might be the favourite.

This brings us to the third and last object, which we conceive Lucien may have had—that of conciliating different parties to his future accession to power; but, as generally happens in such cases, we think his efforts to conciliate contradictory opinions likely to have the effect of offending all. In the first place, he abjures all his early revolutionary principles, except only that of the exercise of the sovereignty of the people by electing, *once for all*, the chief magistrate by universal suffrage. This last clause will not win the friends either of the real or the *quasi* legitimacy. Next, he is an advocate for two chambers—one of them consisting of an *hereditary* aristocracy. This will be well received by the present peers for life, and generally by the whole aristocracy, whether of birth or wealth—but will dissatisfy all the republicans;—while on the other hand, his advancing the *irresistible* political rights and power of the *proletaires*, or working class, will indispose every real friend of good order. And finally, his profession of belief in the Gospel, and of respect and devotion for what he is pleased to call *the religion of all Frenchmen*,—(p. 41) and his—ay, Lucien Buonaparte's—canonization of Madame Elizabeth as a *saint*, will appear to one half of the nation an indecent *persiflage*, and to the other hypocritical jargon.

Nor will his foreign politics be more generally acceptable. His adulation of England, and his moderation towards the other great powers, will not conciliate *them* to a Buonaparte, while it will move the bile of all true Frenchmen—whose hatred of England is not mitigated by the contempt which they feel for her present government; and whose jealousy of the great continental powers is only increased by their apprehensions. When he says that 'the name of the *house of Orange* is inseparable from the *glory and*

liberty of the Batavian people, the proposition is true, and might afford a convenient basis for the policy of a new French dynasty; but how will it please the political fanatics in France and Belgium, whose hatred for legitimate royalty—and that only—placed Leopold on the throne?

In short, look which way we will, we cannot discover what any man of ordinary experience or common sense could, in Lucien Buonaparte's position, have proposed to himself from this publication.

A recent event may give rise to a new conjecture, to which we must allude—namely, that this publication was a forerunner of the Strasbourg affair. But it is, in our opinion, impossible that this literary movement on Lucien's part can have had any connexion with the insurrectionary movement of his nephew Louis—for in the first place, Lucien, when he talks of 'a sovereignty to be created by universal suffrage,' probably believes, as we once did, that of all the Buonapartes he would be the likeliest pretender, and if the hereditary principle is to have any effect, he is not a man to resign his pretensions to the sons of his younger brother.* Besides, there has always, we believe, been a sort of hereditary animosity between Lucien and these Beauharnais-Buonapartes—not diminished by Napoleon's adoption of them, and his avowed design to have called them, if he had not had a son of his own, to the succession of the empire. But it is remarkable that, *about three months* ago, a most eulogistic memoir of this young Louis Napoleon was printed in a pamphlet and *assiduously circulated* in Paris—a proceeding which has been suspected by those best acquainted with French politics to have had some connexion with the late attempt, and to have been, at least, a kind of *candidature* on Louis' part for the imperial seat. In such a pretension Lucien, of course, could not concur: and is it not possible that he may have determined to publish *his* Memoirs by way of a counterpoise to those of his ambitious nephew? We, in short, acquit, in our own mind, Lucien of any participation in the attempt of Louis, which, if at all foreseen, we think it much more probable that these Memoirs were intended to anticipate and defeat.

On the subject of that attempt, which naturally connects itself with the question we have been discussing, we shall add a few words. It is commonly said that a conspiracy defeated strengthens the government against which it was directed. That may be true of legitimate and well-established governments; but it is, we

* In his pamphlet of last year, indeed, he seemed disposed to insist on the rights of Joseph as the head of the family—but *Joseph has no son*;—after all, he only spoke of poor Joseph with reference to the question of a Buonaparte *Regency* in 1815.

think, the reverse with a government sprung from a revolution, and having—as Lucien justly describes that of Louis Philippe—no basis whatsoever. He has no right but possession, and no hold but by the sword. Towards the consolidation of such a power, the first necessary is *quiet*—the new edifice wants time to settle and dry—every year that should pass without an attempt at revolution would strengthen the joints and knit the cement; while on the contrary, these continual commotions have not only the effect of shaking and disturbing the existing government—but the still worse effect of necessitating such severe—and from a government sprung out of an *émeute*—such inconsistent and extraordinary measures, as increase its unpopularity and its ultimate danger. Should this system continue, the monarchy of Louis Philippe—if even there were no other cause—must at length break down under the odium of the succession of restrictive laws and penal inflictions, which these monthly insurrections force upon him. How can a people, pretending to liberty or even to social civilization, bear, we will not say the *indignity*, but even the *inconveniences* of such a system of suspicion and surveillance, as now spreads itself, like Vulcan's net, heavy though invisible, over the face of France? Necessary it is, and therefore justifiable, *pro re nata*; but if it is to be continued, it will—however justifiable—become intolerable.

Besides, the beneficial effect of the repression of such attempts is mainly by intimidation; but we doubt whether, in a revolutionary state of society—such as, unhappily, that of France has been since the days of July—the punishment of political criminals does not produce *emulation* rather than *intimidation*. Fieschi's fate, if it did not excite, at least did not discourage Alibaud. The scaffold was still hot with Alibaud's blood when the conspiracy of the Rue de l'Oursine was formed; the sentence of these men is scarcely pronounced, when we have the higher and bolder treason of Strasbourg and Vendôme, attempted by such contemptible men and such miserable means as, in a wholesome state of society, would hardly have ventured to rob a *diligence*. Nor can it operate much in the way of *intimidation* to see that Louis Philippe will not and, for his head, dare not punish the leader of this audacious treason.* Alas! for Louis Philippe and for France.

* We doubt, indeed, whether there would not have been found *legal* difficulties in the way of a trial for *high treason* of this, or any other Buonaparte—who, by the special law which exiles them, seem deprived of the rights, and, of course, released from the allegiance of French citizens. For the infraction of *that* law they might be tried; but it applies, we believe, no specific penalty. The Strasbourg adventurer's case is, in principle, not different from those of the Duchess of Berry, and of Napoleon on his return from Elba. But these are niceties which the *stiles exaltés* of France will not unravel—the impunity of Emperor Louis-Napoleon will be taken for a confession of weakness, and the punishment of his associates (if it takes place) will be called injustice and cruelty—a new dilemma for King Louis-Philippe.

We pity him—we grieve for her. They are both now paying, and will have still more grievously to pay, the hard price of their compliances with the revolutionary fraud of July. She conferred the crown by *means which nullified the gift*, and he accepted it on *terms under which it is impossible to wear it*. He has—since the fatal day that he accepted the poisoned mantle—acted with, we think, almost unexceptionable propriety; he has been, in their proper occasions, severe without cruelty, discreet without weakness, and brave without rashness. He has done all that a man ought to do, and more than we thought any man could have done, in the most difficult position in which he has been placed; but the inherent and unconquerable defect of his original title defeats his good intentions, embitters his private life, and disturbs and endangers, on the slightest occasions, the very foundations of social order.* It is not the Buonapartes that are to be feared. The fop Louis with his *little hat*—the prosy Lucien with his '*universal suffrage*,' are contemptible in themselves; but it is a fearful thing to see a state of society so morbid as to be disturbed or endangered by such miserable pretensions.

We cannot conclude this painful subject without making a special observation on the affair at Vendôme, which exhibits one of the most curious coincidences, and one of the most striking examples of retributive justice that we have almost ever seen. Our readers know that an attempt was made, simultaneously with the Strasbourg affair, to seduce from their allegiance the regiment of the *Hussards d'Orleans* quartered at *Vendôme*, with a view to the overthrow of the dynasty of July. If our readers will look back to the personal journal of Louis Philippe, translated in a former Number of our Review (vol. lii. p. 551), they will see that Louis Philippe, while commanding in that very same garrison of Vendôme a regiment of Hussars, distinguished, we believe, by the same patronymic title, attempted, and too successfully, to seduce the regiment *from its allegiance to the king*. '*I could not tolerate*,' he then patriotically exclaimed, '*any one who preferred QUELQU'UN*—(the king Louis XVI.)—*to their country*.' We wonder how he will now deal with the officer who, in the same

* Of course our readers will understand that we are here speaking of Louis Philippe as first magistrate of France. We are well aware that in the recesses of his character there are many very unamiable and some not very reputable qualities, of which his conduct, both public and private, from the restoration in 1814 up to the *Émeute* of June, 1832—when he really became *King of France*—affords but too many instances. We know, from a person who has kindly communicated to us a note which he made of the conversation, that Louis XVIII., speaking of Louis Philippe to an illustrious foreigner, in the presence of his brother (Charles X.), said, that '*Égalité était un meilleur homme que son fils*,'—an opinion which Charles warmly contested, and endeavoured to disprove by insisting on certain good points of Louis Philippe's character!—*Eheu!*

place, and with the same regiment, and with the same design, only imitated his own patriotic example; he will, we are well assured—whatever else he may do—draw no such nice distinctions between that royal QUELQU'UN—the king—and the country which owes him allegiance.*

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Committee on the Bill to regulate the Labour of Children in the Mills, &c. &c.* Folio. 1832.

2. *Reports of Factory Commissioners.* Folio. 1833, 1834.

3. *Reports and Evidence of the Parliamentary Committees on the Factory Question.* Folio. 1832.

4. *The Curse of the Factory System.* By John Fielden, M.P. for Oldham, and Manufacturer at Todmorden, in Lancashire. 1836.

5. *Factory Statistics. The Official Tables appended to the Report of the Select Committee on the Ten-Hours Factory Bill, Vindicated in a Series of Letters addressed to John Elliot Drinkwater, Esq.* By the late M. T. Sadler, Esq. 1836.

6. *An Inquiry into the State of the Manufacturing Population, and the Causes and Cures of the Evils therein Existing.* 1831.

7. *The Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes Employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester.* By James Phillips Kay, M.D. 1832.

8. *The Evils of the Factory System.* By Charles Wing, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the Surgeons to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children. London, 8vo. 1836.

9. *A Voice from the Factories.* 8vo. 1836.

ALTHOUGH several years have elapsed since we last urged attention to the manufacturing system, we have not been indifferent to the progress of it. We have seen, with dismay, the opening fulfilment of our predictions; we have anxiously observed the efforts of a zealous few to mitigate the evil; an evil which, if not speedily checked, threatens to corrupt the whole social system of those vast counties, and bring into jeopardy, certainly the honour, and perhaps the safety, of the empire.

These

* The translation of Lucien's book, made, as we are pompously told, 'under the immediate superintendence of the author,' is the worst we have ever met—so bad, indeed, as to be in some instances absolutely unintelligible, and to have required, in the passages we have extracted, many idiomatic corrections. M. Lucien can have no great aptitude for learning languages, if, after a residence of half his life in countries where English is the vernacular tongue, this strange version has been made under his immediate superintendence. We shall give a few examples of a degree of slip-slop ignorance that would otherwise be almost incredible:—

'The young Robespierre had evinced much esteem towards General Bonaparte; and that was sufficient to cause him to be proscribed; arrested upon imputations the most

These great mischiefs have long prevailed in many of the northern provinces; but it is only of late years that their nature has been made manifest to the kingdom at large. In this publicity we perceive both danger and safety; danger, in revealing to a mighty mass the multitude of their fellow sufferers, and the extent of their wrongs; but safety, if they who have the power are quickened to their redress. This ghastly picture is not the work of artists, skilful but unauthorized; the tale is not invented by lying demagogues or effervescing philanthropists; all bears the seal and sanction of parliamentary veracity; committees of the house drew the outline, and commissioners of the crown filled it up.

Far be it from us to denounce, in one sweeping accusation, all the mill owners of this kingdom. Not a few of them have been honestly striving for the attainment of a legislative remedy, and many who oppose it, act, doubtless, from sincere convictions and motives they might fearlessly avow. But we must not, on this account, desist from the exposure,—we will spare the agents;—but as to the system—delicacy would be misplaced, and delay irreparable.

Committees and commissioners,—disinterested masters, casual observers, and impartial philosophers, speak one language,—and how can they differ? Who can fail, upon a survey of the manufacturing districts, to be struck by the appearance of misery and filth; by the total neglect of the person and the household; by stunted forms, sallow complexions, sickly and mis-shapen children, and youth bowed down by the infirmities of age? Press the inquiry further,—examine their minds; there you will find still worse diseases, the ‘*mala mentis gaudia* ;’ there

‘*Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ.*’

Suspicion, discontent, extravagance, recklessness, ignorance of personal and domestic economy, too often a complete insensibility to the moral distinctions, and a total defect of religion!—hence arise all those evils that, by an awful permission of Providence, ensue upon the degradation of man; we have sunk him to an animal, and that an animal of the lowest order; what wonder, then, that

most frivolous and groundless. He was restored to liberty a few days after he had been *definitively deposed*.’—pp. 45, 46.

The true version is,—

‘Arrested on the most frivolous pretences, but released within a few days, he was nevertheless, definitely dismissed from the service.’

‘We went alternately from an outrageous *defiance* (*défiance*—*suspicion*) to an unlimited confidence.’—p. 161.

‘I again spoke on the *reduction* (*redaction*—*wording*) of the first article.’—p. 207.

‘Moreau retired in good order by the river (*rivière*—*sea-side provinces*) of Genoa.’—p. 215.

‘They demanded the report (*rapport*—*repeal*) of the law of censorship.’—p. 230.

We need not enlarge the list,

he looks no higher, but limits the operations of an immortal soul to unceasing labour and disgusting sensuality! These are the words of truth and soberness; let those who can do so, convince us of error; we had rather be exposed to the charge of exaggeration than be found true in all the horrors of these statements.

But this is not the whole. Why, in the best season of youthfulness and health, are the children dejected and suffering? why, instead of beauty and strength, do we see weakness and deformity? why do we hear complaint instead of joy?—It is, that thousands and tens of thousands of these unhappy beings endure a daily torture; many deprived of their parents, or, if not of their parents, at least of parental affection and tutelage, by this corrupting system. Should they ever themselves become parents, they wish not, or know not, how to train up their offspring; again the factory, again degradation,—the years of learning and recreation are consumed in bodily toil and mental indolence; thousands perish in early childhood; others survive uneducated and diseased; but few, very few, after the ordinary prime of life, retain any capacity for labour in their several callings. Poverty, disease, and decrepitude, are their universal portion; Death, then, elsewhere the king of terrors, is here the king of mercies,—husbands, wives, parents, children, all prematurely struck, press, as it were, with alacrity to the grave,—

‘*Matres atque viri, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Impositique regis juvenes ante ora parentum.*’

Once it was possible, and for a while safe, to disregard the operation of this appalling evil; but it has now extended from hundreds to thousands, and from thousands to millions, until it has at last comprized within its grasp a large portion of our people;—in the name of humanity and of God, the remedy to this evil must no longer be delayed. Past times, which would not be persuaded to mercy, have bequeathed to us now to be terrified into justice.

Yet, during the space of full fifty years, there have not been wanting able and honest men who, in appeals to all the sentiments of humanity and wisdom, have besought the nation to correct these evils. The language of remonstrance was heard in 1784. In 1795, Dr. Aiken,—in 1796, Dr. Percival, the great and wise Dr. Hunter, and a legion of others, hardly less eminent, denounced the plague-spot. At a later period it was proclaimed by statesmen within the walls of parliament; proved in committees; pressed again and again upon the feelings of the nation by our own and some other journals; and last of all, it almost engrossed the zealous efforts of Mr. Sadler. He first showed all the horrid and damnable truth, and of course was hated for it; but his diligence it was that

collected the materials, and his eloquence that displayed them; and though difficulty and disappointment dogged his steps, he gave to the system a tremendous blow, from which, by God's blessing, it will never recover.

We have now lying before us a pamphlet lately published by Mr. John Fielden, member of parliament for the new borough of Oldham. It is a document well worthy of consideration. Its general merits would demand attention, but the name and circumstances of the author heighten its value: he is a gentleman of vast practical knowledge in every stage and department of the business; he has carried on for many years the trade of a manufacturer, and that on no contracted scale; for we speak from authority when we say, that the firm in which he is a partner works up nearly one-hundredth part of all the cotton-wool imported into this country. A reference to official papers will exhibit the magnitude of his concern in the manufacture, since we find by Burn's Glance, that the total amount of imported cotton, was, in 1835, more than 330,000,000 of pounds. This, at least, affords a presumption that his advice is tempered by just views of interest, and that he cannot be rushing, with the temerity of a pauper, into every proposition of enthusiasts or coxcombs. His notions of the evil and its remedy concur with our own, and we shall quote from him largely, as occasion may require; nor can we begin better than with his narrative of those causes which first compelled an unwilling inquiry into the abominations of the factory:—

‘It is well known,’ says Mr. Fielden, ‘that Arkwright’s (so called, at least) inventions took manufactures out of the cottages and farm-houses of England, where they had been carried on by mothers, or by daughters under the mother’s eye, and assembled them in the counties of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and more particularly in Lancashire, where the newly-invented machinery was used in large factories, built on the sides of streams capable of turning the water-wheel. Thousands of hands were suddenly required in these places, remote from towns; and Lancashire, in particular, being till then but comparatively thinly populated and barren, a population was all she now wanted. The small and nimble fingers of little children being, by very far, the most in request, the custom instantly sprang up of procuring apprentices from the different parish workhouses of London, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Many, many thousands of these little hapless creatures were sent down into the north, being from the age of seven to the age of thirteen or fourteen years.

‘The custom was for the master to clothe his apprentices, and to feed and lodge them in an “apprentice house” near the factory. Overseers were appointed, whose interest it was to work the children to the utmost, because their pay was in proportion to the quantity of work they could exact. There is abundant evidence on record, and preserved in the recollection

lection of some who still live, to show, that in many of the manufacturing districts, but particularly, I am afraid, in the guilty county to which I belong, cruelties the most heartrending were practised upon the unoffending and friendless creatures; that they were harassed to the brink of death by excess of labour; that they were flogged, fettered, and tortured in the most exquisite refinement of cruelty; that they were, in many cases, starved to the bone, while flogged to their work, and that even in some instances they were driven to commit suicide to evade the cruelties of a world in which, though born to it so recently, their happiest moments had been passed in the garb and coercion of a workhouse. The beautiful and romantic valleys of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lancashire, secluded from the public eye, became the dismal solitudes of torture and many a murder.

'The profits of manufactures were enormous; but this only whetted the appetite that it should have satisfied, and therefore the manufacturers had recourse to an expedient that seemed to secure to them those profits without any possibility of limit. They began the practice of what is termed "night-working," that is, having tired out one set of hands, by working them throughout the day, they had another set ready to go on working throughout the night,—the day-set getting into the beds that the night-set had just quitted, and, in their turn again, the night-set getting into the beds that the day-set quitted in the morning. It is a common tradition in Lancashire that the beds never got cold! These outrages on nature, nature herself took in hand; she would not tolerate this; and accordingly she stepped forth with an ominous and awful warning;—contagious fevers broke out, and began to spread their ravages around; neighbourhoods became alarmed; correspondences appeared in the newspapers, and a feeling of general horror was excited, when the atrocities committed in these remote glens became even partially known.

'The masters themselves, proof against the dictates of ordinary humanity, were not proof against malignant fevers, nor strong enough to set the public voice at defiance, and therefore they instituted a board of health at Manchester, which made a Report in 1796.'—Fielden, p. 5.

This is the graphic language of humanity and just indignation; of a mind informed, but not hardened by experience; of a man who measures life and limb by the sufferings of his kind, and sets more value on mercy than on pounds of yarn. But what says the Manchester Report of 1796?

'1st. It appears that the children and others who work in the large cotton factories are peculiarly disposed to be affected by the contagion of fever; and that when such infection is received it is rapidly propagated, not only amongst those who are crowded together in the same apartment, but in the families and neighbourhoods to which they belong. 2nd. The large factories are generally injurious to the constitution of those employed in them, even when no particular diseases prevail, from the close confinement which is enjoined, from the debilitating effects of hot or impure air, and from want of the active exercises

which nature points out as essential in childhood and youth, to invigorate the system and to fit our species for the employments and duties of manhood. 3rd. The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, with respect to children, not only tends to diminish the general sum of life and industry, by impairing the strength and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation, but *it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance, and profligacy in parents, who, contrary to the order of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring.* It appears that children employed in factories are generally debarred from all opportunities of education, and from moral or religious instruction.*

Applicable in all its bearings to the present day! Now, let it be observed, that this is no mawkish and empty declamation, got up to round a sentence, or please a mob; the doctors pledged their science, and the mill owners confirmed it; and, in such an act of sincerity, published their own condemnation. Terror at length had prevailed over shame, and to secure universal co-operation, they proclaimed the issues of universal cruelty. But it was a tardy and reluctant step—long, long before, had the same frightful evil stared them in the face, ravaged their mills, and afflicted the children; and what was the result after all? An investigation, which produced a report, and a report which produced nothing else, satisfied their consciences, or at least allayed their fears. *'Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula manè.'* When the dangers of infection were removed, the precautions of mercy were forgotten; Mammon again opened the campaign with Moloch.

Subsequent committees, and private narratives, disclosed many horrors; but this world will never know all those deeds of darkness; 'instruments of cruelty were in their habitations.' Children became of less value than cattle, for the salesman demanded a price for his oxen, but the teeming work-houses rejoiced to give. Hundreds and thousands of their destitute wretches without father or mother, or natural protector, or christian friend, were sent down by cart-loads to the dens of covetousness; there every form of suffering awaited them, unceasing toil through day and night, exasperated by noise and pestilential effluvia; food alike disgusting and scanty—dirt, deformity, and disease—the strap and the thong, to animate their courage, and renew their strength.

In a debate of 1815, Mr. Horner described in these words the practices of the apprentice system:—

'It has been known,' said he, 'that with a bankrupt's effects, a gang, (if I may use the word) of these children, have been put up to sale,

* See, in the works of Thomas Percival, M.D., the report of the Physicians of Manchester on the contagious fever in the Radcliffe Mills.

and were advertised publicly as part of the property. A most atrocious instance was brought before the Court of King's Bench two years ago, in which a number of these boys apprenticed by a parish in London to one manufacturer, had been transferred to another, and had been found by some benevolent persons in a state of absolute famine. Another case more horrible came to my own knowledge while on a Committee up stairs; that, not many years ago, *an agreement had been made between a London parish and a Lancashire manufacturer, by which it was stipulated that, with every twenty sound children, one idiot should be taken!*'

To correct in some measure this prodigious evil, the late Sir R. Peel introduced the first legislative measure for the protection of children. He proposed it in the year 1802, and ultimately obtained the Act, which is commonly known as the 42nd Geo. III., 'For the preservation of the Health and Morals of Apprentices and others, employed in Cotton and other Mills.' The Act did not rapidly come into practical observance; but wherever it prevailed, the effects were good; and Sir Robert, in a review of it a dozen years afterwards, declared, 'That the hours of work allowed by the bill, being fewer in number than those formerly practised, a visible improvement in the health and general appearance of the children soon became evident, and since the complete operation of the Act, contagious disorders had rarely occurred.'

But a great revolution in the trade had now taken place, which disturbed the old arrangements and sites of the manufacture—the general introduction of steam-power superseded the water-mills, and brought the factories into towns and populous districts. The buildings had hitherto been erected on streams, oftentimes in remote situations, the force of the fall being much more considered than the circumstances of the vicinity. To work such engines the hands had been furnished from London and Birmingham; the supply was obedient to the economist's law of being equal to the demand; and the trade from the workhouse to the mill was as regular and ruthless as from Africa to the Brazils. Steam-power now prevailed where labour was most rife, and capital began to flow into the towns; it bore with it those habits of cupidity and oppression, learned and practised in the former solitudes; and despite the law, despite opinion, ran such a course of fraud and cruelty, that Sir Robert Peel declared, in 1816, that the system would 'be attended with effects to the rising generation so serious and alarming that he could not contemplate them without dismay; and thus, that the great effort of British ingenuity, whereby the machinery of our manufactures has been brought to such perfection, *instead of being a blessing to the nation, would be converted into the bitterest curse.*'

The law of 1802 had been limited in its operation to the class of

of *apprentices* ; and since it was, on whatever quibbling grounds, maintained that the wording of the Act restrained it to these alone, Sir R. Peel proposed a new measure to meet the new circumstances. Children, instead of being imported as formerly from distant workhouses, were now hired abundantly from the families around ; their services were dignified by the style of ' free labour,' their persons excluded from the protection of the Act ; and because they were not apprentices they became in fact slaves. This second Bill was presented in June, 1815, was read a second time, and committed ; but on account of the lateness of the season, Sir Robert did not see fit to press it any further that year. The proposition, however, was of value,—it stamped his sanction, and that of the House, on limitation of labour, and protection to young persons between the ages of ten and eighteen, whether apprentices or *free* ;—it approximated, moreover, to the great object of our hopes, by declaring that the period of toil should not exceed *ten hours and a half*—half an hour only beyond the term which the sternness of parliament now denies to the prayers of the people.

In the following session a committee was appointed to investigate the condition of children in the factories ; it made a report of evidence to the House, but no one introduced any legislative measures. The session of 1817 produced as little, the indisposition of Sir Robert Peel having precluded him from his usual activity in public business ; but in 1818 he prepared a bill, and carried it after much opposition ; that measure limited the number of hours to eleven, of actual labour, for all persons between the ages of nine and sixteen. It was read a first and second time in the Lords, and referred to a committee up stairs, that further evidence might be taken. Lord Kenyon, to whose worthy hands the bill had been entrusted, opposed in vain this proposition for delay ; his arguments were overruled,—the inquiry was granted,—and the bill in consequence lost by the prorogation of the Houses. His Lordship, however, renewed his efforts in the following session ; the committee was again appointed, and with happier results ; for a bill was framed, similar in all its main provisions to the one received from the Commons,—it passed the Lords, went down to the other House, and, after the cruel addition of an hour of daily labour, ultimately became law in 1819. Thus three reports, from three several committees,—two from the Lords and one from the Commons,—were now before the public. Their contents, however, excited little interest ; a few members of parliament, and one or two of the cotton districts, seemed alone aware of the enormities revealed. But their matter is very instructive. Never was a more striking illustration of

the mode of defence that avarice and tyranny have ever adopted to shelter their haunts from view, and their practices from detection. It shows, too, the depth and continuance of the leprosy, the unclean and virulent disease, which, beginning with a spot, had overspread the whole body with pain and loathsomeness. Had the nation been wise they would have noted these things, and by a vigorous effort of humanity and power have spared future parliaments abundant trouble.

The investigation, to say no more of it, was at least extensive,—one hundred and fifty witnesses attested the merits or mischiefs of the system; seventy in defence, and eighty for amendment. Thirty-four of the whole were medical men, twenty-one being surgeons and thirteen physicians; about one hundred were persons engaged in the business in some way or other; and the remainder consisted of general witnesses, inclusive of two clergymen and one major-general. It would puzzle any confiding and inexperienced mind,—

‘Spotless without, and innocent within,
Which feared no evil, for it knew no sin,’—

to assign any meaning to a large portion of the evidence adduced against the measure. Involved, as it is, in prolixity and confusion, the opponents must have relied on the universal superstition that much is proved where much has been said. What object could they have had in the production of such stuff but to delay the inquiry, and overload the minutes? In this mass of trumpery, the evidence of their doctors is the most worthless lump. It is sad that a profession so accomplished and humane should have ‘nourished and brought up *such* children’ at her feet; but their own testimony condemns them. Did they speak as partizans, we need pass no comment; and did they speak from their science, a barber might confound them.

‘Edward Hulme, M.D. of Manchester.*—Q. Suppose I were to ask you, whether you thought it *injurious to a child to be kept standing three-and-twenty hours out of the four-and-twenty*, should you not think it must necessarily be injurious to the health, without any fact to rest upon, as a simple proposition put to a gentleman in the medical profession? A. Before I answered that question I should wish to have an examination, to see how the case stood.—Q. Would it be injurious to a child, in your judgment, as a medical man, if, at the time he got his meals, he was still kept engaged in the employment he was about? A. *Those are questions which I find a great difficulty in answering*’!!

Well; but the next was more easy,—

‘Q. I ask you, as a medical man, whether, supposing a person, during the time he was eating his meals, was employed in manual labour, is it

* Evidence before Lords’ Committees of 1818 and 1819.

your judgment that the food will be as nutritious to him as it would be if he were unemployed? *A.* I should imagine that the food would be equally nutritious to him, *if he did the manual labour of handling his knife and fork* !!!

Mr. Whatton (surgeon) 'could not, as a man of science, *form any idea* of the number of hours a child of eight years ought to be employed in a factory.' Why, then, was he summoned to give evidence?

'Dr. Hardie.—At what age do you think it would be perfectly safe to the constitution of an infant, working in the temperature of 80°, to work eighty hours per week? I have no fact to guide me in replying.—You do not feel capable of answering that question? *No, I do not.*—How many hours in the day do you think children from six years of age to twelve may be employed, in a temperature of 80°, at an employment which requires them to stand much the greater part of their time, consistently with safety to their constitution? I have no fact to direct me to any conclusion. . . .

'Mr. Wilson, surgeon.—Is it not, in your judgment, as a medical man, necessary that young persons should have a little recreation or amusement during the day; is it not contributory to their general health? *I do not see it necessary.* . . .

'Mr. Ainsworth, surgeon.—Can a child from six years of age to twelve be employed from thirteen to fifteen hours daily in a temperature of 80°, and in an erect position, consistently with safety to its constitution? I never saw an instance of the kind as a fact brought before me, and therefore cannot say.—Am I to understand you, *as a medical man*, can give no opinion, whether it would not be more exhausting to the human body to keep in *an erect position* for twelve hours, than in a *reclining position*? *I have no facts to lead me to conclude.* . . .

'Thomas Turner, surgeon.—Do you think it would benefit a child's health of eight years old to be kept twelve hours upon his legs? *Really I am not prepared to answer that question.*—What do you think of it? I really cannot tell you.—You can form no opinion, whether to a child of eight years of age being kept standing fourteen hours without intermission would be injurious to his health or not? I have no facts to guide me.'

Of the same kind was the evidence of several other sages—but they were all overtopped by Mr. Samuel Barton, surgeon. This gentleman was a pattern of activity and penetration; indeed we must ascribe to a natural humility his forbearance to assume the character of a prodigy. Mahomet was nothing to him; within an incredibly short space the prophet had three thousand conferences with an angel, but said nothing on the matter. This gentleman saw eleven hundred and seventy patients in about eight hours, and *reported upon them all!*

Such being the amount of science and philosophy that the mill owners adduced in support of their system, a most powerful con-

trust was established by those who had undertaken to expose it. The recital of the names might well be sufficient; and, indeed, our limits will scarcely allow us room for much more. Dr. Matthew Baillie, Dr. Pemberton, Sir George Tuthill, Sir Gilbert Blane, Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Anthony Carlisle, had already declared it to be perilous and cruel; they had foretold, as its results, suffering, deformity, abridgment of life, and sicknesses, which, if not immediately fatal, must lay the foundation of mortal attacks, and the seeds of hereditary disorder. Drs. Winstanley, Ashton, Jones, Ward, and Jarrold, adduced their long experience in the factory districts of the various mischiefs consequent on the system. These gentlemen did not speak, like their opponents, in mystification or doubt; but openly, and indignantly denounced the evil. Messrs. Graham, Bellott, Dean, Badley, Boutflower, and Simmons, surgeons of great practice in those parts, were equally explicit. We will call the attention of our readers to some specimens of their evidence.*

Dr. Ashton had inspected six factories in Stockport, in company with Mr. Graham, surgeon, and examined the workpeople individually.

‘Our report,’ said he, ‘will show that in the six factories we visited, the aggregate number consisted of 824. We have reported 183 healthy, 240 delicate, 43 very much stunted; 100 had enlarged ankles or knees, and 37 of that number were distorted in the inferior extremities, and 258 unhealthy.’

But what a bungler was here! Mr. Barton, as we have seen, inspected and reported on 1170 workers in eight hours; this gentleman, in the examination of 824, spent as many days.

‘The impression,’ continued Dr. Ashton, ‘was extremely unfavourable as to the employment—it is certainly prejudicial to the health of the children—highly so. Speaking of peculiar diseases, the first that presented itself to my mind, in those who had entered early, *was something very pulmonary, shortness of breathing, and swelled ankles—sure preludes to diseases of a more dangerous nature.*

‘Mr. Graham.—Do many children employed in cotton-factories, at Stockport, die of consumption? A considerable number go off in consumptions.—Are many of these distorted? A considerable number.—Are they apt to be short? Very frequently stunted.—To what cause do you ascribe all these effects? I suppose it is owing to putting them to work too early, and standing too long upon their feet.—From your experience of twenty-four years at Stockport, are you of opinion that a greater number of children die, in proportion, who have been working in cotton-factories, than have died among children in other employment? I can have no doubt of it; I think by

* Evidence before Lords' Committees of 1818 and 1819.

the bill of mortality for the parish of Stockport, there were not less than 200 who died of consumption in the last year.'

'Dr. Ward.—Are you of an opinion that working thirteen hours and a half in a factory is likely to exhaust young persons? I am astonished for my own part that we do not hear of instances of their dropping down dead while at work.'

'Mr. Dean.—Children are subject to glandular diseases particularly; but along with it a great number of instances occur of swellings of the extremities, and of deformities of the spine, the thorax, and the lower extremities.—Is the employment in cotton-factories, as at present carried on, more particularly prejudicial to girls than boys? Yes.'

'Mr. Boutflower.—Do you imagine the children outgrow the diseases? No; I think, on the contrary, it is fastened on their constitutions. . . . I have seen a great many instances of chronic asthma from the effects of the flue getting into their lungs; they become stuffed.'

'Mr. Simmons.—Contagious diseases are generated from confined human effluvia: by a sudden change of temperature from heat to cold, the body being poorly defended by clothing, acute inflammation frequently arises; or, escaping all these sources of danger, the strength is gradually wasted, until scrofula, or some other disease of debility, makes its appearance in the shattered frame. Scrofula is the endemic disease of this district; it manifests itself in a great variety of forms, but the most common are consumption, sore eyes, and white swelling of the joints: this latter form of scrofula supplies a great majority of the numerous amputations which take place at our infirmary. . . . Throughout I have directed my remarks to the condition of the male sex employed in factories; to the female sex, however, their application is still more forcible. In passing into the state of womanhood, the health is often peculiarly delicate, and should they survive that critical period, distortion of the spine may be seriously apprehended. This deformity is not uncommon, and when situated low down in the spine, will aggravate the peril of childbirth; and, in an extreme case, render it necessary to devote the life of the child to the preservation of the life of the mother.'

'Mr. Jones, accoucheur.—Have you reason to believe that the girls and young women have been much injured by the cotton-factory employment? I cannot give a decided answer to that question; but I will state the fact, that, during the short period of my practice at Holywell, viz. from eight to ten years, I met with more cases requiring the aid of instruments, that circumstance showing them to be bad ones, than a gentleman of great practice in Birmingham, to whom I was previously a pupil, *had met with in the whole course of his life.*'

These are but samples of the stock; but we must pass to a summary of the various evidence. It appeared, then, that the labour, in nearly all the cotton-mills of Lancashire and its neighbourhood, was, excepting Saturday, from thirteen to sixteen hours a day, inclusive of one hour, or less, *nominally* allowed for dinner. Many of those subjected to such labour were children of nine, eight,

eight, seven, and six years of age, and previously to the stirring of the investigation, under six, and, in some instances, *under five!** The children continued constantly at work so long as the machinery was in motion, during which time they were not permitted to sit down or to leave the factory. They often complained (naturally enough, our readers will think) of fatigue, and aching limbs; in this state of exhaustion, towards the close of the day, they were beaten by the spinners, or overlookers, or even by their own parents, that blows might supply the deficiency of strength. In most cotton-factories, during the greater part, and often the whole of the time *nominally* allotted for dinner, the children were occupied in cleaning the machinery; no time was allowed for the breakfast or afternoon meals, which were snatched in mouthfuls during the progress of uninterrupted labour; the refreshment not unfrequently remaining untouched till it became cold, and covered with dust and dirt from the cotton-flyings. It appeared, moreover, that the temperature in many cotton-mills was from 75° to 80°, in others from 80° to 85°, and occasionally as high as 90°. The medical gentlemen satisfactorily proved the children in cotton-mills to be in general unhealthy; that the protracted toil they underwent had a tendency to create debility, sickness, loss of appetite, distortions, swelled knees, and consumption. They generally expressed their opinion that the mode of conducting these establishments was highly injurious to young persons; that where it did not cut life short in the bud—its sure tendency was to bring on a premature old age.

It was on this basis that a bill was introduced; the generous nature of their Lordships assigned eleven hours, but the Commons *amended* the period to twelve of actual labour. The bill was passed, and the world called it mercy; and mercy it was by comparison with the recognition of unlimited power over the labour of the children; but still it was a most inadequate measure. The law still *allowed* seventy-two hours of weekly toil, amid all the grease, and gas, and noise, and filthy atmosphere; and we may be assured that what the law allowed, the masters took, whenever the demand for labour was lively. After the lapse of a few years Sir John Hobhouse tried his hand at an amendment of the law, and endeavoured to effect some wise and humane provisions for the relief of the children. His bill (an eleven-hours bill for every day, or sixty-six hours a week) was hotly opposed by the flax-spinners of Scotland, who would not submit to be included within its pale. He obtained, however, an act in 1825, which limited the labour of persons under sixteen to sixty-nine hours in the

* *Even now we see, by the Commissioners' Report of 1833 (p. 15), that children are found in the mills at six years of age.*

week, twelve on five days and nine on Saturdays. But his bill comprised the cotton-factories only. In 1831 it was somewhat improved by the prohibition of night-work for all under twenty-one, and by the advance of the ages entitled to protection from sixteen to eighteen years. He deserves, and shall ever receive, our warmest thanks for his amiable exertions :—‘ O, si sic omnia !’

But these measures were insufficient to remedy those evils, which, by the mighty extension of the manufacturing business, were forcibly recalled to general attention. The period of labour, had it even been exacted with all the alleviations that humanity could suggest, was barbarously long ; and while the factories flourished the children declined. A new champion then appeared in the field to maintain the cause of these wretched infants ; and Providence, in its wisdom, has seldom raised up a man more fitted to the hour. Mr. Sadler resided in the midst of those districts, and ‘ his spirit was stirred within him,’ when he saw the daily sufferings by which avaricious men amassed their treasures, under the sanction of inhuman laws. In 1831 he appealed to the country, by speech and writing, in public meeting and private conversation ; and having begotten an enthusiastic sympathy, he introduced a bill into parliament in the following session. It is very instructive and very consolatory to mark the labours of that excellent man. Difficulties of every kind beset his path ; calumny preceded, and insult followed him, yet his patience was unwearied. Though possessing neither parliamentary following nor family connexion, he undertook a cause buttressed by wealth, and interest, and party, and power ; their resistance was equal to their hatred ; and had not his talents been directed by truth, and his courage supported by religion, faintness and disgust must utterly have overpowered his affectionate and honest heart. But he was peculiarly the man that the circumstances required ; his powers of research and combination were wonderful ; few could equal his natural ability, and none surpass his industry ; both were sustained by principle ; and in drawing new strength from the difficulties around them, displayed him with admirable consistency, a Christian in soul, and a patriot in conduct.

His bill was stifled in its birth by a vote of the House, which sent it to a committee-room, the hopeless subject of a coroner’s inquest. Providence, indeed, brought good out of evil ; the result of this inquiry, instituted for delay, and the decencies of interment, was a revival of the question in all its breadth ; a body of evidence, which, in depth, extent, and science, has never been approached, alarmed and disgusted the world, and afforded so marvellous a refutation of empirics, past, present, and to come that

‘ Fops were silent, and wits almost just.’

But the policy of delay had been partially successful; the investigation was protracted to the end of the session; the parliament was then dissolved, and Mr. Sadler obtained no seat in the next House of Commons. This was a mighty triumph; many a pæan was heard from the masters, and many a dirge from the children.

This was the position in which the matter stood at the assembling of the first reformed parliament, in 1833; Lord Ashley then acceded to the solicitation of the factory delegates, and undertook, in pursuance of the plan of Mr. Sadler, to submit a bill to the consideration of the legislature. He gave notice of his intentions on the first day of the meeting, and introduced, on the following 5th of March, a bill exactly the same in principle as Mr. Sadler's, and nearly so in details; both of them sought to mitigate the appalling evil by a restriction of the toil to a period of ten hours for all ages from nine to eighteen; and it is now our duty to quote as largely as our limits may allow, the testimony on which the necessity of such measures was maintained.

The evidence of 1832 is the development and completion of that of 1816, 1818, and 1819; the first was the child, the second the adult,—and a perfect Caliban in filthiness and cruelty. The labour ought to have been spared; for the evidence adduced was a mere repetition, varied only by the wider extent of the mischief, and intensity derived from longer continuance. But still the subject was now more profoundly exhibited. Above eighty witnesses described what they had seen, and spoke what they had felt; slavery and torture could inflict no worse; and forsooth, were it not done under the *appearance* of free agency, it would never be permitted for an hour. Oh liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!

No less than six physicians and fourteen surgeons, twenty English gentlemen of reputation and experience, submitted to a personal examination before the committee. To these must be added the documentary statements of twenty-six more from Scotland—seven physicians and nineteen surgeons.—*e. g.*

‘Sir Anthony Carlisle, F.R.S.—Factory children demand legislative protection for their own sakes, and for the sake of future generations of English labourers, because every succeeding generation will be progressively deteriorated, if you do not stop these sins against nature and humanity. I am quite sure, that the foundations for debility, decrepitude, and premature death, are to be found in these unnatural habits.’

‘Sir William Blizard, F.R.S.—Q. You think the average of such hours of labour (twelve and upwards) would be an extravagant imposition on the human frame? A. *Dreadful*. Not more than ten hours’ actual labour ought to be demanded in behalf of young persons between nine and eighteen. I heartily concur in that opinion of my late honoured

honoured friend, Dr. Baillie, that the duration of a day's actual labour of ten hours is quite enough, and as much as can be ordinarily endured at any age with impunity.'

'Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S.—From nine to eighteen years, ten hours' labour a-day, to which must be added the time necessary for taking meals and refreshment, making twelve hours a-day, is as much as can be endured, generally speaking, *with impunity*, by those so occupied, and more than that is painful in idea.'

'Sir George Leman Tuthill, F.R.S., M.D.—I think that ten hours of actual labour is as much as children and young persons from the age of nine to eighteen, of either sex, can endure with impunity.'

'Joseph Henry Green, F.R.S. (surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Professor of Surgery at King's College.)—This is indeed a melancholy list of maladies (scrofula, tending to produce spinal complaints, white swellings, pulmonary consumptions, &c.), and one which I am sorry to say might be greatly augmented, as traceable to the neglect and improper management of those whose tender years demand our kindest care and attention. I fear that this country will have much to answer for in permitting the growth of that system of employing children in factories, which tends directly to the creation of all those circumstances which inevitably lead to disease. I say, that these, and all the physical evils incident to such a state, require no medical opinion, but demand *unsparing moral correction*.'

'Sir Benjamin Brodie, F.R.S.—Q. It has been stated by a preceding witness, that out of about 2,000 children and young persons who have been carefully examined, about or nearly 200 were deformed, some of them very considerably, though it was considered many cases had escaped detection in the females, which their dress would more easily hide; do you conceive that would be a great portion of deformity to befall persons under those circumstances? A. Certainly, *an immense proportion*.—Do you conceive that it is more than ordinarily necessary to give protection to the female about the age of puberty? Yes.—Are you of opinion that a young person from nine to eighteen ought to labour beyond twelve hours a-day, including the necessary intervals for taking meals? *I should think twelve too much for all*, and indeed I think ten too much for children of ten or twelve years of age.'

'Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., (late a Physician to Manchester Infirmary.)—It appears to me, that the period mentioned (twelve hours a-day, with due intermission for meals) is quite as much as the human frame is calculated to endure for any length of time, *even in the adult state*.'

'William Lutener, Esq. surgeon, (Newton, Montgomeryshire.)—Q. Have you had reason to remark in your professional duties, that accidents occur when the children became over-fatigued? A. We have frequent accidents, because the children get sleepy at night, and get their hands in the work; I have had frequently to amputate the hands and fingers of children.'

'George James Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S.—Q. Have you not been a medical officer in the armies of this country for a considerable length of time?

A. Yes.—

A. Yes.—Is eight hours out of the twenty-four about the amount of ordinary duty required of a soldier? *A soldier is never kept under arms more than four or six hours, unless before the enemy.*

‘John Richard Farre, M.D. (a physician of forty-two years standing.)

—Q. Were you engaged in medical practice in the West Indies? A. I was.

—Supposing that the employment of children in the factories of this country is spread over twelve or fourteen hours a-day, and often with but very short intervals for the taking of their meals; is there anything equal to that sort of labour imposed upon the children of the slaves in Barbadoes? Nothing of the kind; *even the adult, in the most vigorous condition of the body, is not subject to labour of that duration.* In English factories everything which is valuable in manhood is sacrificed to an inferior advantage in childhood. You purchase your advantage at the price of *infanticide*; the profit thus gained is *death* to the child.’

The like testimony was given by many other physicians and surgeons of equal experience and authority: among others, by Doctors Young, Elliotson, and Blundell—Messrs. King, Malyn, Sharp, Simmons—and last, not least, Mr. Travers, of St. Thomas’s Hospital.

This was the evidence that roused the country and dismayed the mill-owners. The masters were at their wit’s end, and saw no outlet for escape; delay, therefore, became as usual their darling plan; but while the policy was old, the method was new. They resolved upon a *Commission*, trusting to find, in its delays or its reports, a refuge that the truth denied them; it was novel and specious,—gave opportunities of personal survey, and while the commissioners roved, furnished unanswerable grounds for procrastination.—An address to the crown for such an appointment was moved by Mr. Wilson Patten, in the month of April, and, being supported by ministers, it was carried by a majority of *two*!

A long interval succeeded; towards the end of which Lord Ashley, not without great difficulty, effected a second reading of his bill, Lord Althorp declaring that he would admit the principle, but not the details of it. In the month of July, after many interrogations in the House of Commons, the Commissioners made their report in a volume of most repulsive magnitude. And it served a purpose; for the extent of the evidence, combined with the lateness of the session, seemed to furnish an argument for extraordinary measures, and Lord Althorp therefore proposed, on the 5th of July, that the bill should be referred to a committee up stairs, under limitations to consider merely the provisions of the bill, and to report to the House in time for legislation. But secrecy would have served his end as well as delay; he was therefore resisted, and with success, for the House determined, by a majority of twenty-three, to reserve to itself the entire question.

Though

Though the scheme of the Commission had partial success, inasmuch as it gave ministers a temporary power to overwhelm the ten-hours bill, yet their huge folio contained within itself an antidote to the poison ;—it recommended a plan of two sets of children, and showed clearly that only one set was practicable ; it excluded many from the pale of the protection, and demonstrated that they ought to be within it. Thus it recommended one thing and proved another ; and now that the legislature has made trial of the recommendation, it will, we hope, shortly have recourse to the proof. If that portentous document be accurately examined, and properly estimated, we shall require no aid from any former evidence. Speakers and authors, committees and commissioners, have tried their skill ; but all have failed,—the accursed upas tree still sheds its venom over all who approach its fatal influence, and confounds, by a visible refutation, the whole herd of apologists from the first *Whig* to Dr. Ure.

The commissioners were instructed to ascertain, among other things, the credibility of Mr. Sadler's witnesses, and pronounce upon the value of the evidence adduced before his committee. Now let us admit, for the sake of argument, (and it is for that only,) that they proved some exaggeration on the part of the operatives ; the facts they collected more than supplied the statements they reversed. In one or two instances, the individual testimony of a wretched artisan (whose form, nevertheless, seemed to attest his veracity) may have been stated (not proved) by these commissioners to have been inaccurate, or somewhat coloured—of the method of inquiry which elicited the inconsistent answers, we will here say nothing ; but we may emphatically remark that the discrepant replies (if any) affected only the individual, and, even in him, merely particular portions of his depositions. But what did they leave untouched ? Almost everything ; nay, they confirmed and expanded the results of Mr. Sadler's investigation ; and we would undertake to show from their own documents that he would not have done ill to accept their evidence instead of his own, and raise his appeal to humanity on the admission of his enemies.

Why, they begin their suggestions with an exaggeration of his principle. '*This bill,*' (the ten-hours bill,) say they, '*does, and attempts to do, little for children.*'—*Report*, p. 34. Out upon such mock philanthropists ! '*It does not accomplish the object at which it purports to aim. Its professed object is the protection of children, but it does not protect children.* In the same evidence which shows that the legislative protection of children is necessary, it is also shown that the restriction of the labour of children to ten hours a-day is not an adequate protection.'—*ibid.* p. 33.

In

In consistency with this statement the general report then proposes, that '*until the commencement of the fourteenth year the hours of labour during any one day shall not in any case exceed eight.*'—*ibid.* p. 52. Their reasons for fixing on the fourteenth year need not be given, for though they be '*plenty as blackberries,*' they are not quite so good—it is a pity that such an admirable conclusion should be vitiated in part by such trumpery arguments. But we must implore the attention of our readers to some of their facts.

In Scotland the complaints of the children 'may be said to be uniform'—*e. g.*

'Sick, tired, especially in the winter nights; feels so tired, she throws herself down when she goes home, not caring what she does. She looks on the long hours as a great bondage; thinks they are not much better than the Israelites in Egypt, and their life is no pleasure to them.'—*Factory Commission, 1833, Report, p. 26.*

A Lancashire witness says,—

'Children at night are so fatigued that they are asleep often as soon as they sit down, so that it is impossible to waken them to sense enough to wash themselves, or scarcely to eat a bit of supper, being so stupid in sleep.'—*Mr. Tuffnell's Report, p. 28.*

Another says,—

'The long standing gives her swelled feet and ankles, and fatigues her so much that sometimes she does nae ken how to get to her bed.'—*ibid.* p. 29.

These statements are confirmed by the evidence of the adult operatives—*viz.* that

'the children are often very swere (unwilling) in the mornings;' 'the long hours exhaust the workers, especially the young ones, to such a degree, that they can hardly walk home;' 'they often cannot raise their hands to their head;' 'the children, when engaged in their regular work, are often exhausted beyond what can be expressed;' 'the sufferings of the children absolutely require that the hours should be shortened.'—*ibid.* p. 26.

'I have known the children,' says one witness, '*hide themselves in the store among the wool, so that they should not go home when the work was over, when we have worked till ten or eleven. I have seen six or eight fetched out of the store and beat home; beat out of the mill however. I do not know why they should hide themselves, unless it was that they were too tired to go home.*'—*ibid.* p. 27.

The depositions of the overlookers are to the same effect; one says—

'I always found it more difficult to keep my piecers awake the last hours of a winter's evening. I have told the master, and I have been told by him, THAT I DID NOT HALF HIDE THEM! This was when they worked from six to eight. I have seen them fall asleep, and they have been performing their work with their hands while they were asleep, after

after the billey had stopped, when their work was over. I have stopped and looked at them for two minutes going through the motions of piecing, when there was no work to do, and they were really doing nothing. I believe, when we have been working long hours, that they have never been washed, but on a Saturday night, for weeks together.'

The Reporters themselves furnish a modest summary of *unimportant* particulars—

'The excessive fatigue, privation of sleep, pain in various parts of the body, and swelling of the feet, experienced by the young workers, coupled with the constant standing, the peculiar attitudes of the body, and the peculiar motions of the limbs required in the labour of the factory, together with the elevated temperature, and the impure atmosphere in which that labour is often carried on, do sometimes ultimately terminate in the production of *serious, permanent, and incurable diseases*.'—*ibid.* p. 29.

Now is it not something more than preposterous to call this a refutation, or an abatement, of the evidence collected by Mr. Sadler? The commissioners were keen in their investigation of 'cruelty,' hoping that they might demolish, at least, the charges of personal violence; they report that severity has been abated, and arbitrary punishment forbidden in the larger mills. Well, be it so; we will admit and rejoice in the truth; but these large establishments do not constitute the majority; and to illustrate the paternal treatment in the other mills, we may quote the language of the commissioners themselves.

'Our inquiries,' say they, 'have obtained from the children, from their parents, from operatives, overlookers, proprietors, medical practitioners, and magistrates, such statements, among others, as the following:—"When she was a child too little to put on her ain clathes, the overlooker used to beat her till she screamed again." "Gets many a good beating and swearing." "They are very ill used. The overseer carries a strap." "The boys are often severely strapped; the girls sometimes get a clout. The mothers often complain." "Three weeks ago the overseer struck him in the eye with his fist, so as to force him to be absent two days." "Has often seen the workers beat cruelly. Has seen the girls strapped, but the boys were beat so that they fell to the floor in the course of the beating, with a rope with four tails called a cat. Has seen the boys black and blue, crying for mercy." "The slubbers are all brutes to the children; they get intoxicated, and then kick them about." '—*Report*, p. 19.

Of one of these mills Mr. Stuart, the Commissioner, remarks, that 'it seemed more to resemble a *receptacle of demons* than the workhouse of industrious human beings.

But we must not close the mill owners' case, without alluding to the strong testimony, original and collected, adduced by the medical Commissioners. Four physicians of note, Dr. Loudon, Sir David Barry, Dr. Bissett Hawkins, and Dr. Southwood Smith, were appointed by his Majesty for this purpose. Dr. Smith

remained

remained in London to analyse and compare the several reports; the other gentlemen travelled into the counties—Dr. Loudon into Yorkshire, Dr. Hawkins into Lancashire, and Sir David Barry into Scotland. They report thus:

Dr. Loudon.—‘I think it has been clearly proved that children have been worked a most unreasonable and *cruel* length of time daily, and that *even adults* have been expected to do a certain quantity of labour *which scarcely any human being is able to endure*. I am of opinion no child under fourteen years of age should work in a factory of any description more than eight hours a-day. From fourteen upwards, I would recommend that no individual should, under any circumstances, work more than twelve hours; although, if practicable, *as a physician*, I would prefer the *limitation of ten hours* for all persons who earn their bread by their industry.’—*2nd Report of Factory Commissioners*, p. 5.

Sir David Barry.—‘Although all the sources of immediate and prospective suffering may be so far remedied or mitigated, as to render twelve hours of factory work compatible with average health and longevity, yet I am of opinion that less labour ought to be required from the infant workers, and that more time should be allowed them for sleep, recreation, and the improvement of their minds, than they at present enjoy.’—*ibid.* A. 3., p. 76.

Dr. Hawkins.—‘I am compelled to declare my deliberate opinion, that no child should be employed in factory labour below the age of ten; *that no individual under the age of eighteen should be employed in it longer than ten hours daily*; and that it is highly desirable to procure a still further diminution of the hours of labour for children below thirteen years of age. As to the reduction for all below eighteen, I feel the less distrust in my own opinion, because it is sanctioned by a *large* majority of eminent medical men practising in Lancashire.’—*ibid.* D. 3., p. 1.

Such is a summary of the opinions formed by those respectable physicians, who had too much honour to disguise the truth. The testimony which led them to such conclusions must be read at large in the reports; they went out, it was hoped, to *settle* the question of *ten* hours, but they came back, and raised the question of *eight*.

With this evidence in his hand further postponement being altogether impossible, Lord Althorp moved, on the 18th July, 1833, an instruction to the committee of the whole House for a specified amendment to the measure before them. After a debate which lasted ten hours, this proposition was affirmed by a majority of 145, and Lord Ashley conceiving that his bill had thereby lost its beneficial character, stripped himself of the charge, and surrendered it into the hands of government.

The result was that precious law which now regulates the factories; a law got up in haste to serve a purpose; approved by none, yet supported by a large majority, all of whom knew it to

be impracticable, and some said so; but it had a specious exterior, and claimed superiority over Lord Ashley's bill as far more 'liberal and humane;' clauses for education that were never to be enforced—and limitations of labour which it had been resolved should be nominal, were not without their effect. A period of eight hours for all under thirteen, and one of twelve for those between thirteen and eighteen, were substituted for a provision of ten hours for all. Smooth prettexts, however, had an easy victory; the government and mill-owners obtained a law which they had previously determined should remain a dead letter; the public was lulled—the inspectors were directed to wink at all violations—and the attempt of the last session has fully shown that the earliest possible repeal of the bill was actually determined on while the minister was propounding it.

By an artful clause, it was provided that the act should come into operation by parts, each in succession. At the end of six months, children under eleven were to enjoy the benefit of the eight hours' limitation; at the end of eighteen, all under twelve; and at the end of thirty, all under thirteen. Two years of nominal protection had now elapsed, and the third was begun, when the minister gave notice in the month of March 1836, nine days only after the completion of the act, that he intended, by a sudden and arbitrary movement, to throw it back to the position it was in just a twelvemonth before—to exclude thereby all the ages between twelve and thirteen from the shelter of its clauses—and legalize the slavery of some forty thousand children, for the most part females. A more faithless proposal was never made to the integrity and understanding of a legislature; the pledge to the country, that children should be 'protected up to a certain point'—the compromise between the masters and the operatives, guaranteed by the interposition of the government—and the inductions of common sense, which required at least the fair trial of so solemn an enactment, were all equally violated. The ministry encountered, however, an opposition they little dreamt of; after their ordinary procrastination the new bill was offered for a second reading on the 9th May—and stoutly resisted; the masters and ministers were reminded that the bill of 1833 was their own, that they were *bound to its engagements and promises*, that if they withdrew the guaranteed protection they must provide a substitute, and that honour and humanity, life and limb, were not to be trifled with. The government confided in their strength, and pressed the measure to a division—and a majority of *two* in a House of 354 members decided in their favour; but they deemed this too small for a continuance of their bill—they, in consequence, withdrew it, having stated their conviction that the House was

desirous to submit the present act to a *fair experiment*,—(and why should this not have been considered necessary until three years after it had been passed?)—and we have since learned that the proper authorities have issued an ukase, that England at last expects every inspector to do his duty.

Such has been the history of the progress of the evil, and of the legislative endeavours to correct it—resistance has proved effectual to retard the remedy, but not to dishearten the petitioners. To divert their minds now by temporary enactments is utterly hopeless; they neither mistake nor forget their object; they seek, and, by God's blessing, will persevere in seeking, a ten-hours bill, in the full conviction that it will be the most just, both for masters and men; most humane in its average of toil to all ages, and most likely to ensure observance and success.

We have before alluded to the effects of the existing system on domestic life; the facts are admitted by many who would perpetuate the evil they denounce; but they denounce it under one aspect, and perpetuate it under another; reason and humanity become at variance with action; to philosophize is pleasant, but to practise is costly.

In this view the world must acknowledge its obligation to the speculative wisdom of Dr. Kay, and still more to that of Mr. Rathbone Gregg, the first a respectable physician of Manchester, and the second a partner in the largest cotton establishment of England, at Bury in Lancashire. Their facts and their reasonings are worthy of each other, authentic and powerful. Toil, says Dr. Kay in twenty passages of his paper, toil has degraded the working classes; toil, says Mr. Gregg in his equally able work, has abased the people, and leads them to the excitements of sensuality and the gin-shop. But when the ten-hours bill was propounded as a remedy, that, by restraining the cause, it might controul the mischief, these gentlemen grew wary; Dr. Kay was silent, and Mr. Gregg *explained*.

But their facts remained, and their inferences too; let us examine a few of them. In anticipation of the cholera, the *streets* of Manchester were surveyed, that precautions might be taken; these are the results from the tables of Dr. Kay, published in 1832:—

No. of District.	No. of Streets Inspected.	No. of Streets Unpaved.	No. of Streets partially Paved.	No. of Streets ill Ventilated.	No. of Streets containing heaps of Refuse, Stagnant Pools, &c.
1	114	63	13	7	64
2	180	93	7	23	92
3	49	2	2	12	28
4	66	37	10	12	52
5	30	2	5	5	12
6	2	1	0	1	2
7	53	13	5	12	17
8	16	2	1	2	7
9	48	0	0	9	20
10	29	19	0	10	23
11	0	0	0	0	0
12	12	0	1	1	4
13	55	3	9	10	23
14	33	13	0	8	8
Total..	687	248	53	112	352

Now this does not furnish an unfair picture of a manufacturing town, inasmuch as in Manchester the hours are limited, the masters, on the whole, considerate, and the work regular. But the Doctor shall comment on his own tables.

‘A minute inspection of this table,’ he writes, ‘will render the extent of the evil affecting the poor more apparent. Those districts which are almost exclusively inhabited by the labouring population are Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 10. Nos. 13, 14, and 7 also contain, besides the dwellings of the operatives, those of shopkeepers and tradesmen, and are traversed by many of the principal thoroughfares. No. 11 was not inspected, and Nos. 5, 6, 8, and 9 are the central districts containing the chief streets, the most respectable shops, the dwellings of the more wealthy inhabitants, and the warehouses of merchants and manufacturers. Subtracting, therefore, from the various totals those items in the reports which concern these divisions only, we discover in those districts which contain a large proportion of poor, namely, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 13, and 14, that among 579 streets inspected, 243 were altogether unpaved, 46 partially paved, 93 ill ventilated, and 307 contained heaps of refuse, deep ruts, stagnant pools, ordure, &c.; and in the districts which are almost exclusively inhabited by the poor, namely, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 10, among 438 streets inspected, 214 were altogether unpaved, 32 partially paved, 63 ill ventilated, and 259 contained heaps of refuse, deep ruts, stagnant pools, ordure, &c.’—*Kay*, p. 17.

‘The replies to the questions proposed in the second Table, relating to *houses*, contain equally remarkable results, which have been carefully arranged by the Classification Committee of the Special Board of Health. The results are as follows:—

District.	No. of Houses Inspected.	No. of Houses reported as requiring White-washing.	No. of Houses reported as requiring Repair.	No. of Houses in which the Soughs require Repair.	No. of Houses Damp.	No. of Houses reported as ill Ventilated.	No. of Houses wanting Privies.
114	6951	2565	960	939	1435	452	2221

'It is to be lamented,' adds Dr. Kay, 'that even these numerical results fail to exhibit a perfect picture of the ills which are suffered by the poor. The replies to the questions contained in the inspector's table, refer only to cases of the most positive kind, and the numerical results would, therefore, have been exceedingly increased, had they embraced those in which the evils existed in a scarcely inferior degree. Some idea of the want of cleanliness prevalent in their habitations, may be obtained from the report of the number of houses requiring white-washing; but this column fails to indicate their gross neglect of order and absolute filth.'—*Kay*, pp. 18, 19.

Such the condition! now for the cause.

'The population employed in the cotton-factories,' continues the Doctor, 'rises at five o'clock in the morning; works in the mills from six till eight o'clock, and returns home for half an hour or forty minutes, to breakfast. This meal generally consists of tea or coffee, with a little bread. Oatmeal porridge is sometimes, but of late, rarely used, and chiefly by the men; but the stimulus of tea is preferred, and especially by the women. The tea is almost always of a bad, and sometimes of a deleterious quality; the infusion is weak, and little or no milk is added. The operatives return to the mills and workshops until twelve o'clock, when an hour is allowed for dinner.

'Amongst those who obtain the lower rates of wages, this meal generally consists of boiled potatoes. The mess of potatoes is put into one large dish; melted lard and butter are poured upon them, and a few pieces of fried fat bacon are sometimes mingled with them, and but seldom a little meat. Those who obtain better wages, or families whose aggregate income is larger, add a greater proportion of animal food to this meal, at least three times in the week; but the quantity consumed by the labouring population is not great. The family sits round the table, and each rapidly appropriates his portion on a plate, or, they all plunge their spoons into the dish, and with an animal eagerness satisfy the cravings of their appetite. At the expiration of the hour, they are all again employed in the workshops or mills, where they generally again indulge in the use of tea, often mingled with spirits, accompanied by a little bread. Oatmeal or potatoes are, however, taken by some, a second time in the evening.

'The population nourished on this aliment, is crowded into one dense mass, in cottages, separated by narrow, unpaved, and almost pestilential streets, in an atmosphere loaded with smoke and the exhalations of a large manufacturing city. The operatives are congregated in rooms and

workshops, during twelve hours of the day, in an enervating heated atmosphere, which is frequently loaded with dust or filaments of cotton, or impure from constant respiration, or from other causes. They are engaged in an employment which absorbs their attention, and unremittingly employs their physical energies. They are drudges who watch the movements, and assist the operations of a mighty material force, which toils with an energy unconscious of fatigue. The persevering labour of the operative must rival the mathematical precision, the incessant motion, and the exhaustless power of the machine.

‘Prolonged and exhausting labour, continued from day to day, and from year to year, is not calculated to develope the intellectual or moral faculties of man. The dull routine of a ceaseless drudgery, in which the same mechanical process is incessantly repeated, resembles the torment of Sisyphus. The toil, like the rock, recoils perpetually on the wearied operative. The mind gathers neither stores nor strength from the constant extension and retraction of the same muscles. The intellect slumbers in supine inertness; but the grosser parts of our nature attain a rank development. To condemn man to such severity of toil is, in some measure, to cultivate in him the habits of an animal. He becomes reckless—he disregards the distinguishing appetites and habits of his species—he neglects the comforts and delicacies of life—he lives in squalid wretchedness, on meagre food, and expends his superfluous gains in debauchery.

‘Hence, besides the negative results—the total abstraction of every moral and intellectual stimulus—the absence of variety—banishment from the grateful air and the cheering influences of light,—the physical energies are exhausted by incessant toil and imperfect nutrition. Having been subjected to the prolonged labour of an animal—his physical energy wasted—his mind in supine inaction—the artizan has neither moral dignity, nor intellectual nor organic strength, to resist the seductions of appetite. His wife and children, too frequently subjected to the same process, are unable to cheer his remaining moments of leisure. Domestic economy is neglected, domestic comforts are unknown. A meal of the coarsest food is prepared with heedless haste, and devoured with equal precipitation. *Home has no other relation to him than that of shelter*—few pleasures are there—it chiefly presents to him a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. Himself impotent of all the distinguishing aims of his species, he sinks into sensual sloth, or revels in more degrading licentiousness. His house is ill furnished, uncleanly, often ill ventilated, perhaps damp; his food, from want of forethought and domestic economy, is meagre and innutritious; he is debilitated and hypochondriacal, and falls the victim of dissipation.’—*ibid.* pp. 8—11.

Our readers cannot fail to be struck with the force and feeling of the writer; but what an exhibition is this of human beings! and what but a superintending Providence restrains, for a while, the natural effects of such a system!

Mr. Gregg is an equally impartial witness, and fortifies his speculations

culations by personal experience—having enjoyed, perhaps, unparalleled means of arriving at conclusions, he must be heard with all the deference such authority demands. He begins by affirming, that ‘he shall assume nothing, infer nothing, exaggerate nothing, extenuate nothing, but simply state the nature and amount of the evil, lament its existence and suggest its cures.’ He concurs with Dr. Kay in the statement given above of the method and character of the operative’s diet, describes it as scanty in measure and noxious in quality, and adds, ‘the pernicious practice of mixing a large proportion of spirits in every cup they take prevails to an inconceivable extent among the manufacturing population, at every age and in both sexes.’ He proceeds, ‘Ardent spirits are not the only stimulus which this class of people indulge in. Many of them take *large quantities of opium*, in one form or another; sometimes in pills, sometimes as laudanum, sometimes in what they call an anodyne draught, which is a narcotic of the same kind.’

But a more frightful picture, if possible, is exhibited in the following extract—the unfortunate operative is hedged in on every side—infant or adult, the system dooms him to vice: while young, he is trained to corrupt tastes; and when grown, his toil compels him to indulge them; he cannot escape; it is at home that he acquires the rudiments of the gin-shop.

‘In consequence,’ says Mr. Gregg, ‘of the mothers being employed from home, their children are entrusted, in a vast majority of cases, to the care of others, often of elderly females, who have no infant family of their own; and most of whom, having in their youth had their children nursed by others, have never formed those habits of attachment and assiduous attention to their offspring, which could alone afford a probability of a proper care of the children committed to their charge. These women often undertake the care of several infants at the same time; their habits are generally indolent and gossiping; the children are restless and irritable, from being deprived of a supply of their natural food (as, when the mothers suckle them, they can only perform that duty in the intervals of labour); and the almost universal practice among them is, to still the cries of the infant by administering opiates, which are sold for this purpose under several well-known and popular forms. *The quantity of opium which, from habit, some children become capable of taking, is almost incredible*, and the effects are correspondingly destructive. Even when the infants have a healthy appearance at birth, they almost uniformly become, in a few months, puny and sickly in their aspect, and a very large proportion fall victims to bronchitis, hydrocephalus, and other diseases, produced by want of care, and the pernicious habits we have detailed. We must mention also, that spirits, *particularly gin*, are frequently given when the infants appear to suffer from pain in the bowels, which, from injudicious diet, is very common amongst them.’
—Gregg, p. 17.

Well then, that immorality and ignorance should frightfully abound, can surprise no one—thus taught by experience, and furnished with principles, the children enter the factories at a very tender age—congregated in large masses, excited by heat, and half-stripped of their clothing, they fill the intervals of toil (when they have them) with blasphemy and obscenity—the mode of life in such high temperatures hastens puberty, and the prolonged absence and untimely hours furnish occasion. The evidence before the committee gives some awful details, but we will hear Mr. Gregg again on this matter :—

‘ First, then, we shall remark,’ says he, ‘ that nothing but personal observation, or the testimony of eye-witnesses, can be relied on for satisfactory information. The returns of illegitimate children (in the few cases where they can be procured) are worse than useless, for it will be obvious, on a few moments’ consideration, that in such cases, they can afford us no possible criterion of the desired result. On this subject, some writers on political economy betray the same ignorance, as in the assertion of the extensive use of animal food among the manufacturing labourers.

‘ The fact undoubtedly is, that the *licentiousness* which prevails among the dense population of manufacturing towns, is carried to a degree which it is appalling to contemplate, which baffles all statistical inquiries, and which can be learned only from the testimony of personal observers. And, in addition to overt acts of vice, there is a coarseness and grossness of feeling, and an habitual indecency of conversation, which, we would fain hope and believe, are not the prevailing characteristics of our country. The effect of this upon the minds of the young will readily be conceived ; and is it likely that any instruction, or education, or Sunday schools, or sermons, can counteract the baneful influence, the insinuating virus, the putrefaction, the contagion of this moral depravity which reigns around them ?

“ Nil dictu visuque fœdum hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est ! ”

‘ After all, what motive has either sex, in the class and situation to which we allude, for being virtuous and chaste ? Where they are unshackled by religious principle, as is too generally the case, they have no delicate sentiments of morality and taste to restrain them from gratifying every passion : they have few or no pleasures beyond those which arise from sensual indulgence ; it involves no loss of character, for their companions are as reckless as themselves ; it brings no risk of losing their employment, for their employers know that it would be unsafe to inquire into these matters.’—*ibid.* p. 25.

These are the natural products of a system, which from childhood to death treats man as a machine, estimates his value by the amount of his work, and regards him as useless but when he is ‘ a-going.’ To this effect of the operatives’ condition, most ample

ample testimony was borne by many clergymen. Mr. Bull* described its influence in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Mr. Gordon† in the town of Aberdeen; he produced written documents from thirty other clergymen of his district to attest the same; Mr. Stewart‡ was empowered to present the remonstrances of fifteen, and Mr. Adamson§ those of ten more, against the further toleration of the existing state of things. They spoke in deep and conscientious fear of the evils to be anticipated; ‘the dissoluteness,’ says Dr. Macfarlane,|| ‘of the men and women in our manufactories is frightful;’ and yet the Scotch of this class are, upon the whole, better educated than the English. Profligacy and vice will necessarily spring from brutal ignorance, and bad example; the parents furnish the one, and the mockery of Sunday schools will not counteract the other—if any children perforce attend them, their labour is lost; it is an addition to their troubles, and none to their knowledge. Petitions signed by more than 200 teachers of such schools were presented to Parliament in the last session, declaring the utter impossibility of imparting instruction to those feeble and weary beings,¶ and praying that their toil may be shortened on the week day, that so they may be able to feel themselves alive on the Sabbath. Poor things! were their bodies elastic, and their spirits awake, the Sunday school would afford them the best recreation, and genuine repose; but that man must be either a blockhead or a hypocrite, who, having read the gracious words, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me,’ would obey them by the compulsory attendance of those worn and weeping victims!

Previously to the bill of 1833, the legal period of labour had been fixed at twelve hours; many mills had been constructed on better principles, and the ventilation was essentially improved; contagious disorders became in consequence much more rare, and less of arbitrary violence was known in the larger establishments. This, so far as it went, was an unmixed good; but it left as much evil, and more than it removed. Though the hours had been shortened, the speed of machinery had advanced; and the labour of the day, if lessened in duration, had increased in intensity. A vast number of old mills yet remained; and many where the proprietors

* Evidence of 1832, Rev. G. S. Bull, p. 413. † Ibid., Rev. A. L. Gordon, p. 214.

‡ Ibid., p. 349.

§ Ibid., p. 382.

|| Ibid., p. 220.

¶ ‘I have,’ says one teacher, ‘taught the children in one of the spinning mills of Dundee; the children have been invariably so much fatigued by the labour of the day, as to fall asleep almost immediately on their entering the school. The master of the mill assisted me. A considerable part of his time was occupied in keeping them awake, either by tickling their nostrils with a feather, or in making them stand a certain time on one of the forms, in order that they might be compelled to keep awake from a fear of falling.’—Evidence of 1832, p. 357.

were insensible alike to humanity and shame. Thus the mischief had continued its progress; one generation had transmitted its accumulated evils to its successor; puny and sickly parents had given birth to puny and sickly children; when Dr. Hawkins declared in his report on Manchester, that 'never in any town of Great Britain or Europe had he seen such a degeneracy of form and colour from the national standard.'*

The witnesses to the mischief, and the causes of it, are so numerous and experienced, that those who would interfere to suggest a remedy, must be acquitted at least of the charge of officiousness; and as little do they deserve to be termed headstrong and speculative, when, in reliance on the same testimony, they would reduce the evil, by drying up the spring. Toil—heart-breaking, excessive toil lies at the root, and must be mitigated—we do not mean to assert that thereby would be removed every action and appearance of mischief; but we do assert that, without such abridgment of labour, all hope is groundless, and every effort vain. 'As a second cause of the unhealthiness of manufacturing towns (says Mr. Gregg), we place the *severe and unremitting labour*. The work of spinners and stretchers is among the most laborious that exist, and is exceeded, perhaps, by that of mowing alone; and few mowers, we believe, think of continuing their labour for twelve hours without intermission.'—p. 12. He afterwards emphatically adds, 'a reduction in the hours of labour is *most important* to the health of the manufacturing population, and *absolutely necessary* to any general and material amelioration in their moral and intellectual condition.'—p. 27. And yet vast objections are raised against the proposal; and mighty dangers are portended, in the event of a ten-hours bill, both to the persons who shall be the subjects of it, and the country at large. It is, however, no new thing to be told that the happiness of the children, and the welfare of the state, are bound up indissolubly with fourteen hours' labour. Every argument now urged against the ten-hours bill, was urged with equal vehemence against the late Sir Robert Peel—but will not the public say, that where life and limb are concerned, we have a right, after the lapse of sixteen years, to expect, from the opponents of the measure, something besides stale predictions, *then* disproved by reasoning, and *since* falsified by experience?

They are, notwithstanding, as positive as soothsayers—and unhappily they present the very reverse of Cassandra; too many believe them, though they never speak the truth. In vain do we urge the past; quote their unaccomplished predictions—increase,

* Second Report of Commissioners, p. 3.

instead of loss, and prosperity where they fainted in expectation of ruin. To terrify Sir Robert, they foretold the dismissal of all the children under the protected age—none were dismissed, but many were added; they foretold that the reduction of hours would injure the industrious operative, by the concomitant reduction of his wages—his wages remained the same without any abatement; they foretold that the limitation of labour would induce a limitation of the quantity produced—alas! it was multiplied threefold. But all this is to no purpose; we must ‘fight our battles o’er again;’ and having demolished the substance, must lose our time in struggling with the shadow.

Of all the terrors ever excited, foreign competition is the most unreal—yet wise and good men are victims of the delusion, and own an influence that they cannot approve—they are like children who have been frightened in the dark; the fancy has become diseased; and indefinable apprehensions haunt them through life, immoveable alike by reasoning, and the evidence of the senses.

This question may fairly be disposed of in a few tabular statements. The argument, drawn from the consequence of a limitation of hours, in respect of its bearing on the foreign competitor, is simply this: that, while in other countries all circumstances remain the same, we in England shall be exposed to greater restrictions on our means of industry; and thus that while the foreigner continues, under the same hours of labour, to manufacture the same quantities, we shall be necessarily reduced to a far less produce at a higher price. It would be needless to enumerate the pamphleteers and the witnesses who have maintained this position; and equally needless to mention the various proportions of calculated diminution and loss—let us look at the argument as stated. Now, should such a change be the result, the effect, we admit, would be alarming; should no change take place, we could well afford to be humane; but if the precise reverse of these forebodings be the happy and gracious consequence, the advocates of limitation would have not only reason, feeling, and justice, but interest also, and political economy on their side.

The first parliamentary limitation of the hours of labour took place in 1802, under Sir Robert Peel’s Act. This, concurrently with other causes, as we have shown above, of a most afflictive and alarming character, effected, by degrees, a considerable reduction in the hours of working—the labour in the mills was gradually diminished from ninety to eighty hours a-week. To verify their predictions, the opponents of limitation may be called upon to show a corresponding diminution in the produce of the country—let them divide the periods at pleasure, but the result will alike manifest a certain and rapid increase, despite of restriction.

We will first take periods of four years each, from 1798 to 1818:—

‘ From 1798 to 1801, increase 95 per cent.		
1801 to 1805,	„	more than 35.
1805 to 1809,	„	more than 100.
1809 to 1813,	„	numbers missing.
1814 to 1818,	„	more than 35.’

Now, to suit other tastes, let us show the result by periods of five years, from 1802 to 1817:—

‘ 1802 to 1807, increase more than 35.		
1807 to 1812,	„	more than 70.
1812 to 1817,	„	about 30.’—

If our readers have more leisure than ourselves, they may break up the time into intervals of two and three years, with equal advantage to the argument before them. But we must now press onward; the next sample to be given of the ruinous effects of restriction, lies in a comparative statement of the two years (the number is arbitrarily chosen) which preceded the second period of more general limitation, with the two years which immediately followed it. It has been stated that in the year 1819, the late Sir Robert Peel, after many grievous and cruel defeats, carried a measure to restrict the labour of young persons in cotton-mills to twelve hours in the day, or seventy-two hours in the week:— ‘*Sape sinistra prædixit cornix;*’ the pamphlets and speeches of the day abounded in the most disquieting prognostics of danger to our export trade; to our national greatness; to everything that can render England politically safe, comfortable, and glorious. Sixteen masters of experience deposed to these propositions:—1st. That the measure would lead to a limitation of produce. 2nd. To a rise in prices. 3rdly, and consequently, to an advantage to the foreigner. With palpitating hearts let us turn to the results!—

‘ Official value of goods exported in

1817, 1818 = (the two years preceding restriction) £41,426,320.

1820, 1821 = (the two years following restriction) £42,152,862.

Difference = £726,542 of increase.’—

Nor was this advantage obtained by a countervailing loss; the raven misled them no less upon the price, than in his croakings upon the quantity, *e. g.*:—

‘ Declared value of goods exported in

1817, 1818 = £30,821,601 1820, 1821 = £27,630,526

£3,191,075 decrease in price.’—

We may just add the amount of twist and yarn, to finish the statement of our commercial woes:—

‘ 1817, 1818 = 242,203 cwt. 1820, 1821 = 392,083 cwt.

149,880 cwt. increase.’—

Having given these accounts in detail, it will be convenient that we should exhibit them in the aggregate:—

‘ Official value of manufactured cotton goods exported in the twelve years preceding 1819, and in the twelve years following:—

1807 to 1818 (both inclusive) = £188,951,016

1820 to 1831 (both inclusive) = £325,119,429,

an increased quantity, under restriction, in round numbers, of £137,000,000.’

The same return for cotton twist and yarn gives:—

‘ 1807 to 1818 = £11,276,760 : 1820 to 1831 = £44,582,721 : an increased quantity, in round numbers, of £33,000,000.’*

Now, let us compare the *declared* value of the manufactured goods exported in one year, 1816, a period before restriction, with that of those exported in another, 1831, a period under it:—

‘ 1816 Declared value £13,072,757 : 1831 £13,207,947.’

The difference is almost nothing; and a hasty inquirer might thence infer that the quantities were very nearly equal. Had the prices remained the same, his inference would have been correct; and had it increased (as the mill-owners foretold) the quantity must have been less—but how stands the account?

‘ Official value—1816 = £16,335,124 : 1831 = £33,682,475 :’ a return which shows, to the utter confusion of every soothsayer, augur, and mill-owner, that more than *double* the quantity was exported at the same cost, or 100 per cent. of increased quantity, without any increase of price.

The statement is still more satisfactory in the matter of twist and yarn, for we find there, in the same years,

‘ Official value.

Declared value.

1816 = £1,380,486

1816 = £2,628,448

1831 = 5,674,600

1831 = 3,974,989’—

which shows that, while the quantity was multiplied by four, the price of the whole was diminished by one half. The trade, nevertheless, must have realized a profit, inasmuch as it was continued, and is daily receiving still further extension.

How triumphant is this statement! how demonstrative its conclusions! for our readers should observe that, of the twelve years which preceded restriction, eight were years of war, but also of mono-

* ‘ That a reduction in the hours of labour,’ says Mr. Gregg, ‘ would cause a corresponding reduction in the quantities produced, we entirely deny!’—p. 28. . . . ‘ We know that in some cases, when the mills only worked four days in the week, they have often produced five days’ quantity, and the men earned five days’ wages. That this would be the case to a considerable extent, every one must be aware, as all men will be able to work much harder for *ten* hours than they can for *twelve*.’—*ibid*. This is confirmed by the evidence of M^r Nish, in his examination before the Committee of 1832, who had proved the truth of it in his own person.

poly and exclusive possession—the following twelve were years of peace, when every nation had free scope to enter on competition; when monopoly was at an end; and the capital and industry of the whole civilized world brought into rivalry with our single efforts! But the energies of the nation were commensurate with the necessity; and none of the prophets of evil can deny that the result has shamed them. They prophesied in 1819—their prophecies were falsified in the most minute details; they prophesied in 1832, because they could not refer for corroboration to the past; nothing daunted, they prophesied in 1833; and now again they prophesy in 1836, although there be not extant one single fact, one single experiment, whereby, from the past, they may augur evil of the future. Why do they not quote diminished produce and increased prices? Why do they not show the markets that have been closed to us, and the goods that have been superseded? Why do they not exhibit a sickly and declining condition of the trade? Because they are shrewd enough to know that such a paper as the following would stare them in the face:—

‘ Cotton wool imported into Great Britain—

1818 = 173,940,000 pounds. 1835 = 330,829,834 pounds.

Average *weekly* consumption of ditto—

1818 = 3,345,000 pounds. 1835 = 6,362,112 pounds.’

Why do they not prove, by incontestable documents, the alarming truth, that capital, in its terror, has receded from the trade, and sought an investment in safer occupations? They would, doubtless, if they could; but this sad statement is against them;

From a table given in 1819, by the secretary to the proprietors of cotton-mills:—

‘ Total cotton establishments in England and Scotland = 344

Do. do. in 1835 (from Porter’s tables) = 1262

Add to this the number of spindles in 1812, in England

and Scotland - - - = 4,988,330

Do. do. in 1835 - - - = 11,152,990.’—

This vast increase, too, consists of machinery of an improved and more powerful construction; and we learn, moreover, from the reports of the inspectors, that even now, new mills are rising in every direction; nay, that an increased power of full seven thousand horses is about to be added to the engines in the neighbourhood of Manchester alone.

But there yet remain two other woes to complete this picture of commercial ruin—the dismissal of the children and young persons; and the disemployment of many of the adults. It is heart-rending to narrate such a mighty falling-off in the national greatness, as may be seen in the tables of the respective periods:—

‘ Total

‘Total number of persons employed in cotton-factories in
1818 - - - = 57,323

Young persons *only* between ages of eight and eighteen,
in 1835 - - - = 94,287—

while the numbers of all above the age of eighteen, have exceeded the aggregate of the whole mass in 1818 (children included), by 68,554; the numbers standing thus—

‘Whole number employed (1818) = 57,323
Numbers above eighteen (1835) = 125,877—

and the grand total will stand at 220,134* ‘persons employed in the cotton business, being *four times* as many as in 1818; a space of not more than eighteen years. Alas, alas, for this afflicted country!

But let us give one word, before we quit this part of the subject, to our foreign competitors. These fearful enemies are to be found in certain districts of Germany, Switzerland, America, and France. The German factories are thrown in as make-weights; no one ever thought seriously either of their skill or their durability. The Swiss, it is said, would undoubtedly rival us, had they but capital; and so the mill-owners would be unanswerable, had they but facts. America we may leave in the able hands of Mr. McCulloch;† but we will simply remark that, had she entertained the smallest anticipation of surpassing Great Britain, she would not, for the sake of the tariff, have risked the dismemberment of her empire. France alone remains; and makes the greatest clamour on the smallest foundation; the most cry with the least wool; for the mill-owners, when driven to actual statement, could produce nothing stronger than the under-quoted table:—

‘1820 French exports = £1,091,300
1830 do. = 2,192,240
Increase 102 per cent. in ten years.’

Now let us place alongside this statement, the contemporaneous increase in the British exports:—

‘1820 British exports = £16,696,539
1830 do. = 31,810,474
Increase (within a fraction) of 100 per cent.’

It will require something more than their accustomed ingenuity, to show that there is not in this matter a most enormous advantage on the side of the British manufacturer. The French,

* This, though given by official authority, is evidently very much below the truth. We must, however, remember that it includes those only who are, actually and bodily, work-people in the business. Mr. Gregg says, that ‘the number of individuals employed in the *different branches* of the cotton-trade, cannot now be far short of 1,500,000; and we may therefore compute those who, directly or indirectly, derive their existence from this great staple manufacture, at *four millions*.’—p. 1.

† See his very valuable Commercial Dict., art. Cotton.

it is true, doubled their exports upon the basis of a million, but the English did the same, within a fraction, on a basis of more than sixteen millions; and thus, while the export trade of France remained, in 1830, at much less than two millions and a half, that of Britain had attained the prodigious amount of thirty-one millions eight hundred and ten thousand pounds!

This for the export *goods*; but the account is still more prosperous in twist and yarn; for upon the basis of a sum exceeding one million and a half, it had, within the same time, increased to an amount largely exceeding five millions, approximating, in the matter of yarn, to a ratio of increase of more than 200 per cent. *

In fact, the French labour under many disadvantages comparatively with ourselves; their machinery is dearer and of less capacity; their coal of inferior quality by full 6 per cent., and not cheap in proportion. Their yarns, we have heard from practical judges, are estimated, in the fine numbers, at 50 per cent., and in the less fine at 45, below the corresponding numbers of our own manufacture; nor have they any discipline and regularity in their mills; the operatives will suddenly discontinue their work to bathe, or sport, or gossip, or otherwise amuse themselves. Their labour, too, is individually less than our own. 'I have worked,' said Adam Young,† 'at mills in Alsace; a spinner in England would do twice as much as a Frenchman will do. Frenchmen would be frightened into fits by the speed of the machinery in England.' 'Have you any fear,' he was asked, 'that the French will beat us in cotton-spinning, or any of its branches?—No, they never will, so long as the world stands; their work cannot be called work; it is only looking at it and wishing it done.' 'I have known,' he added, 'my master buy yarn in England, *and sell it for his own spinning.*'

Be it observed, however, that in all these countries the periods of labour are extremely long; and in many parts of America longer than our own. Nor is the language of complaint confined to this side of the Atlantic; for it seems a fatality attendant on this system, that, although impelled by no necessity, it will never make money but through the medium of suffering; but American grievances assist our case, for we may reply to all our opponents, who attribute to aristocratic taxation, corn-laws, and a grim catalogue of kindred iniquities, the monstrous necessity of fourteen hours' labour, that toil and torture are as much complained of in the United States, as in the counties of Lancaster and York.

* See a luminous article on the cotton trade of France, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCXLIX; and the excellent speech of Mr. Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, in the debate of the 9th of May last.

† Committee on Artisans and Machinery, p. 696.

But to proceed.—When the Houses of Parliament, in 1819, declared twelve hours of mill-work to be a sufficient period for human beings, they had respect not only to the length of time, but to the amount of labour, which occupied and exhausted the strength of the artizan.

Now, let us see how the account stands :—

‘A table showing the distance over which a piecer had to travel, in following a pair of mules spinning cotton-yarn of Nos. 40, in the year 1815.

The spinner put up 820 stretches daily, on each of 2 mules 12 yards long each, and was attended by 3 persons.	Number of stretches daily.	Number of yards from mule to mule.	Number of yards comprising the piecer's work along each mule, and over which he must walk each stretch.	Total Number of yards.	Distance in miles.
	1640	5	4	14,760	8 and a fraction.’

Well, this was the distance over which a child travelled, in the midst of heat, and roar, and effluvia, and everything most offensive to its senses, and noxious to its health. Could the Parliament then have foreseen the following table, when it interposed, in 1819, to limit the duration of the labour of that day?

‘A table showing the distance over which a child must walk, in following a pair of mules spinning cotton-yarn of No. 40, at Manchester, in 1832.

The spinner puts up daily 2200 stretches on each of 2 wheels.	Number of stretches daily.	Number of yards from wheel to wheel.	Average number of yards which a child walks along each wheel per stretch.	Total Number of yards daily.	Distance in miles.
	4400	5	3	35,200	20.’

This terrible increase in the number of stretches, and the length of their journey, has been inflicted on the operatives by the acceleration of machinery—the vast improvements in principle and construction—the incredible velocity of the wheels, and the power of the engines, have added five-fold suffering to a period of toil, which, not only for its duration, but the standing posture in which it is performed, had already been pronounced well nigh intolerable. Yet in some instances the statement is yet more dreadful :—

‘A table showing the distance over which a piecer must walk daily, in attending a pair of mules spinning cotton yarn, at Bolton-le-Moors, in 1832.

The spinner puts up 2000 stretches daily on each of 2 wheels, each wheel being 12 yards long.	Number of daily stretches.	Number of yards from mule to mule.	Number of yards piecer travels along each wheel or mule per stretch.	Total Number of yards.	Number of miles.
	4000	5	6	44,000	25.’

These are startling statements. But Mr. Fielden shall bear testimony to their truth, and in his own manly and effective language.

‘To return,’ says he, ‘to the question of the “*light and easy*” work performed by children in factories, and to the representations which hold it up as a species of *amusement* rather than work; representations in which some of the commissioners of 1833 joined; and in which the inspectors seem to be unanimous, while some of them back up their notions by opinions professing to come from medical men, *whom they have employed to grant certificates to the children*: returning to this, I will show by minute calculations, what is the work performed in mere walking by a factory child; and after that, I want no philosopher of any description, nor even any medical man, to tell me whether or not it is more than a child ought to bear.

‘This question was mooted at Manchester on 1st December, last year, by certain delegates from the factory people, who were appointed from Bolton, Bury, Ashton, Oldham, Chorley, Preston, and Manchester, to meet a few members of Parliament. One of these delegates gave a statement, with particulars, of a minute calculation of the number of miles which a child has to walk in a day, in following the spinning machine: it amounted to *twenty-five*! The statement excited great surprise; but this delegate was followed by another, who had also made calculations, and who has put them in print in the “Manchester Advertiser.” He calculates that a child has to walk twenty-four miles in the day; and, if the distance that it frequently has to walk to and from home be thrown in, it makes not unfrequently a distance of nearly *thirty miles*. Observing the impression that these statements made on the minds of my brother members of Parliament, and being myself desirous of testing their accuracy, I resolved, on my return home, to make a calculation myself, by watching a child at work in the factory in which I am myself concerned. To my own surprise, I found that the distance was not less than *twenty miles in twelve hours*; and, therefore, I can easily believe the statements of the delegates, seeing that the machinery in my own works is not driven at *anything like the speed* of that on which their calculations are founded.’—*Fielden*, p. 39.

But this gentleman can bring in evidence on this matter, not only personal observation, but personal experience—he was himself in his time a factory child. Does he attest that the work was ‘light and easy, amusement rather than toil?’ We should do both him and the cause an injustice, were he not heard in his own narrative.

‘I well remember,’ says he, ‘being set to work in my father’s mill when I was little more than ten years old for several years after I began to work in the mill, the hours of labour at our works did not exceed *ten* in the day, winter and summer, and *even with the labour of those hours*, I shall never forget the fatigue I often felt before the day ended, and the anxiety of us all to be relieved from the unvarying and irksome toil we had gone through, before we could obtain

relief by such play and amusements as we resorted to when liberated from our work.* I allude to this fact, because it is not uncommon for persons to infer, that because the children who work in factories are seen to play like other children when they have time to do so, the labour is therefore light, and does not fatigue them. The reverse of this conclusion I know to be the truth. *I know the effect which ten hours' labour had upon myself*; I who had the attention of parents better able than those of my companions to allow me extraordinary occasional indulgence. And he knows very little of human nature who does not know that, to a child, diversion is so essential, that it will undergo even exhaustion in its amusements.'—*ibid.* p. 31.

'I well know, too, from my own experience, that *the labour now undergone* in the factories, is *much greater than it used to be*, owing to the greater attention and activity required by the greatly increased speed which is given to the machinery that the children have to attend to, when we compare it with what it was thirty or forty years ago; and, therefore, I fully agree with the government Commissioners, that a restriction to ten hours per day is *not a sufficient protection to children.*'—*ibid.* p. 32.

It may well be asked why the wretched victims of this ferocious toil endure it so patiently?—let the government-inspector, Mr. Rickards, reply: 'The industry of the children and their parents is in thralldom, for *if it were not*, they would never submit to such bondage.' Necessity presses vigorously upon them; she holds, in either hand, starvation and slavery; one or the other they must choose.

'A steam-engine,' continues the inspector, 'in the hands of an interested or avaricious master, is a relentless power, to which old and young are equally bound to submit † that tyrant-power may, at any time and without any effort, cripple or destroy thousands of human beings, if not duly restrained ‡ their position in these mills is, as I have formerly explained, that of thralldom; fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen hours per day is *exhausting to the strength of all*, yet none dare quit the occupation, from the dread of losing work altogether. Industry is thus in bonds; unprotected children are equally bound to the same drudgery, and hence the universal cry for restriction on the moving power.'§

Could any one believe that he was living in the heart of Great Britain, in the nineteenth century, in an age abounding in measures of freedom, and in talk of religion? Yet this evil is by some grave writers, not only coolly admitted, but openly justified and bepraised. Among these last is Dr. Ure, who has written a laborious book which the patience alone of Job, or an operative,

* Mr. Brotherton, M.P., attested the same; he also began the world as a factory-child, and has been ever since an able and zealous advocate for a limitation of labour.

† Report of Factory-Inspectors, August 25, 1835.

‡ *Ibid.* August, 1834.

§ *Ibid.* August, 1835.

could enable one to peruse. This learned Doctor meets the charge of inhumanity, by asserting, that the parents are the best judges of infantine power; and he sets aside the necessity of interposition, by the argument, that they are both able and willing to save their offspring from suffering and wrong.

Our inspector might be adduced as an adequate antagonist to the ingenious physician; but we tell him that the laws of our moral being, to which he so much trusts, are, by the diabolical system he extols, overborne and destroyed—the order of nature, and the precepts of revelation, are alike reversed; ‘the children,’ we read in holy writ, ‘should not lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children;’ but *the system* declares that the child shall labour by day and by night, in sickness and in health; shall give to toil the years that should be passed in physical development; and to ignorance and misery, the days of education, solely that its abandoned parents may pass their useless and evil lives at the gaming table or the pot-house. In many instances from necessity, in many instances from choice, the parents subsist by the labour of their children; necessity can hearken to no cry of pity; and *such* choice must have arisen from too brutal a source to be changed by the accents of nature, or the laws of God. This sad result of the factory system has long since been seen, and proclaimed by those who knew what that word meant, ‘I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.’ Dr. Aiken lamented this utter corruption; Dr. Percival and his colleagues reported, that the system ‘too often *gives encouragement* to idleness, extravagance, and *profligacy in parents*, who, contrary to the order of nature, *subsist by the oppression of their offspring.*’ Sir Robert Peel adduced the like testimony; and even Mr. Ashworth, a large manufacturer of Bolton, while writing in defence of the system, condemns himself out of his own mouth: ‘You will next inquire,’ quoth he, ‘about the old men, who are said to die, or become unfit for work, when they attain *forty years of age* it happens not unfrequently that they become *disinclined* to work, when the earnings of their families are sufficient to maintain them!’* A precious state of things, which superannuates an artisan in the prime of life, and throws him, by the authority of his master, or for the gratification of his indolence, to feed and riot where he should have sown. Dr. Hawkins remarks that—

‘the factory children are usually very slow in coming on the sick clubs; they usually go on working to the last possible moment, so eager are the parents to secure their wages the degree in which parents are supported by their youthful offspring at Manchester, is a peculiar

* Letters on the Cotton Factory System, by H. Ashworth, Esq. 1833. p. 20.

feature of the place, and an unpleasant one; the ordinary state of things in this respect is nearly reversed.*

Even the General Report of the Factory Commissioners of 1833 is to the same effect:—

‘It appears,’ say they, ‘that parents encourage their children to make the extraordinary efforts, of which we have given some examples, by leading them to consider the wages they thus earn as peculiarly their own, although a cheat is often practised upon them, even with regard to these extra wages. While all the witnesses agree in the statement, that *whatever the child earns by its regular hours of labour, is uniformly appropriated by the parent*, it appears that a large portion of the additional wages earned by the extra hours is also taken by the latter.’*

Here, then, is a sweet picture of natural affection struggling with covetousness; in which any one but Dr. Ure, might easily foresee that the vice would prevail! But necessity comes in, at times, to extenuate the sin; parents may be willing to work—but are excluded from the opportunity; they are condemned to sit in idleness, while their offspring toil; and waste, in inactivity, that remnant of strength, which might alleviate, if not prevent, the exhaustion of the children. The truth is very well known, that the policy of the mill-owner is to remove from his factory all persons of mature age: Mr. Ashworth incautiously admits the fact, when he writes (Letter, p. 20) that ‘old men of every description [forty years old!] adhere to habits contracted in early life; they often disagree with the overlookers, who are younger than themselves; *this may sometimes lead to their dismissal.*’

But apart from this, *the system* itself is working out the formidable result. ‘It is the tendency,’ say the inspectors, ‘of improved machinery to throw more and more of work upon children, *to the displacement of adult labour!*’† Now, Dr. Ure, who is to maintain these displaced adults, unless it be their unhappy children, who, contrary to the rule and beneficence of nature, must, in their years of weakness, perform the labour of maturity, and supply the fountain from which they should have drawn?

The number of operatives above the age of forty is incredibly small. We must refer our readers to a curious but authentic document, arranged about the year 1831, during a great ‘turn-out,’ from forty-two mills in Mosley, Ashton, Staley-Bridge, and Dukinfield, of 1665 persons, whose ages ranged from fifteen to sixty. Of these 1584 were below forty-five; *three* only had attained a period between fifty-five and sixty; and not more than fifty-one between forty-five and fifty were counted, as fit for work! Mr. M’Nish, a witness entitled to the utmost credit, even by the ad-

* Page 14. Vide, also, Dr. Kay, p. 40.

† Vide, also, Report of Commissioners, p. 51.

mission of the Commissioners, and in truth, as every one must perceive upon reading his evidence, a man of singular sagacity, deposed, in the year 1832, that, by actual enumeration of 1600 men in the factories of Renfrew and Lanark, he ascertained that not more than ten had reached forty-five years of age, and these, he added, were retained by the special indulgence and humanity of their masters. The spinners at that period are so broken down that they cannot produce the required quantity. 'Their eyesight fails,' and then they are turned off, and younger men employed—and yet they must subsist!—Unfit for their own business, and utterly so for any other—those who have children must live on their labour.

We will add just one statement more to this catalogue of reasons for the oppression of children. Many of them are fatherless, and thus fall under neither the one nor the other of these categories. Dr. Jarrold, in proof of his assertion that factory labour shortens the duration of human life, deposed, that 'having examined, in the schools, all the children whose fathers had ever worked, or were still working in factories, he found that from one third to one fourth were fatherless. He had seen, within a month of his examination, seven thousand children; and stating the numbers without fractional parts, he would say that, of one hundred children working in factories (and the children followed mostly the occupation of their fathers) thirty fathers would be dead, or thirty per cent.; but that of four hundred, not working in factories, only thirteen per cent.* This statement was fully confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Dean; and yet it gives but an imperfect view, as it could be taken only upon the children who attended schools.†

It has been a sad consequence of such excessive toil, that multitudes remain unemployed—that while thousands are labouring beyond the strength of man, many are left in total idleness; nor is this the fault of their habit and disposition, but of the system. Again, the labour-market is subjected to great fluctuations, the demand being sometimes equal to the supply, sometimes far short of it. A limitation then of the hours of labour would extend more regularly throughout the twelve months that demand for workmen, which, under the present system of protracted toil, is confined to a part of them. Such an enactment would be especially beneficial to the children; their labour would be more tolerably apportioned; for many, whose limbs are now totally inactive, would be called to the aid of those who are perishing with toil. Against such a provision of mercy, no one has a right to urge 'foreign competition' (even though it were to the full, precisely what it is *not*); but the competition, in fact, to be

* Evidence before the Lords' Committees, 1818, 1819.

† Ibid.
dreaded

dreaded by manufacturers, is not that of the foreigner, but amongst themselves. This has been, perhaps, more than any other, the cause of over-production and gluts. Eagerness to monopolize the entire orders, or desire to keep up the appearance of equal business with their neighbours, prompts a few to undertake with their single concern, what should be the occupation of many. The 'long hours' are favourable to these attempts; immense quantities are fabricated in short periods—but at last the mill-owners exceed the required supply. Then come a check, a glut, a cessation in the demand for labour—dismissal of the hands—losses to the manufacturer.

But there are other, perhaps even graver considerations behind. Whatever has a tendency to withdraw mankind from the duties and influences of domestic life, and slacken the bonds which nature has ordained, hurts the state in its citizens. Of old the manufacture was conducted in the cottages, and notwithstanding occasional abuses, the result was good. A man with his family worked together at the loom, and the articles required were produced at no expense of conjugal intercourse and parental duty. It is not possible to return to that state of things; but surely we might restore something of it. The husband, at present, goes to one mill, the children to another, and perhaps his wife to a third. How often may the operatives be heard to confess, that from one week to another they never see their children—and yet the poor want neither parental affection nor parental pride; they would gladly behold them 'grow up as tender plants,' and flourish like 'olive branches round about their table;' but the system denies this.

It is said that the advantages we would fain restore could only be obtained by the surrender of others. A reduction of wages is foretold as the result, with all its concomitant vexations. This we deny. No reduction of wages did ensue on the previous limitation of labour; other causes, distant both in time and principle, have contributed to abate the earnings of the operative. But though the assertion were true, our demand would lose nothing of its justice or its prudence, for the high wages of the workman avail him nothing, unless they be disbursed with skill and thrift. Let us, in argument, grant them twice the wages; to what purpose? With no knowledge of domestic economy, no skill in management, they waste as much as they consume, and enter into expenses where they should make savings. The ignorance of these matters among the manufacturing classes is almost incredible; the women, who have passed their early years in the all-absorbing toil of the mill, are totally uninstructed in the simplest requisites of domestic life. We have heard from the lips of operatives themselves, that in a vast number of families the females are wholly unable to

dress a dinner or mend a shirt, which necessary duties, from the incapacity of the wife, are performed by an hireling. Now, though it be true that 'a stitch in time saves nine,' the operative, for want of conjugal experience, can seldom verify it; and repairs are no slight article of outlay in a family of several persons. The evidence of Mr. Bull, in 1832, is most accurate and valuable on this head, and proves satisfactorily that a reduction of time is fully equivalent to an increase of wages; and we have before us a document, drawn up by an inhabitant of Manchester, demonstrating that, in a family of four persons, with aggregate wages of 19s. a week, full 7s. 4d. might, by a diminution of labour, be saved on the items of the weekly expenditure. 'The fact is,' says Mr. Gregg, 'that partly from thoughtlessness, partly from vanity, partly from habit, and partly from the love of selfish indulgence, but more than all from *actual ignorance of domestic economy*, their household affairs are carried on in the most unsystematic, slovenly, and expensive style, and display an almost incredible want of management, thriftiness, and care.'—(p. 33.) To this, if we add the miseries of frequent disorder, premature decrepitude, early failure of eyesight, and, at the age of forty, all the evils of fourscore, we shall be inclined to admit that the riches of Cræsus would be no compensation for the diseases of Job.

Such ameliorations as those proposed in Parliament, would affect, in a ten-fold degree, the condition of the children: they would restore them to the society and protection of their parents, and the parents to the duties they owe to their offspring; save many from orphanage, and re-establish, in some measure, the order of nature. 'Dos est magna parentum virtus'—a precious patrimony here, where physical necessity gives a whet to the edge of evil example! The youngest in these towns soon learn to tippie, and practise every form of nameless profligacy. Worn down, and all but annihilated by toil, these wretched infants seek the stimulus of spirits; and gin is now dealt out at the drinking shops in the smallest measures, and for the smallest sums, thus suiting the dram to every age and every capacity. Those that slink home, 'fall stupidly like the dogs upon the hearth,' (so speak their parents,) and awake again only to renew their toil; some, less fortunate even than these, are detained throughout the night, praying, however short it might be, for some interval of repose. 'I remember,' says that amiable man, Mr. Bull, 'that a little girl remarked to me, "at five o'clock we often say, I wish it was seven."' Ay, 'in the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning;'* thus have we

* Deuteronomy xxviii. 67.

imposed, upon an innocent and a helpless race, the curse that was deemed sufficient for a rebellious and sinful people.

Did we not know the inconsistencies of human nature, and the lamentable exaggeration of them in his Majesty's Ministers, we might well be surprised to hear them propose eight hours for the negro adult, and twelve for the child in the factory. But the surprise will decrease when we arrive at the cause; in either case they sought parliamentary votes; and having to deal with the same parties, but conflicting principles, they gave one law to mercy, and another to oppression. It was politic, but cruel; the loudest declaimers at anti-slavery meetings were the fiercest in demanding an autocracy over the children; there were some honourable exceptions—but their numbers were few—while Lancashire and Yorkshire, teeming with influence, mill-owners, and votes, denounced tyranny in the planter but bepraised it in themselves. The one system, however, has fallen, nor will the other stand long; it may possibly be the purpose of a gracious Providence to make them, like Sennacherib, the instruments of his power, 'howbeit they think not so;' for every argument and every principle, urged by themselves on behalf of the blacks, have an equal strength in favour of the whites,—the country at last will perceive and enforce it; the more extensive the inquiry the more accurate the parallel. Those who are at all conversant with factory-life, and have heard of the '*domestic virtues* of slavery,' will comprehend the resemblance without the specification of disgusting details. And, after all, in the slavery of the British Indies there was an advantageous contrast; the deficiency of the supply of labourers inspired the planters with an artificial humanity; but the redundancy here seems to blunt what is natural; *they* apportioned, moreover, the toil to the years of the child, and fixed its labour under the canopy of heaven!

We have received, while writing this paper, a little poem entitled, 'A Voice from the Factories,' which presents many touching and by no means over-coloured pictures of our accursed system of white slavery. Let us pause to consider the following striking stanzas, which assuredly could have come from no other than a mother's hand:—

' There the pale Orphan, whose unequal strength
Loathes the incessant toil it *must* pursue,
Pines for the cool sweet evening's twilight length,
The sunny play-hour, and the morning's dew :
Worn with its cheerless life's monotonous hue,
Bowed down, and faint, and stupified it stands;
Each half-seen object reeling in its view—
While its hot, trembling, languid little hands
Mechanically heed the Task-master's commands.

' There,
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‘ There, sounds of wailing grief and painful blows
Offend the ear, and startle it from rest ;
(While the lungs gasp what air the place bestows ;)
Or misery’s joyless vice, the ribald jest,
Breaks the sick silence : staring at the guest
Who comes to view their labour, they beguile
The unwatch’d moment ; whispers half suppress
And mutterings low, their faded lips defile,—
While gleams from face to face a strange and sullen smile.

‘ These then are his Companions : he, too young
To share their base and saddening merriment,
Sits by : his little head in silence hung ;
His limbs cramp’d up ; his body weakly bent ;
Toiling obedient, till long hours so spent
Produce Exhaustion’s slumber, dull and deep.
The Watcher’s stroke—bold—sudden—violent,—
Urges him from that lethargy of sleep,
And bids him wake to Life,—to labour and to weep !

‘ But the day hath its End. Forth then he hies
With jaded, faltering step, and brow of pain ;
Creeps to that shed,—his HOME,—where happy lies
The sleeping babe that cannot toil for Gain ;
Where his remorseful Mother tempts in vain
With the best portion of their frugal fare :
Too sick to eat—too weary to complain—
He turns him idly from the untasted share,
Slumbering sinks down unfed, and mocks her useless care.

Weeping she lifts, and lays his heavy head
(With all a woman’s grieving tenderness)
On the hard surface of his narrow bed ;
Bends down to give a sad unfelt caress,
And turns away ;—willing her God to bless,
That, weary as he is, he need not fight
Against that long-enduring bitterness,
The VOLUNTARY LABOUR of the Night,
But sweetly slumber on till day’s returning light.

‘ Vain hope ! Alas ! unable to forget
The anxious task’s long, heavy agonies,
In broken sleep the victim labours yet !
Waiting the boding stroke that bids him rise,
He marks in restless fear each hour that flies—
Anticipates the unwelcome morning prime—
And murmuring feebly, with unawaken’d eyes,
“ Mother ! Oh Mother ! is it yet THE TIME ? ”—
Starts at the moon’s pale ray—or clock’s far distant chime.’—
Voice from the Factories, p. 34.

To conclude—We must ‘look to it, for evil is before us.’ A population already vast is rapidly increasing, but not so morality and the knowledge of religion. Political privileges are more widely bestowed; and in proportion as external checks are withdrawn, the internal should be multiplied; though liberty be given to all, few only are fit for self-government; and it will be utterly impossible to rule a free state, where the minds of the people are left in total darkness, to be illuminated at intervals only by the livid and unwholesome glare of infidelity and sedition. We must not be answered by forced and fictitious tables—by relative statements from agricultural districts; did we allow them to be true (which assuredly they are not), such documents would prove nothing; the education in cities should be five-fold better, not only because there is five-fold opportunity, but because there is, in truth, a five-fold necessity. The contagion spreads fast in thickly-crowded towns; one infidel of talent may corrupt or disturb the faith of hundreds, and prepare the soil for the labours of the Jacobin, should he not already have united in himself both these fashionable and congenial characters. These are arguments for politicians; there are higher ones for Christians. Thousands of children never hear of God, except in the profanation of his name; very few even pass through the semblance of education; they live and die like the beasts of the field, with nothing to amend, and nothing to console them. Were their labour reduced, an hour a day might be given to learning; and the studies of the week sanctified and completed by the Sabbath-schools. But, alas! in many instances these useful institutions have been lamentably perverted; they have cloaked avarice, sheltered oppression, and cherished ignorance. Examples are not wanting where the master, who has pushed the labour of Saturday even to midnight, and commanded the renewal of it at one o’clock on Monday morning, has, during his Judaical nicety of observance, driven the unhappy children to a Sunday-school! But were the *whole* Sabbath honestly given, it would not be enough; some portion of every day should be placed at their disposal; and if man be not, as this system would make him, a mere animal, insensate, and irresponsible, the public is bound by duty as well as interest, to demand as his right, that he have both time and opportunity for the cultivation and exercise of his immortal part.

One thing is certain—the people of the manufacturing districts, old and young; male and female, are determined that they will never be quiet until parliament grants them a ten-hours bill. How long is their cry to be trifled with? During this unhappy agitation, we can hope for nothing but suspicion, hostility, and
discontent

discontent throughout the manufacturing districts ; a total annihilation of all friendliness and confidence between employer and employed ; and something, perhaps, far worse in periods, which may soon come, of suspended labour and commercial revulsion. The masters, residing at a distance from the immediate scene of the evil, know but little either of the condition or the temper of their men—they should fathom them more deeply than through the meagre experience which is acquired by a visit to the counting-house, or a walk through the mill. Sir Robert Peel was a mill-owner, and continued incredulous till the alarm of contagion arose, and he felt it his duty to watch things with his own eyes ; he saw, though late, the abominations of the system, declared his conviction, and applied a remedy.

We may have failed to stamp upon the minds of our readers the conviction that is so deeply impressed upon our own ; we may have failed to set clearly before them the moral, political, and religious aspects of this mighty question ; we may have failed to show that a change is necessary for the security and improvement of our wealth ; but we have, at least, explained that it is a provision of mercy. By this, then, let the legislature determine their counsels ; let this be their pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night ; for surely it will never be found that the government of God is at variance with his laws ; and that the same Omniscience, which gave a commandment 'to do judgment and love mercy,' will visit his willing and obedient servants with calamity and ruin. Rather let us believe that no blessing can accompany those riches which are produced in suffering and crime, but that eventual mischief must descend on a system which afflicts so large a portion of our race, and demands every hour of that life, and almost every energy of that soul, whereof a portion should be given to the pursuit of those noble ends, for which Providence endued man with understanding, and promised him immortality. Great and small, we have a common and an only hope ; and it is by that common and only hope that we implore our legislators to have mercy on the children.*

* We are sorry that Mr. Wing's book, entitled '*Evils of the Factory System*,' did not come into our possession before we began this article. The copy sent to us, just as we are concluding it, is indeed an incomplete one ; but we have read enough to satisfy us that, had it been on our desk, it would have saved us a great deal of trouble in analyzing the Parliamentary Reports and Evidence on the subject—and supplied us, moreover, with many interesting facts gathered by the personal industry of this intelligent Surgeon in his recent examination of the manufacturing districts. As a lucid summary of the whole case, we anticipate a thankful reception for his work:

ART. VIII.—*Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Time.* By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart., author of ‘*Memoirs of My Own Time.*’ 3 vols. London. 1836.

THIS is a continuation of a work which we reviewed in 1815, and the observations we then felt it our duty to make on the general style and character of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall’s memoirs, are equally applicable to the present volumes. We shall, therefore, take the liberty of repeating them.

‘It is with great concern we feel ourselves obliged to say, that we think the worthy Baronet has most egregiously mistaken the amount both of his resources in the way of historical information, and of his ability to give interest and consistency to the facts with which he has happened to have some acquaintance. He has little to tell, and that little he tells badly. What he advances on his own evidence is generally not worth knowing; and what he gives on the authority of others he generally contrives to render suspicious, either by his manner of relating, or by not quoting his authority when he might, or by quoting authority which is notoriously incredible.

‘We perceive that Sir Nathaniel is one of those people who have a very vigorous appetite for, and a good digestion of the *marvellous*, and whose belief, in any fact, is strong in the inverse ratio of the evidence. Anything supernatural, or even highly improbable, he swallows with great alacrity; but a trite and ordinary event is altogether suspicious in his eyes, if he has not some strange, little, out-of-the-way and insufficient cause to assign for it.

‘But we must say, that of all the anecdote-tellers we have ever met, we entertain generally, and in the abstract, the greatest suspicion of Sir Nathaniel. He seems to be a patient listener but a most inaccurate recollector of what he hears; and as far as we have been able ourselves to examine his stories, we have found almost every one of them liable to charges either of gross inaccuracy or of absolute mistake.’—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xiii. pp. 193-208.

To this general description, we added some particular instances, which proved, beyond all doubt, that even in matters of which he professed to have a *personal* knowledge, Wraxall’s memory was very inaccurate—such as his assertion, that ‘*he had heard* from the Duke of Dorset an anecdote relative to an event,’ which did not occur till *after the duke’s death*; and his other assertion, that ‘*he met Mr. Pitt in 1783 at Antwerp*,’ where Mr. Pitt never had been. There were many other and more important errors and inaccuracies exposed, but we particularly notice such as these, because they relate to matters stated on Sir Nathaniel’s *own personal knowledge*, and which, being disproved, impeach his own personal authority. When we find him so utterly unfounded in things

things which he professes to have seen or heard with his own eyes or ears, what credit can we give to *hearsay* anecdotes and *second-hand* gossip?

Sir Nathaniel, moreover, affords, we believe, the solitary instance of any writer, pretending to an *historical* character, who has been convicted and imprisoned in Newgate for a *false and scandalous libel*. The approach of the trial which produced that strange result was announced in our former article. But the preliminary details of the affair—which affect so strongly the general credit of our author, deserve a short recapitulation. He had detailed in his first edition a confused and contradictory story about the Empress Catherine and the late King (then Duke) of Wirtemberg having conspired to *poison* that prince's first wife, Augusta of Brunswick—‘if, indeed,’ as he with wonderful candour adds, ‘she had not died a natural death.’ He then proceeded to state that the Duke of Wirtemberg, when about to propose for the hand of our Princess Royal, sent an agent to England to trace this rumour and to disprove it. ‘*That agent*,’ said Wraxall, ‘*I personally knew, while he was here employed on the above mission. He possessed talents, spirit, zeal, and activity—all of which he exerted in the cause.*’—(vol. i., p. 206.) Wraxall then goes on to affirm that—having traced the rumour to Count Woronzow, the then Russian ambassador—this agent forced from the Count (under circumstances not very creditable to his Excellency), a recognition of the Duke's innocence and of his own sovereign's guilt. Count Woronzow, who—though no longer Russian minister at the publication of this grave imputation—was still resident in England, wrote to Wraxall a *flat and formal* denial of every one circumstance in which his name was mentioned, and required of the historical baronet the name of ‘the agent whom he had personally known, and of whose talents, spirit, and zeal, he had retained and recorded so accurate a recollection.’ To this Wraxall replied, that—‘*he had really forgotten the agent's name.*’ Against so *treacherous* a memory, Count Woronzow thought he could have no adequate redress but from an open appeal, in the most public form, to the world at large, and he accordingly vindicated his honour by summoning Sir Nathaniel Wraxall to answer for his assertion in the Court of King's Bench. The result was that the ‘*obliviscor-reminiscor-memini-recordor*’ was convicted, in May, 1816, of a libel, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 500*l.*, of which sentence he obtained a remission (after three months' confinement), in the ensuing August.

This affair is exceedingly important as to its effect on Wraxall's character for veracity—for here was a case in which he stated that he had *personally* known a certain agent, and had a
strong

strong recollection of his individual claims to respect and confidence: as well he might, for this part of the transaction was of no earlier date than 1796 or 1797—when Sir Nathaniel was in the vigour of his faculties; yet, when questioned within a month or two from the publication of his libel, he was unable to *recollect so much as the name* of the spirited and zealous diplomatist, whom he had known so well, and on whose authority he had published the slander. *Falsus in uno falsus in omni*—would be too strict a rule to apply to historical compilations, when the author is forced to borrow from a variety of sources; but it is indisputably valid against one who pretends to speak on *his own personal authority*. The result therefore of this strange affair—which was undecided when we wrote our former article—is a corroboration of the suspicions which we then, on a variety of other grounds, expressed of the general credibility of Wraxall.

It is not to be wondered at that his public conviction for malice and falsehood, should have very much soured Wraxall's temper—previously, as our readers will recollect, bad enough; but it would have been a striking exception in the annals of human error, if it had had the effect of correcting him of his mendacious propensities. On the contrary, both in the introduction and at the conclusion of the present work, he vehemently and solemnly insists on his *veracity* and *impartiality*, and boldly asserts that he was persecuted and punished for nothing but his strict adherence to *truth*. To *truth!* although he had, in the second edition of his first publication, retracted and expunged the foregoing, and several other notorious falsehoods. Such a pretence to martyrdom for the sake of truth, after he had confessed himself guilty of the falsehood, required even stronger nerves than those of Wraxall, and accordingly, he carefully abstained from advancing it during his life, and prudently took measures that it should not appear till after his death—when—however his *posthumous* fame might be affected by it—he personally would be exempted from the pain and odium which he rightly judged must have ensued from so extravagant and so impudent an assertion—and, moreover, a probable repetition of the punishment it deserved.

Every one remembers Dr. Johnson's vigorous denunciation of the mean and cowardly malice of Bolingbroke's *posthumous* publications, and we are obliged to say, that they bear too strong an applicability to this case of Wraxall, who has, in the same spirit, left behind him a tissue of imputations and calumnies, which he dared not—as indeed he admits—have published during his life.

In the introduction to this publication, he boasts that the *fearless truth* of the former volumes had procured for their author a host
of

of powerful and inveterate enemies; and he insinuates that Count Woronzow's prosecution was the result of a combination of animosities against him. What feelings his impudent calumnies on so many public men may have excited in the breasts of their surviving friends, we cannot pretend to know exactly; but we confidently believe, that their natural indignation was tempered by so strong a mixture of contempt, as to prevent their ever having honoured him with any of those marks of resentment, of which he boasts of having been the object—and if there be no more truth in what he says of *other* persons than there is in his account of *our* share in his persecution, we can most confidentially assert that the whole is a tissue of falsehood. He says—

‘The just and impartial likeness of Charles Jenkinson displeased the first lord of the treasury, his son, in the highest degree. . . Men in official situations, or enjoying salaries from the crown, *were disgracefully selected* to compose the article of the “Quarterly Review,” which held up the “Memoirs,” not to fair and liberal criticism, but to general reprobation, *as an imbecile and immoral work.*’—Intro. p. x.

Now to the inference of *ministerial influence* which Wraxall thus suggests, and to the whole passage, in its letter and its spirit, we give the most unqualified contradiction. The writer of that article undertook it—without communication with any person whatsoever—*sine irâ aut studio quorum causas procul habuit*—and actuated by no other motive than that of affording an antidote to the poison with which Wraxall had attempted to infect the sources of history. And it happens, singularly enough, that the portion of his work which prompted, as he insinuates, *ministerial* vengeance against him, is precisely that only part in which we happened to be rather disposed to adopt his opinions,—namely, his character of Mr. Jenkinson—the first Lord Liverpool. We extracted that character at considerable length, and added that ‘it was, in the main, tolerably correct, but that there were some errors which proved that Wraxall had no personal acquaintance with the subject of his portrait, as for instance, when he stated “that Lord Liverpool had a narrow education,” whereas, in fact, he had received not only a good but a long education, and was all his life what is called a bookish man;’ and, on another point,—the supposed *secret influence* of which Lord Liverpool was said to be the channel,—we invoked, and quoted with approbation, Wraxall's own justification of his lordship. So little were *we*, at least, displeased with his account of Charles Jenkinson, and so utterly futile and false is the motive to which Wraxall's vanity was pleased to attribute, in his posthumous preface, the too lenient and indulgent correction which we administered, with no unfriendly

friendly hand, to one whose errors we attributed,—we now doubt how justly,—rather to a voracious and undistinguishing appetite for gossip, than to any malevolent design of libelling persons or misrepresenting facts. We closed our observations with the following summary, which we the more readily quote, because it expresses, in the main, the judgment which we should now give of that publication, when the grave has closed over the painter as well as his subjects, and when personal feelings (if any such had ever existed) must be extinguished :—

‘ Sir Nathaniel may be, and we believe is, in private society, a good-natured gentleman, and a man quite above practising any premeditated deception ; but his *work* is as far from deserving a character of good-nature as of veracity. It is not a sufficient justification of his moral character, that he does not mean to deceive, and that where he leads his reader astray he has himself been previously misled. We think that a writer is under no inconsiderable responsibility in his moral character, to set down as fact, no more than he *knows* : for the injury to private feeling and public confidence is quite as great from his presumptuous ignorance as it would be from absolute falsehood or malice. The fables of Sir Nathaniel are now capable of detection, but the detection will not accompany them down to posterity ; and we even doubt whether the conviction of Sir Nathaniel for a libel, if it should occur, will reach many readers who, fifty years hence, may chance to pick up Wraxall’s “History of My Own Time.”’—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xiii., p. 215.

Our readers will judge whether there is anything in such sentiments which warranted the application of such an epithet as *disgraceful*, or the suggestion of such an imputation as his expressions import, or in short, whether we passed the bounds of fair and liberal criticism. We have but one word to retract—the present volumes abundantly prove that Sir Nathaniel was in no sense a good-natured man, and that his mistakes are more frequently attributable to malice than to mere ignorant credulity, as we had too charitably supposed.

We have given so much notice to an attack upon ourselves,—for which, both in its manner and its matter, we feel the most ineffable contempt,—because it serves as an additional proof of the loose and impudent inaccuracy with which Wraxall scatters about his imputations, and because, as our article was designed only to vindicate historical truth, we feel it to be our duty to re-assert, with perfect confidence, the justice as well as the moderation of our correction of his manifold and complicated errors and mistakes.

One of those corrections, to which we have already alluded, and the mode in which Wraxall deals with it, are worth notice as a pregnant

pregnant example of his style of careless assertion and of his mode—when detected in a palpable untruth,—of clinging to the mis-statement which he cannot by any possibility justify. He had told a false and impertinent story about an observation of King George III. when, at Mr. Pitt's solicitation, he conferred the *Garter* on Lord Camden. This anecdote Wraxall stated that 'he had heard from the *Duke of Dorset, who was present at Lord Camden's investiture.*' 'No,' we answered, 'you did not, and *could* not, for unluckily it was after the *Duke of Dorset's death* that Lord Camden received the *Garter.*' In his second edition he admits,—as indeed Ferdinand Mendez Pinto must have done,—the force of our negation; but how will our readers believe he has done it?—he has retained and repeated the lie, but, *omitting* the quotation of the *Duke of Dorset*, he substitutes these words, '*I have been assured from high contemporary authority,*'—a variance which, considering the original statement of a *specific name*, and the ulterior abandonment of that name without vouching any other, while he nevertheless retained the malice of the anecdote, is such an evidence of the *credibility and candour* of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall as might relieve us from any trouble in exposing his bad faith. But—knowing no other publication which gives what we may call the *memoir history* of the period over which Sir Nathaniel spreads his blunders and his malevolence; and being well aware that such stories, if not contemporaneously contradicted, grow, in process of time, so rank and bold as to usurp some degree of authority, we think it necessary to interfere, to prevent—*si quid nostra carmina possint*—the gossip and the slanders of a credulous man grown malicious on detection and punishment, from polluting future history;—we enter upon the disagreeable but necessary task of showing that, in addition to the same silly credulity and blundering inaccuracy which rendered his former volumes contemptible, the present have a leaven of malice and malignity which renders them odious.

Before we proceed to the details by which eventually every such work must be tried and judged, it is proper to say a few words on its general character. The first impression that these volumes make on any one who has recently looked into the two former, is, how little of novelty or interest the present publication presents. It is, in fact, to a great degree a new and worse version of the earlier book. The *dates*, indeed, are different,—the first extending from Wraxall's first entry into public life to 1784,—the latter from 1784 to 1789; and of course the substantial facts which form the basis or theme of Wraxall's commentaries are also different; but the actors and the anecdotes are, in a great proportion, the same. The King,—the Prince,—Lord North, Lord Sackville,—Fox,

Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Dundas, Jenkinson, &c.,—were the main topics of interest in the first publication; and the estimate of their respective characters, the description of their persons and manners, and even the lesser anecdotes of their parliamentary and private life, from one who, however credulous and inaccurate, was yet assiduous and inquisitive, and who, from having a seat in parliament, possessed some opportunities of observation and information,—were not without a certain kind of interest and afforded some amusement—just as an *original* picture of an eminent person, even from the hand of an inferior artist, is curious and valuable, because it is *original*. But Wraxall had shown all his *original* portraits in his first exhibition; and his second publication is, in this respect, a mere gallery of *copies*—and of copies varied for the worse, not merely by the natural failure of the hand and memory of the painter, but also by a spirit of disappointment and malevolence, which has distorted and discoloured the original sketches, diminishing their truth, and exaggerating their errors. We may almost say, that whatever of this latter publication has not been compiled from the Annual Register and Parliamentary Debates, is mainly borrowed—with the deterioration we have mentioned—from the writer's own former work.

The next general observation we have to make is to signalise a species of fraud which pervades the present volumes, and which at first sight would lead the reader into an error favourable to their authenticity. They are divided into sections, at the head of each of which Wraxall prefixed a contemporaneous date, as '*April, 1784,*' with which his story begins,—'*17th May,*'—'*18th May,*'—'*19th May,*' and so on, to the very end of the book. This is meant to give one the notion of those portions having been written from day to day, and under the honest impressions which the passing events would naturally excite. It is obvious that a *diary* thus really written would be of great authority, because, though the facts might sometimes be too hastily admitted, the general current of public opinion would be fairly represented, and because, above all, it might be expected that *subsequent* passions or prejudices would not be permitted to distort the original and contemporaneous views of the writer. Now all this parade of *diurnalism*, if we may use such a word, is, in Wraxall's case, nothing but a deliberate fraud *in limine*—for it is obvious, from many allusions and indeed from a few occasional slips of avowal, that the greater number of the observations which he chose to date in the various months, weeks, and days of 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, were really written between 1820 and 1826. What credit, we ask, can be due to a writer who is so disengenuous as to give the precise form of a *contemporary diary* to a tardy and superannuated compilation

compilation made from newspapers and magazines, or at best from memory,—(and such a memory !)—at the distance of *forty years* ? In fact there is nothing honest and straightforward about the whole work—its very form we see is deceptive,—and we shall now proceed to show that its substance is still more so.

Wraxall, as we have seen, makes, in his present Introduction, high and solemn professions of *truth* and *impartiality*. If he really deceived himself into a belief that he had any colour of claim to these qualities, it must have been from the error, not unnatural to mean and vulgar minds, of supposing that *impartial* truth consists in speaking ill of everybody. If we were to judge—and it is generally no bad criterion—of the man's own principles by those which he supposes to influence other men, we should be obliged to pronounce Wraxall the most corrupt of mankind—for we do not believe that there is in his whole work one person noticed, hardly a speech uttered, or a fact recorded, to whom and to which he does not contrive to assign some low, selfish, and disreputable motive. As Brissot said of Robespierre—*Il est profond en perversité ; il parlera donc toujours de la profonde perversité des autres !* This is, in truth, the key note to which his whole strain is tuned ; it is all that his volumes possess of novelty, and almost all that they afford of amusement. Deprive them of uncharitable suspicion, envious insinuation, and malignant imputation, and we will venture to assert that a more commonplace and wearisome compilation never was published. All memoir writing is, we must admit, from its very nature, too liable to deal in scandal ; and, unfortunately, the *real* history of human affairs will always afford but too much occasion for the indulgence of such a propensity. Our special quarrel with Wraxall is, that his gossip is malevolent, undistinguishing, and ignorant—wonderfully ignorant for a man of even his station in society. He very seldom strikes the right string, and even in many cases where the truth itself would be sufficiently poignant, his marvellous want of information, and the coarseness of his mind, lead him to blunder into the most erroneous and most absurd conjectures.

We feel that it is our bounden duty to support these general censures by such instances and examples as shall not only justify our own opinions, but may, as far as our limits will allow us, vindicate private character and historical truth—and we really have no other difficulty in doing so than *l'embarras du choix*. We must select, not always the most important or the most flagrant examples, but such as may be condensed into a manageable form, and brought to a distinct issue. Many of his misrepresentations are so extensive and complicated, that it would require a bulk of volume larger than the work itself to make a full exposure and refutation. We

must content ourselves with showing, by a few tangible samples and characteristic specimens, the general style, scope, and value of the work at large. This is all that a review can do, and, for such an object as the present, it is perhaps enough. We believe that the accounts given by us and our contemporaries—however short they necessarily fell of exposing *all* the misrepresentations of Wraxall's preceding work—have, nevertheless, had the effect of completely depriving it of all credit or authority; indeed, we almost doubt whether it might not have been a sufficient notice of the present publication *to call it up for judgment* under the former conviction; and we should certainly have done so if the deliberate malignity and intentional falsehood, which so especially and *disgracefully*—to use his own phrase—distinguish it, did not seem to require a fresh indictment and a severer punishment.

One of the most striking features of Wraxall's mind is the splenetic and envious spirit in which he views every other man's success or good fortune, of whatever nature it might happen to be, and the morbid zeal with which he collects every little circumstance or insinuation which may seem to show that it was *unmerited*. If a commoner be raised to, or a nobleman advanced in, the peerage, it is always from some corrupt motive, and in, reward of some discreditable services. If an untitled gentleman rises by his talents to political or social distinction, Wraxall delights to expatiate on the lowness of his origin, and the strange *accidents* which led to his *unaccountable* advancement. When a bishop is made, Wraxall reminds us that he was once a poor curate, and calculates, with minute *inaccuracy*, the stipend on which he *starved*. If a gentleman makes a fortunate marriage, Wraxall discovers many scandalous circumstances which led to such a 'prodigious elevation.' If another is supposed to have been happy in a match of equal rank and mutual affection, Wraxall rakes up the ashes of the wife to dishonour her, her husband, and her children. And so on—through all the ramifications of indefatigable malice.

Our first example of this audacious and mendacious system shall be one occurring in the very first pages of his work, (and afterwards frequently repeated,) which will astonish our readers. Wraxall accuses WILLIAM PITT of *pecuniary corruption*. The whole work exhibits the most extraordinary *see-saw* that can be imagined—while it seems cordially to admit the merits which no one can deny, it assiduously suggests in the next paragraph delinquencies which no one could have imagined. If we condescend to give some serious attention to a charge in itself so contemptible, it is not assuredly for the purpose of vindicating the character of Mr. Pitt, or of the other equally honourable, though
not

not equally illustrious persons, whose names are incidentally connected with this ridiculous charge, but only because it is the earliest, the most prominent, and, on the whole, one of the best examples which we can give of Wraxall's credibility. He says—

‘ In 1790, Pitt raised Lord Abercorn to the rank of a British marquis. Those persons who justified or explained so many marks of ministerial favour on ordinary principles of human action, observed, that no honours or concessions in the power of the crown to bestow were above the pretensions of a man, who not only descended from the royal line of Scottish kings, but was himself the head and representative of the dukes of Hamilton in male succession. It is unquestionable that the Abercorn branch of the Hamiltons sprang, by the men, from James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, regent of Scotland during the minority of the unfortunate Mary Stuart; while the ducal title has become vested in the family of Douglas, who descend by females from the same common stock. When, however, as a further augmentation to so many dignities and distinctions conferred on this nobleman, *the Garter was finally added by Pitt* some years later, there were not wanting individuals who sought for the solution of such *extraordinary* acts of predilection or friendship by *recourse to more concealed causes*.

‘ They observed that Lord Abercorn's landed property was immense; while the first minister *laboured under pecuniary embarrassments*, resulting not only from his slender patrimonial fortune, but increased by a want of private economy. Rendering ample justice to the native dignity and disinterestedness of Pitt's character, exemplified by so many shining proofs of those virtues as he had exhibited during his administration, they nevertheless asked, whether it was wholly incredible that a first lord of the treasury, whose wants were notoriously so pressing that he could neither pay the tax-gatherer nor the butcher when they came to his door, and whose ordinary resource for getting rid of his coachmaker's importunities was by ordering a new carriage, should permit a friend to furnish him with the means of *meeting his difficulties by forcing on him a loan of some thousand pounds*. I am well aware of the indignation which the zealous adherents of Pitt will express at the bare supposition; *but a belief in the marquis's having assisted him with pecuniary aid was by no means confined to the enemies of the first minister*. Nor was Lord Abercorn the sole individual of my own time whose elevation has given rise to similar suspicions or opinions. Among the members of the House of Commons whom I found there on my first entering it in 1780, was Mr. Robert Smith, one of the two representatives for Nottingham. Being at the head of a banking-house situate on the other side of Temple Bar, he then resided in Lombard Street. His character was without reproach, and his fortune ample; but he possessed no parliamentary talents. As he was again returned for the same town in 1784, and had early attached himself to Pitt, he was considered decidedly ministerial on all questions. Towards the year 1790, Mr. Smith removed his residence to the vicinity of St. James's, where he occupied a splendid house, looking into the Green Park. He still

represented his native place, Nottingham; and adhering invariably to the minister, was raised, in 1796, to the Irish peerage, by the title of Lord Carrington. Scarcely fifteen months afterwards, Pitt placed him on the barons' bench in the British House of Peers, by the same title; *not, however, as was well known, without experiencing a long resistance on the part of the king.* Throughout his whole reign, George III. adopted as a fixed principle, that no individual engaged in trade, however ample might be his nominal fortune, should be created a British peer. Nor do I believe that in the course of fifty years he infringed or violated this rule, except in the single instance before us.'—vol. i. pp. 64-67.

Wraxall then diverges into some disparaging observations on *other* peerages, which we have not room to notice; but he soon returns to Mr. Smith:—

'I believe that he claimed a collateral alliance with the family of the same name, one of whom was ennobled by Charles I., under the title of Carrington; an English barony which expired under Queen Anne, early in the last century. Whether the fact be so or not, I have been told that Pitt intended to raise his friend a step higher in the *Red Book*; and that when his administration suddenly terminated in 1801, Lord Carrington was on the point of being created Viscount Wendover. Several years earlier, on Pitt's becoming lord warden of the Cinque Ports, he had conferred on Lord Carrington the government of Deal Castle, situate in the immediate vicinity of his own residence at Walmer. Such reiterated marks of more than common ministerial friendship, bestowed on a private member of parliament, however respectable he might be, were by many imputed to a sentiment of *gratitude in return for pecuniary assistance* received from Mr. Smith, who, as a banker, might find many occasions of obliging the First Lord of the Treasury. I can neither assert nor deny the fact: *but if we reflect how distressed Pitt was throughout his whole life, and how large a sum he owed at his decease, we shall not perhaps consider it as improbable, THAT EVEN HIS ELEVATED MIND MIGHT SO FAR BEND TO CIRCUMSTANCES, as to permit his friends, from their abundant resources, to contribute to his temporary accommodation or extrication.*'—Ibid., pp. 68, 69.

Now, let us make a few observations on these two cases, and first on the Marquisate of Abercorn. Is it not surprising that Wraxall's malevolence should have blinded him so much that he does not see that he has himself assigned ample reasons for this elevation, without looking for any secret, and above all, for any corrupt traffic between the two last men in this world who could have imagined such an enormity? He had told us that Lord Abercorn's *landed property was immense*, and that he was the *head and male representative of the ducal house of Hamilton*—though the ducal title had gone by marriage to the Douglasses—and, moreover, that he was an early private and zealous political friend of Mr. Pitt. It is probable, however, that Wraxall was not fully informed of the strong personal attachment which existed

between them;—an attachment which commenced at Pembroke college, Cambridge, and which, notwithstanding the difference of their characters and subsequent pursuits, continued undiminished through life. Neither is it likely that he was aware of the very high estimate formed by Mr. Pitt of Lord Abercorn's talents and acquirements; although it is certain that such an opinion on the part of Mr. Pitt was sincerely felt and frequently and warmly expressed.—Of all the peerages conferred in the last century, it would, we believe, be hard to name another, the grounds for which are so clear and satisfactory in every view—above all, as to the impossibility of any pecuniary motive for the advancement of the *Earl of Abercorn* to the *Marquisate*.

We may observe here, that according to our author, it was only 'after *Pitt* had finally added the *Garter* to the many dignities and distinctions conferred on this nobleman,' that persons sought for an explanation in the base motives to which he has referred. Now, if such be the grounds of this odious and ridiculous insinuation, it will be sufficient to say, that Mr. Pitt *never added the Garter to Lord Abercorn's honours*; he received it during the administration of Mr. Addington.

In like manner, while Wraxall affects to be acquainted with the most secret details of Lord Abercorn's life, he in fact knows less about him than he might have gathered from the almanac:—

'Like the Duke of Montrose, he has occupied a distinguished place in the court of George III., as well as under Pitt's administration.'—vol. i. p. 61.

Now, it happens that Lord Abercorn never occupied, 'like the Duke of Montrose,' any '*place*' either in the court of George III. or under Mr. Pitt's administration.' *Distinguished* he was, in any company, by great personal and intellectual advantages; but by the allusion to the Duke of Montrose, whose *offices* had just been enumerated, and by the special mention of *place* under the administration, it is clear that Wraxall meant to represent Lord Abercorn as having held *office*, which he never did! They who were personally acquainted with the late Marquis of Abercorn, will best imagine what would have been his sensations on reading this portion of the work before us. For ourselves, we believe that his keen sense of the ludicrous would have stifled his indignation. At all events, we feel pretty certain he would never have done that, which we may appear, in some sort, to have done for him. He would never have condescended to utter a syllable in contradiction of such a scandal.

In the second case, that of the creation of Lord Carrington, Wraxall's imputation of personal corruption against Mr. Pitt is still

still more direct; and he repeats it, on several occasions, throughout his volumes, with increased hardihood and more bitter malignity. He no doubt thought that it was not likely that Lord Carrington should survive to repel by his own testimony this slander on his illustrious friend. Fortunately Lord Carrington still lives,—retaining in a venerable old age all the clearness of intellect, the amiability of character, and the nice sense of honour which recommended him above half a century ago to the friendship of Mr. Pitt; and we are happy to be able to lay before our readers a letter written, without any expectation that it would ever become public, by Lord Carrington, to the friend and contemporary of himself and Mr. Pitt, the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, immediately after the appearance of Wraxall's publication.

‘ Wycombe Abbey, August 7, 1836.

‘ My dear Sir,—A thousand thanks to you for your kind recollection of me. It brings to my mind the pleasure I enjoyed in your society in former days. I never recollect your name without the kindest feelings.

‘ I should have broke in upon your retirement at Dropmore, to pay my respects to Lady Grenville, and to see you; but I have been confined to my couch for the last three weeks by an accident to my leg, which, being neglected, became very troublesome. As soon as I am able to put it to the ground, I shall direct my steps to Dropmore.

‘ Have you seen the recent publication called “*Sir N. Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs*.” It commences more than fifty years ago, and contains many of the same sort of calumnies with which his former work was chargeable. In the earliest pages, he has thought fit to state that I owed my peerage to money transactions with Mr. Pitt. You, who knew our illustrious friend so well, will picture to yourself the indignation with which such an offer on my part, however disguised and covered, would have been received by him, and I am sure also that you would think me incapable of proposing it. Sir N. Wraxall also, in another part, alludes to Mr. Pitt's “*gratitude*” to me, and states, that at his death, a patent was in progress to raise me in the peerage. Such a thing was never offered by him or desired by me. The suppression of these charges for forty years, will certainly, as Sir N. Wraxall intended, have the effect of screening him from personal responsibility, but I think, no other. Lord Abercorn is also named, and, I am confident, with equal falsehood—as being concerned in this shameful traffic.

‘ I can assert, with perfect confidence and truth, that, during the twenty-five years in which I enjoyed Mr. Pitt's friendship, not only no money transactions ever passed between us, but that not a single word of allusion to such a subject was ever spoken by either of us. You may remember towards the close of his life, the various offers of assistance which Mr. Pitt received, and rejected; and with what privacy a subscription was entered into by his particular friends (unknown to himself at the time, and I believe ever after), to discharge some pressing demands.

‘ I owe

'I owe gratitude to Providence for having extended my life to eighty-four years in health and spirits; but still more for having enabled me to contradict in person a calumny so unmerited.

'I am, my dear Sir, &c.

(Signed)

'CARRINGTON.

'The Right Hon. T. Grenville.'

To this interesting letter we shall not presume to add a syllable on the subject which it so amiably and so conclusively settles; but we must notice one or two minor points which prove the *mala fides* with which Wraxall concocted the whole story. The alleged reluctance of George III. to confer this peerage (which Wraxall states still more strongly in another place) we happen to know, from the *authority of Mr. Pitt himself*, to have been the very reverse of the fact. Mr. Pitt had sometimes difficulties of this nature in the closet, but he himself declared that he had had none in the case of Lord Carrington. In fact Mr. Pitt proposed, and the king consented to this peerage on principle:—as the wisest kings and ministers of former days had done, they thought that, even for the sake of the House of Lords itself, it ought to be occasionally opened to commercial eminence; and Mr. Smith's early friendship with Mr. Pitt, his station in the city, and his personal* qualities, rendered him as unexceptionable an object of the royal favour, as the Osbornes—the Cranfields—the Duncombes and the Dundases who had preceded him to the House of Lords, and who revived of London the scriptural eulogy of Tyre—that *her merchants were princes and her traffickers the honourable of the earth*. Wraxall also chooses to introduce Lord Carrington's creation—which took place so late as 1797—in the very first pages of his work, and under the date of 1784, with, as we cannot doubt, the design of slurring over a fact very important to a due appreciation of the motives of this promotion; namely, that Mr. Smith had sitten in *five successive parliaments*, and had enjoyed the personal friendship of Mr. Pitt for nearly *twenty years*, before his elevation to the peerage.

In a similar spirit he says, in an early passage of his work, that Sir James Lowther's peerage was 'his *recompense—claimed and exacted as a proportional remuneration* for having enabled Mr. Pitt to enter the political arena' (p. 24.), by his election for Appleby.

We should have thought that Wraxall must have known that a

* Some of our younger readers may be glad to know that Lord Carrington is the same *Mr. Smith* whose early (and by him never revealed) munificence in charity has been made known to the world by the late publication of some of Cowper's correspondence in Mr. Southey's admirable *Life* of that poet.—'How I honour that man!' exclaimed the benevolent Cowper—his king and his country honoured him also.

mere seat in the House of Commons was not a boon of such extravagant value. That which such a man as Wraxall could obtain could be no extraordinary favour to the son of the great Lord Chatham: who had been, moreover, as Wraxall himself told us, known 'as a *young gentleman of vast abilities*,' and one 'whose *hereditary* claims to national regard, as the living representative of the great Minister, *disposed all men to consider him with predilection*.'—vol. ii. p. 72. Such a man conferred rather than received a favour in accepting the nomination to a seat. But Wraxall had forgotten that he had told us in *his former volumes* (and indeed he has *per lapsum* repeated it in these, vol. ii. p. 349), that Mr. Pitt had no obligation whatsoever to Sir James Lowther for his seat, which was obtained for him by the Duke of Rutland—as a favour to *his Grace*—through the mediation of a person who was the joint agent of the Duke and Sir James. If, therefore, Sir James could have *exacted* from Mr. Pitt an earldom as a *proportionable remuneration* for his former services to him, Wraxall's *other* statement, which he says he had from the agent employed, must be false—and false indeed we know it was in some particulars, but not so substantially and extravagantly false as the later version of the same story. But had Wraxall forgotten, or did he not know, or did he wilfully conceal—for his ordinary object of representing every peerage as the result of a corrupt bargain and sale—that Sir James Lowther was the representative of a great family, one of the very first in point of wealth within these kingdoms, seated at Lowther from before the Conquest, and distinguished in many of the most illustrious passages of our early history?—Did he know that Sir James was the *heir at law* of Henry, *third Viscount Lonsdale* (a creation of the former century), and succeeded as such to his estates and *his baronetcy*, and had been for upwards of *thirty years* member for the counties either of Cumberland or Westmoreland? Any one but Wraxall would have seen in these circumstances more influential reasons for restoring the Lonsdale peerage than Mr. Pitt's having been elected for Appleby!

But this is not all; Wraxall further asserts that the mere earldom was so far from being considered by Sir James Lowther as a *proportionable* recompense, that he endeavoured by very extraordinary means to reject the dubious honour.

'So indignant was he at finding himself last on the lists of newly-created earls,—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already barons of many centuries old,—that he actually attempted to reject the peerage, preferring to remain a commoner rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the house of commons, where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor, and placed himself on one of the

opposition

opposition benches, as member for the county of Cumberland, if Colman and Clementson, the serjeant and deputy serjeant at arms, had not withheld him by main force. Apprised of his determination, and aware of his having already kissed the king's hand at the levee on his being raised to the earldom, though the patent had not yet passed through the necessary forms for its completion, they grasped the hilts of their swords, restrained him from accomplishing his purpose, and at length succeeded in obliging him to seat himself under the gallery, in the part of the house allotted to peers when present at the deliberations of the commons. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the crown.'—vol. i. p. 25.

Here is a very remarkable incident—very circumstantial—very characteristic—of the most striking publicity—which Wraxall himself might have seen, and which his expressions would lead one to suppose he actually did see! The sketch, too, seems to be made from the life—*Colman* and *Clementson*—grasping their swords, and by main force obliging the indignant *baronet* to take his seat under the gallery! Of a fact thus notorious, and thus vouched, there surely can be no reasonable doubt. Now mark! this whole story is from beginning to end, in substance and in detail, absolutely *false*. Neither it, nor any thing like it, nor any thing that could afford a colour for it, ever did happen, or ever *could* have happened—because Sir James unluckily was NOT '*member for the county of Cumberland*,' nor for any other place! He was not then in parliament at all. The last parliament in which he had been member for Cumberland had been dissolved in March 1784. At the ensuing election in April, Sir James Lowther did not offer himself as a candidate; and Mr. William Lowther, (the present Lord Lonsdale, the cousin and heir of Sir James), elected by Sir James's own interest and in his room, had taken his seat and actually voted in Mr. Pitt's majority before the creation of Sir James to be Earl of Lonsdale; so that Sir James, though he might, if he pleased, have declined taking his place in the *House of Lords*, could not by any possibility have attempted to take a seat in the House of Commons—where he had none! Wraxall, when he was forging his lie, forgot the intermediate election for Cumberland, and imagined that Sir James had been called *at once* from the House of Commons to the House of Lords.

We presume that after these samples, which we take as the three first in the volumes, our readers will require no further examination of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's eternal calumnies on the subject of peerages.

We shall postpone to a subsequent part of our article his observations on Mr. Pitt's personal manners and habits: of them

we shall gratify our readers with a higher refutation than any that we ourselves could hope to offer.

While he thus slanders Mr. Pitt as a Minister, he shows his *impartiality* by repeating, with circumstances of aggravation, a still more atrocious charge against Mr. Fox :—

‘ We may, however, almost defy antiquity to produce more signal instances of national ingratitude or neglect than were exhibited in the persons of Hastings and Rodney. Rodney was superseded, nearly at the same time, in the moment of victory, by a *secretary of state*, who did not hesitate to send out as his successor an admiral unknown by distinguished service; and to *whom the secretary was indebted for money lost at the gaming-table*, as common fame reported, *without receiving any contradiction*. A peerage of the lowest gradation was rather extorted from, than conferred on him by, the Rockingham administration.’—vol. ii. p. 149.

Upon this insinuation we shall observe, in the first place, that though Wraxall here talks vaguely of ‘ *a secretary of state* ’ and ‘ *an admiral*, ’ he had in his former memoirs told the same story twice over, without ambiguity or circumlocution, of *Mr. Fox* and *Admiral Pigot*. But this new version is distinguished by a peculiar stroke of malignity; when he first told the story, he had mitigated the slander, by stating that it was ‘ *a report which might have originated in error or malevolence*, ’—(See the old book, vol. ii. p. 214);—but *now* he omits the saving clause about *error or malevolence*, and endeavours to clench the charge by adding, that ‘ *it never had received any contradiction*. ’ We certainly did not think it worth while, in our former article, to contradict this contemptible insinuation, particularly as Wraxall himself had suggested that it was a rumour raised by *error or malevolence*, and we almost doubt whether this repetition of it deserves notice; but that it may not continue to pass as uncontradicted, we will condescend to say a few words on the subject,—not that we do Mr. Fox’s memory the injury of thinking a defence necessary against such a charge, but to expose Wraxall’s ignorance and inconsistency. Imprimis, ‘ *a secretary of state* ’ had *officially* no more to do with the recall of the admiral than Wraxall himself. Lord Keppel was at the time first lord of the admiralty, and as little likely as any man to have submitted to an irregular interference with his department for so disgraceful a purpose, of which *he*, and not Fox, must have borne the responsibility. We are well aware that the ministers were actuated by an unfriendly, and, perhaps, ungenerous spirit towards Rodney; but it certainly was not exhibited in the way stated by Wraxall. Rodney had, indeed, been recalled—but it was before the victory, or at least before it was known in England, and every endeavour was

made to annul the recall.* We can add also, that there was every appearance of alacrity in the honours conferred upon him. Charnock, indeed, and the Peerages, date his *patent* the 19th June, 1783, a *month* after the arrival of the news of the battle. This *apparent* delay was, we suppose, the grounds on which Wraxall imputes a corrupt reluctance to the ministers to do honour to Rodney; but in fact there was no delay or reluctance at all; the dispatch reached London on Saturday the 18th May; on Wednesday the 22nd, Mr. Fox, in a speech of great cordiality, moved a vote of thanks to Admiral Rodney,—and in the *Gazette* of the 28th May, we find the announcement of Lord Rodney's peerage—though from some technical impediment the *patent* happened not to be sealed for three weeks after.

When Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox are thus maligned, we cannot be surprised that other public men are equally ill treated; but it is singular, and must have arisen from the depravity of Wraxall's own mind, that corruption—*pecuniary corruption*—is always in his thought—in the back ground—we might almost say the fore ground, of all his pictures. As Kneller confounded and disfigured all the statesmen of Queen Anne's reign, in the same eternal identity of *wig*, so Wraxall gives to all *his* portraits one uniform attitude of soliciting and pocketing the wages of corruption. We must select a few instances.

After loading poor Sheridan with every kind of moral depravity, and raking up (without any apparent motive or excuse) the frailties of his first wife, he seems to wish to make him some amends by praising his steadiness in political friendship; but this momentary tenderness to Sheridan soon turns out to be a mere shift, to enable Wraxall—with his habitual *see-saw* of slander and flattery—to calumniate him and others with the more effect.

'It cannot admit of a doubt, that if Sheridan had brought his abilities into the market, and, like Dundas, had exclaimed, "Wha wants me?" or if, like Eden, he had quitted his party, made his bargain, and gone over to Pitt—endowed as he was with such various talents, he must have gladly been received into the ministerial ranks. Or if, after the French revolution, he had imitated Burke, Sir Gilbert Elliott, Welbore Ellis, Powis, Windham, and so many others, on whom pensions, employments, and peerages were bestowed—he might have named his *price*.'—vol. i. pp. 44-45.

Now, we must solicit our readers to observe that, of this his own *standard of purity*, who would on no account barter his talents for office, Wraxall immediately adds, that 'Sheridan's morality in pecuniary matters was so defective, and his *expedients so unjust*—

* See Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, vol. v. p. 225.

tifiable, as almost to incapacitate him from ever ascending to the eminences of the state.'—vol. i. p. 46.

And again; Fox, he says, was as needy as Sheridan, 'but *even* Fox never had recourse to *dishonourable* means for raising pecuniary supplies.'

What! not if he had paid a gambling debt by appointing a Pigot to supersede a Rodney? But, again:—

'Some years later, Sheridan joined in a partnership with two ladies of the highest distinction, but whom I will not name, for the purpose of making purchases and sales, vulgarly called dabbling in the public funds. The speculation proved most unfortunate, as they *waddled*, and became *lame ducks*. Nor was the bankruptcy of the firm the only evil that followed this experiment; but the subject is too delicate to allow the disclosure of farther particulars.'

—vol. i. p. 50.

Such is Wraxall's malignant and overcharged character of the man whom he had just before selected as a model of disinterestedness, and as an honourable *contrast* to the baseness of such men as Burke and Windham, and the other eminent persons mentioned in the former extract. He seems to have had a peculiar animosity against Mr. Dundas, and tells twenty disparaging anecdotes of him, which we know to be utterly false, but which are not worth troubling ourselves with; but his coarse and impertinent allusions to Mr. Dundas, as a mere political adventurer, must be noticed, because it is frequently insisted on throughout these volumes, and it strongly proves, besides Wraxall's malice, his total ignorance of the people he was libelling. He entirely misunderstood Mr. Dundas's station and personal prospects. Mr. Pitt found him at the head of the law in his own country—Lord Advocate of Scotland—and belonging to a family illustrated beyond, we believe, any other by hereditary talents, and what we may call, hereditary honours*; to be matched only, and not surpassed, in the most illustrious great judicial houses of France. Mr. Dundas's immediate family exhibited between 1720 and 1800, no less than four Solicitors General, three Lord Advocates, two Lord Presidents of the Court of Session, and a Chief Baron of the

* The series is so remarkable, and is so strong a refutation of Wraxall's misrepresentations, that we subjoin the details:—Sir James Dundas, Judge of the Court of Session, 1662. Robert Dundas, son of Sir James, Judge of the Court of Session from 1689 to 1727. Robert Dundas, son of the last, successively Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate; M.P. for the county of Edinburgh; Judge of the Court of Session, 1737; Lord President, 1748; died in 1753 (father of Henry Viscount Melville). Robert Dundas, son of the last, successively Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate, and member for the county; Lord President from 1760 to 1787. Robert Dundas, son of the last, successively Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate; Lord Chief Baron from 1801 to 1819. All these Judges (except the Chief Baron) had been known in Scotland by the title of Lord Arniston. They were, we need hardly add, all men of talents; but the two Lord Presidents Arnistons were of superior eminence in legal and constitutional learning.

Exchequer; and if he himself, already on the threshold of similar judicial honours, had not quitted, at Mr. Pitt's earnest desire, professional for political life, it is not to be doubted that he would have added another remarkable instance of judicial eminence; and it is such a man and of such a house that Wraxall throughout his work chooses to represent as a needy adventurer courting the favour of a minister for *bread!* We remember to have seen many years ago, at the fine old family seat of Arniston, a succession of the portraits of these eminent men, and to have felt and expressed our admiration at such a splendid series of family honours, achieved by hereditary talents.

But, as if to render the calumny still more ridiculous, he associates with that of Dundas the honoured names of Burke and Windham. Without disparagement to any other man, we may venture to assert, that amongst the statesmen of England there never existed two higher spirits nor purer minds,

— Animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit—

than Burke and Windham—nor men who would have been less disposed to prostitute their consciences—we will not say to mean pecuniary considerations, but—even in the nobler frailties of ambition. In a subsequent passage Wraxall again goes out of his way to express this slander still more offensively against Mr. Burke:—

‘Eden’s *wants* propelled him towards the treasury bench, as *those of Burke did, some years afterwards.*’—vol. i. p. 440.

Was there a man in England—except Wraxall—who could suspect that Burke and Windham were not sincere in their alarm at the French revolution, or dare to suppose that they and their friends were ‘propelled by their *wants* towards the treasury bench,’ and were accordingly rewarded by their *price*? That it was not Wraxall’s ignorance, but his malice, that prompted these insinuations, is additionally proved by further consideration:—When he was alluding to the defection from Mr. Fox’s party occasioned by the French revolution, how does it happen that this veracious historian of his Own Times omits to state the important historical fact that men of such rank and opulence as the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Carlisle, and other most respectable noblemen—and never more respectable than in that sacrifice of party to patriotism—took the same line as the needy Windham and the venal Burke?

The only explanation we can imagine for the extraordinary perversion of intellect, that obliquity of vision with which Wraxall looked at the characters of such men as he has traduced, is that which we have already noticed, and which has been enforced upon

us by a person who knew him well, and who, before the publication of these posthumous memoirs, would have called himself his friend, that Wraxall was himself very poor, and thought, of course, that to others, as to himself, *odor lucri bonum esset, ex re quâlibet*. He had, moreover, submitted to be brought into parliament by the Nabob of Arcot, to advocate his jobs—and had, even while affecting the character of a British senator, accepted the office of agent to Mohammed Ali. These circumstances, though we do not mention them as of themselves reflecting any serious discredit on Wraxall's moral or even on his political character, are yet proofs that his sense of pecuniary delicacy was not very nice, and may have, not unnaturally, created in his mind a tendency to imagine, and an *interest in imputing* to other men, a still greater laxity.

This explanation is rendered more probable by the fact, that in his first publication, which, though full of errors, is by no means so malignant in its spirit as the present, there was no allusion that we could discover to the mode in which Wraxall came into Parliament. We, in our former article, stated the fact, which in the present publication he not only does not deny, but admits (vol. i. p. 254), that he became the nabob's *vacqueel*—agent, or minister—in August, 1783. Now, as the former volumes brought down Wraxall's *Memoirs* to 1784, it is remarkable that he did not state *under its proper date* so remarkable an event in his own history. We have heard that this connexion with India inspired Wraxall with a hope that he might have a place in Mr. Pitt's Board of Control, and we suspect that all his personal animosity to Mr. Dundas may be attributed to that minister's effectual resistance to Wraxall's pretensions; and we have little doubt that all these circumstances, coupled with the severity of criticism which his work received from all parties, and his subsequent conviction in the King's Bench, combined to give to these subsequent volumes that peculiar taint of personal malignity which is, as we have said and shown, their most prominent feature. And it is further observable, that in a great number of instances in which he swells out *these* volumes, by repeating events and anecdotes already told in the *former*, he in every case adds to the new version some additional spice of calumnious insinuation. We have just seen an instance in which Mr. Fox is so treated. Twenty still more pointed examples could be selected from his various and *inconsistent* allusions to George III., Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, Mr. Dundas, Lord Mulgrave, &c. It is therefore quite clear, that after the publication of his first volumes,

‘A change came o’er the spirit of his *dream* ;’

and that friendship, gratitude, consistency, and truth, all gave way

way before the mortification of the exposed slanderer, and soreness of the convicted libeller.

The following instance of this kind of inconsistency is in itself of little importance, but it marks strongly the character of the writer. Speaking of George IV. when Prince, he says—

‘ Louis XIV. himself was not his superior in all the external attributes of a king that depend on *manner*; though in *personal majesty*, and the *fine bodily proportions which constitute manly dignity of form*, the Prince could sustain no competition with the son of Anne of Austria.’—vol. ii. p. 347.

Without venturing to pronounce quite so decidedly as Wraxall does on the air and figure of Louis XIV., which can only be known by the vague evidence of descriptions and pictures, all who have seen George IV., even after the prime of life, will admit that no picture or description of Louis XIV. can give a higher idea of ‘fine manly proportions and dignity of form’ than his late Majesty realized. But on reverting to the former publication, issued to the world while his late Majesty was flourishing as Prince Regent, we find that Wraxall’s admiration of his *then* Sovereign’s person was much more absolute, and that it was *he himself* who placed George IV. in direct competition with Louis XIV. After quoting Dr. Johnson’s praise of the manners of George III., Wraxall burst out into a perfect enthusiasm about the *existing* sovereign—

‘ Had Johnson been *now* living, he might *indeed* witness the finest model of grace, *dignity*, ease, and affability which the *world has ever* beheld united in the same person. In *him* are really blended the *majesty of Louis XIV.*, and the amenity of Charles II.’—*Mem.*, vol. i. p. 375, *First Edition*.

Such are the inconsistencies of a flatterer, progressing from his butterfly state into the vermicular slime of a libeller.

It is not always subjects of intrinsic importance which afford the best tests of the consistency and veracity of such an historian as Wraxall. In general, the fabricator of a story contrives to arrange his *general* statements tolerably well; it is only when examined in his minor *details* that he breaks down, and the imposture is detected. When tried by this test, Wraxall will be found so often and so palpably inaccurate, that no court of justice would believe one word of his general evidence.

He affects, on all occasions, to have had a *friend at court*, and been well informed of all the details of even the domestic life of George III.; though it turns out that, in fact, he knew hardly as much as the Court Newsman.

We shall select a few instances of his inaccuracies in this line. He states (vol. iii. p. 348), as if from his own knowledge, that Lord Grenville (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Mr. Pitt,

were the first persons who *together* saw George III. after his recovery. That was not the fact. After George III. had seen Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt separately, his Majesty commanded Mr. W. Grenville, then Speaker, and Lord Mornington, then member for Windsor, to attend him together; which command they obeyed, and had a joint audience of above an hour.

There is another more serious inaccuracy in relating the first audience of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York with the King on his recovery (vol. iii. p. 361): nothing unpleasant passed on that occasion. We know that in an account of it, *written by the King to Mr. Pitt*, his Majesty expressly states that that interview passed in the most satisfactory manner; of course all unpleasant topics were avoided.

For the sake of a calumnious sarcasm, he does not hesitate to contradict himself in the most flagrant manner—as when he states that—

‘Never since the accession of the House of Hanover did the Crown or the Treasury make less pecuniary efforts for obtaining favourable returns to the House of Commons than in 1784. The general partiality towards the Government throughout the country rose to *enthusiasm*, corruption for once became almost unnecessary, and such was the violence of popular predilection, that instances occurred in various boroughs of men being forcibly stopped, detained, and finally returned as members to Parliament, who were accidentally passing through the place of election, but whose known political principles constituted a sufficient recommendation.’—vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

Yet, in the next page but one, he accounts for Mr. Pitt's own election for the University of Cambridge by one of the vilest common-places of slander:—

‘That learned body, conscious that the “*spirit of distributing prebends and bishopricks had been transferred from his opponents*,” placed him at the head of the poll.’—*ibid.* p. 4.

Why—we ask—when even the most corrupt constituencies became pure under the influence of the general enthusiasm, should the University of Cambridge be charged with corrupt motives in electing the chief object of that enthusiasm?

We have seen in the former volumes, that when Wraxall said, ‘I saw,’ ‘I heard,’ it sometimes turned out that he did not, *could* not, either see or hear what he relates. In these volumes he is rather more cautious—he does not, that we recollect, make the dead speak, or meet people in countries where they had never been; but there are, nevertheless, abundant proofs of a similar disposition to *false minuteness*—trifling perhaps in themselves, but decisive as to the confidence to which the narrator is entitled:—

‘The King (George III.) usually ate so little, and so rapidly, that

those persons who *dined with him* could not satisfy their appetite, unless by continuing their meal after the sovereign had finished, which was contrary to the *old etiquette*. He was so sensible of this fact, and so considerate, that when he dined at Kew, without the queen, and only attended by two equerries, he always said, "Don't regard me: take your own time." One of them, *an intimate friend of mine, relating to me the particulars of these repasts*, which were very comfortless, observed, "We know so well how soon the King has finished, that after we sit down at table not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his Majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his *cup*, with which he concludes his meal."—vol. iii. pp 133, 134.

Now this, we are confident, never could have been related to him by one of the equerries of King George III., because the '*old etiquette*' was, not that the attendants should cease eating when the King did, but that no such attendants ever dined with their Majesties at all. On a very rare occasion, when some accident interrupted the ordinary service, as after hunting, or on a journey, the King would invite the *lord in waiting* to partake of his dinner—the *equerry*, we believe, very rarely, if ever. The equerries had a table of their own, and it certainly often happened to them to have the time of their separate dinner curtailed by a call to attend his Majesty—a subject now and then, as we know, of pleasant complaint amongst them. Some such complaint Wraxall probably had heard of, and, in his usual style, blundered it into the absurdity which he so authoritatively relates.

Pursuing the same topic, he further states that 'the Queen, in her good-natured anxiety that these guests should get enough to eat, would sometimes tread on the foot of one of them, to accelerate his movements!'—The Queen treading on the equerry's toes under the table! This is as good as

'The King was in his closet counting of his money,
The Queen was in her chamber eating bread and honey.'

And then he adds—

'The Queen by no means resembled her royal consort in this respect. No woman in the kingdom *enjoyed herself more at table*, or manifested a *nicer taste in the article of wine*.'—vol. iii. p. 135.

Her Majesty, we know, considered it a point of duty to understand all the details of domestic life, and to see that the King's table should be regulated with minute propriety—and she always appeared to enjoy and appreciate the attention with which she might be served at the tables which she honoured with her presence—but that she either understood or *enjoyed the pleasures of the table*, in the low sense in which Wraxall speaks, is notoriously false.

Again, speaking of Dr. Dodd's execution, he says—

'*I have heard Lord Sackville recount the circumstances that took place in the council held on the occasion, at which the King assisted. To the firmness of the Lord Chief-Justice, Dodd's execution was due: for, no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought to be extended, than the King, taking up the pen, signed the death-warrant.*'—vol. ii. p. 25.

Lord Sackville never could have told him any such thing—the King *never* signs any death-warrant—his pleasure on the Recorder's report is in ordinary cases *verbally*, and in fatal cases *silently*, signified—and it is *always* guided by the opinion of the legal members of the Privy Council.

Of the same class is the account given of the elevation of Dr. Manners Sutton to the see of Canterbury—

'In 1805, on the death of Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, Pitt, who was then first minister for the second time, made the strongest exertions to raise Pretymann to the metropolitan see. But his Majesty pertinaciously refused his consent. *I know from a near relative of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, that when the minister urged the matter warmly, George III. replied, "Mr. Pitt, don't press me further on the subject; for I am determined to confer it on Sutton, whom you brought under my eye, when he was made Dean of Windsor at your recommendation. And it would be indecorous that we should be known to differ on this point."* As the best proof of his unalterable resolution to raise Dr. Manners Sutton to the vacant archiepiscopal see, the King authorized *the distinguished individual who related to me the above-mentioned particulars,—one of his oldest servants,—to write to Mrs. Manners Sutton, Dr. Sutton's wife, assuring her, in his Majesty's name, of his fixed determination on the subject.*'—vol. ii. pp. 232, 233.

We cannot pretend to say what may have passed between the King and Mr. Pitt in the closet, but as Wraxall vouches the same authority for the first part of the story as for the second, and as we know the latter part to be utterly false, we suppose the whole is equally so. We can state, on the best authority, that no such letter was ever written to Mrs. Manners Sutton. Wraxall then proceeds to give some details of the narrowness of the archbishop's circumstances in early life, of the probable veracity of which we can judge by that of the statement with which he winds up—

'*It is a fact that the archbishop still preserves the pair of brass candlesticks which, when curate of Canwick, he constantly had in use. His own son, Lieutenant-Colonel Sutton, so assured me.*'—vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

Now we will venture to assert that Lieutenant-Colonel Sutton *never* told him so, because there never was, *in fact*, the least colour or pretence for such a statement. A narrow income in early life, and an humble and grateful recollection of it in subsequent pros-

perity, would not be (as the mean soul of Wraxall evidently thought) discreditable to any man, and least of all to a Christian prelate; and we are therefore rather sorry to say that there is no truth whatsoever in these domestic anecdotes of the amiable humility of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Whenever Wraxall thinks he has an opportunity of indulging this species of vulgar malevolence,—even where there can be no pretence for bringing such matters before the public,—he relates details and circumstances of private life, which are always impertinent and offensive, and generally inaccurate.

For instance, he affects to give an account of ‘the rapid elevation of the Burrell family’ as ‘one of the most singular events of our time,’ and he enlarges on this theme with a great deal of impertinence, and lends his gossip an air of authority by adding that he *knew well* the first Lord Gwydyr, the chief pinnacle of ‘this prodigious elevation,’—whereas, it is clear, he knew less of him or his family than he might have learned from the common peerages. The father of Lord Gwydyr was not, as Wraxall represents him, a Commissioner of Excise,—on the contrary, he sat in parliament (which a Commissioner of Excise could not have done) for Haslemere—a borough, the nomination of which was in his family—and he filled the political office of ‘Surveyor-General of the Woods and Forests.’ He was descended from an old and highly respectable family,—enriched, indeed, by trade in the person of Lord Gwydyr’s grandfather: nor was his peerage, as Wraxall represents it, an *unprecedented* favour. Mr. Burrell married Lady Elizabeth Bertie, eldest daughter of the Duke of Ancaster, who ultimately, by the death of her brother, inherited the ancient barony of Willoughby de Eresby, the greater part of the Ancaster estates, and the hereditary office of Great Chamberlain of England. Was it unprecedented, or contrary to the ‘exclusive and invariable rule,’ that a gentleman of personal merit, united to the heiress of an illustrious house, and having to execute in her right one of the great hereditary offices of the Crown, should be raised to the peerage?

Sometimes his allusions to the private life of persons whom he thinks proper to introduce are still more impertinent, and, if possible, still more false. He says of the late Lord Rokeby, when Mr. Montague,—

‘Yet thus highly favoured by fortune and presumptive heir to an Irish barony (Rokeby), he has always resembled Pope’s Curio, of whom the poet says that—

“—— Curio, restless by the fair one’s side,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.”’

This slanderous quotation is wholly *à propos de bottes*,—for, Wraxall adds, 'it was not for a medal of Otho but a British *peerage* that Mr. Montague sighed;' and as to the *neglected bride*, there is not the slightest colour for the application of Pope's sneer. The peerage book might have told Wraxall, as it does all the world, that Mr. Montague was married just about the time that Wraxall speaks of, and that a very large family of ten or twelve sons and daughters are evidences that his bride was not neglected. In fact, everybody at all acquainted with London society knows that there could not possibly be a more inappropriate quotation.

Still more impudent, and more circumstantially false, is a very long story of the late Earl Whitworth and his wife, the Duchess Dowager of Dorset, in relation to a Russian lady whom Wraxall calls the *Countess Gerbetzow*. His statement is this—that when Sir Charles Whitworth was ambassador in Russia he won the affections of the Countess Gerbetzow,

'who, though married, possessed a considerable property at her own disposal. Such was her partiality for the English envoy, that she, in a great measure, *provided, clothed, and defrayed his household from her own purse*. In return for such solid proofs of her attachment he engaged to give her his hand in marriage; a stipulation the accomplishment of which was necessarily deferred till she could *obtain a divorce from her husband*.'—vol. i. p. 189.

He then proceeds to state, with much cynical embroidery, that Sir Charles Whitworth, on his return to England, married the widow of the Duke of Dorset, but

'meanwhile the Countess Gerbetzow having succeeded in procuring a *divorce from her husband*, left Petersburg for England. On her arrival, however, she learned that his union [with the Duchess] had already taken place. Irritated by disappointment and indignation, she had recourse to various expedients for obtaining restitution of the sums that she had advanced to her former lover on the faith of his assurances of marriage. Her reclamations, which were of too delicate and too serious a nature to be despised, at length *compelled the Duchess to pay her Muscovite rival no less a sum than ten thousand pounds*, thus purchasing the quiet possession of her husband.'—*ibid.* p. 192.

Now, of all this circumstantial story nothing is true, except that a certain Russian countess had a partiality for Sir Charles Whitworth while ambassador at St. Petersburg; but Wraxall has not even the lady's name correctly, which was *Gerepzof*. Sir Charles's influence with the Emperor Paul did certainly, on one occasion, save Madame de Gerepzof—who was sister of the celebrated Zubof—from exile; but that either was ever under any pecuniary obligation to the other, beyond the interchange of presents usual between lovers, is utterly incredible,—so is the story

of the 'matrimonial engagement;' for the husband was little older than the lady: and as to the expected 'divorce,' it is well known that marriage is in the Greek church indissoluble. But what affixes the mark of falsehood to the whole is—that—so far was the Russian Countess from *having obtained the divorce* and coming to England *to claim the performance of Lord Whitworth's matrimonial engagement*, and *being bought off by the duchess*—she never was divorced;—and that her husband, the Count Gerezpof, actually accompanied her on her visit to England, as those who mingled in the fashionable society of that day must recollect.

All this story, which is told with many other offensive details (which we omit), was thus misrepresented, we have reason to believe, from the personal spite of Wraxall, who had some differences, not very creditable to him, with her Grace about the papers of the Duke of Dorset, of which Wraxall had obtained possession, and which he would not, as we have heard, resign without receiving a sum of money, on pretext of his expense and trouble in arranging them.

But he is still more gravely inaccurate in matters of more public notoriety. He talks a great deal of Charles Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, and of his political influence with Mr. Pitt so early as the very dawn of his administration; but in all he says on this topic he is so strangely ignorant that he dates the height of this supposed influence (which never existed at all) at a period when Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Pitt were scarcely acquainted, certainly not intimate in private nor connected in office; but, on the other hand, as if he thought that one blunder might be compensated by another, he more than once (particularly in vol. ii. p. 153) asserts that Lord Liverpool *never* in his whole life sat in the Cabinet, though it is notorious that he was in the Cabinet from 1788 down to the close of Lord Sidmouth's administration in 1804.—Again—

'If Mr. Pitt [the father] had not been supplanted by Lord Bute, we doubtless should have retained at the treaty of Fontainebleau some of those valuable possessions in the West Indies which were restored by us to France and Spain.'—vol. iii. p. 3.

This is a continuation of a calumny in his former publication against Lord Bute, of having been *bribed* by France to consent to that treaty; but the supposition here advanced is highly improbable, and indeed only shows Wraxall's ignorance of what he was writing about; because the terms of *Lord Bute's* treaty, as respected France, were *precisely the same* with those proposed by *Mr. Pitt* in his abortive negotiation in 1761.

When speaking of the invasion of the Low Countries by the Prussians in 1787, he says,—

'Louis XVI. wanted not the inclination to support his party [in Holland] with all the power of the French monarchy. He even made demonstrations of opposing the Prussians, *assembled a considerable body of troops on the frontier* not far from Liege, menaced the courts of Berlin and of London with immediate interference if they did not desist, issued an order to equip a fleet, and performed every act announcing hostility except actually commencing war.'—vol. ii. p. 359.

So far is this from true, that if there had been any, the slightest, show of resistance, the Duke of Brunswick would have stopped. The Duke was heard to say, '*Le Roi de Prusse, qui hésitait à poursuivre une entreprise qui pouvait l'embarquer dans une guerre avec la France, m'enjoignit la plus grande circonspection. En conséquence j'envoyai deux officiers pour reconnaître la place et les environs de Givet. S'ils y avaient trouvé l'apparence d'un camp, je me serais arrêté. Ils ne virent ni un seul drapeau ni une seule tente ; ainsi j'accélèrai ma marche, et la Hollande fut conquise !*'

Smarting under, but not corrected by, the punishment for his former libel accusing the Empress Catherine of *poisoning* a princess of her own family, he now produces a similar accusation against her of having endeavoured to make away with one Mr. Ewart, the then British minister at Berlin, who had, it seems, incurred Catherine's enmity by the zeal and success with which he did his sovereign's business at that court.

'It is said that she did not hesitate having recourse to *effective means* for preventing his presence at the conferences of Reichenbach. A *potion*, it is added, was administered to him at the time when he was setting out from Berlin ; but Sutherland, physician to the empress, a *countryman of Ewart's*, who knew or suspected Catherine's intention, had sent him a hint to *be on his guard*. He escaped by means of emetics and medicines.'—vol. i. p. 430.

Wraxall then proceeds to state that 'he would not advance so serious an imputation lightly,' but that his authority for it was 'a person *now no more*, who might challenge belief on very strong grounds. He was,' it is added, 'a man of calm, superior understanding, neither credulous nor prejudiced against the empress : add to this that he was intimately acquainted with Ewart, from whom, I have no doubt, he received the particulars of Catherine's attempt.'—p. 431.

Now, besides the manifest incredibility of all the circumstances—of the atrocity of the design under *any* provocation—of so much *personal* resentment against a subordinate foreign minister on such *slight* grounds—of a poisoning to be executed in Berlin, yet known to a physician in Petersburg, who gave notice to the person to be on his guard, but which notice was of so little avail that the poison was taken, and the patient saved only by '*emetics and medicines,*'

medicines,' which must have been applied of course, and without any such notice ;—besides, we say, all these improbabilities—and in ^{order} ~~werer~~ to show how little reliance is to be placed on the supposed perfect accuracy and trustworthiness of the author's informant—it is sufficient to mention that the empress had no physician of the name of *Sutherland*; the only individual of that name then at Petersburg was (not a physician but) the court banker, a man exclusively occupied with his counting-house concerns, and of a character the most remote possible from meddling with state secrets. The Empress Catherine's chief or rather only physician was Dr. Rogerson (not a countryman of Ewart's, who was a Scotchman),—and the doctor was much in her favour; but that *he* could have known this kind of state secret is highly improbable, unless he was actually consulted as to the preparation of the poison; but this again is equally improbable, for he was a man of the strictest integrity—blunt and plain-spoken, like Abernethy; if any such abominable scheme had come to his knowledge from any source, he would certainly have defeated it far more openly and effectually than by sending a hint to Ewart, so vague as not to prevent his taking the poison; and if aware that the empress herself had planned or connived at such an attempt, it is not doubtful to any person who knew the good rough doctor that he would have instantly quitted her service. So that to allege that the mistake is only the chance substitution of the name of *Sutherland* for that of *Rogerson*, would not help the story.

In like manner, the description, in page 434, of a supposed second and *successful* attempt, by the same party, to poison the same individual Ewart at Bath, after his return to England, may be safely regarded as equally fabulous, being in a still higher degree evidently and grossly absurd; as Ewart, who had long been in ill health, had already terminated his political career; and during his past illness at Bath, the doors of his sick chamber must have been effectually closed against any poisoning intruders, surrounded as he was by his family, and attended by his brother, a practising physician.

It seems impossible that Wraxall can mean to impute to Mr. Pitt any connivance in these poisoning schemes of Catherine, yet he certainly winds up the story with a very ambiguous phrase.

'Whether Ewart's *end was natural*, or whether any means were used to hasten it, I will not determine; but I know, from concurring, and I may add official, testimony, that his *last words reproached Pitt*, whom he accused of wanting firmness and principle.'—vol. i. p. 435.

Audacious as Wraxall has shown himself to be in calumnies against Mr. Pitt, we cannot believe that he meant in this passage anything

anything more than that Mr. Pitt showed, in Ewart's opinion, a want of *firmness and principle* in his policy towards Russia, which had led to the recall of Ewart; who, adds Wraxall, ^{body} 'received a pension of 1000*l.* a year for his services, and retired from office. Treatment *so severe*—if not unmerited—his indignant spirit could not support, and he died soon after at Bath.'—p. 434.

Thus then—though we suppose that Wraxall does not mean to accuse Mr. Pitt of any hand in the *poisoning*—he still insinuates that his severity and injustice to Ewart broke his heart, and caused his death. This imputation, almost as absurd, though not so atrocious as the other, must appear the more so when it is stated that Mr. Ewart was not a regularly bred diplomatist, but a Scotch surgeon, who, while travelling on the Continent, had obtained accidental employment, and was afterwards invested with a regular mission; and that, after a short (though certainly able) service, Mr. Pitt's *severity* visited him in the shape of a pension for life of 1000*l.* a year.

Of the personal motives of this posthumous and indefatigable rancour against Mr. Pitt, whose follower Wraxall so long professed himself to be, we can give no positive explanation, except that general one, that it was known that he deeply resented Mr. Pitt's neglect or refusal to satisfy his expressed desire of official employment. The following circumstance will afford a curious indication of Wraxall's feelings in this respect. He introduces into the present volumes a pompous account of a pamphlet which he published early in 1787, and after expatiating with great self-complacency on its unparalleled success, and on the doubts and curiosity of the public about the *great unknown* of the day, he adds—

'In fact, conscious that the writer had made numerous enemies, by the boldness and impartiality of the portraits there sketched, *I retained the secret in my own bosom; and this posthumous avowal is the first that I have ever publicly made on the subject.* The "*Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers,*" the "*Letters of Junius,*" the "*Pursuits of Literature,*" and many other anonymous productions published in my time, though confidently attributed to particular individuals, have never been *owned*. I believe, we have no *certainly* that "*Gulliver's Travels*" were written by Swift: yet no doubt is entertained on the point.'—vol. ii. p. 183.

Of the modesty which assimilates this forgotten pamphlet to the '*Heroic Epistle,*' '*Junius,*' and '*Gulliver's Travels,*' we say nothing—but the mystery in which he says he enveloped his authorship we must deny. The pamphlet was so well known to be Wraxall's, that the announcement of it in the '*Gentleman's Magazine,*' for January, 1787, designates Wraxall as the writer, not by name

indeed, but by reference to his other acknowledged publications. On looking into this pamphlet we find an additional proof, if any were wanting, of the insincerity and utter worthlessness of Wraxall's judgments. In both sets of his 'Memoirs,' he affects great tenderness and respect for Lord North, and stigmatizes, with many a sneer and slander, those who abandoned his lordship (as Wraxall himself had done); but on looking into this pamphlet we find, that, of the eminent public characters therein sketched, Lord North is far the worst treated, while Fox, and especially Pitt, are exalted by the contrast;—which is the very reverse of the spirit that pervades the 'Memoirs.'

But we have discovered in this pamphlet a circumstance which might account for Wraxall's reserve about it, and which, we think, is an early indication of the man's character—and exhibits in a still stronger light the inconsistencies of his historical statements.

Our readers have seen that he has charged Mr. Pitt not only with personal corruption, but with pandering in various ways to the venality of his followers. Now, in a character of the same minister, by the same hand, in this pamphlet of 1787, we find Mr. Pitt reproached for the very *contrary* 'defect.'

'Perhaps a less rigid and unbending character—perhaps a *less sparing and economical superintendence in some circumstances* of the public treasure, however meritorious in itself—perhaps a *greater degree of attention* to the *individuals* upon whom rest the foundation of his own greatness, and a portion of that *venality* (however the term may startle and affright) which in this democratical government, as in that of Rome, is unfortunately too necessary to enable a *great and good minister* to retain a station of public utility—perhaps, I say, a mixture of these ingredients might, like poisons in physic, produce the *most salutary and beneficial effects*. We are not in the age of Scipio or Cato. The minister who will maintain his situation in this country, must condescend, however reluctantly, to adopt the *arts of government*—arts become indispensable, and alike practised by a Clarendon, an Oxford, a Walpole, and a North.'—*Short Rev. of the Pol. State, 1787.*

This, we think, is altogether as curious a passage as ever we have been called upon to copy, and when we recollect that the man who in 1787 was the advocate and adviser of *venality*, is the same Nathaniel who, in his 'Posthumous Memoirs,' so bitterly censures Mr. Pitt, and almost every one of his contemporaries, for this very offence, we are astonished at the double baseness—of the original advice, and of the subsequent imputation—and are no longer under any doubt as to the medium through which this 'Israelite without guile' has contemplated mankind.

There is another circumstance which seems to us to belong to the same class. In the year 1775, Wraxall, then a very young man, happened to visit the court of George the Third's unfortunate

sister, the deposed Queen of Denmark, at Zell, and contrived to get mixed up—chiefly as messenger it would seem—in a foolish kind of an intrigue with some Danish exiles at Hamburgh, for effecting a counter-revolution in Denmark, and placing Caroline Matilda on the throne as regent for her son. In the course of this affair (which is no longer of any interest or even curiosity), Wraxall made three journeys between Hamburgh and Zell, and two others between Zell and London, in the depth of winter. The whole design was, however, suddenly overturned by the death of the queen, in May, 1776. On this catastrophe, Wraxall, who had been the channel of communication between Caroline Matilda and the Count de Lichtenstein, the Hanoverian minister in London, and through him with George III., with whom Wraxall had in vain endeavoured to procure a personal interview—Wraxall, we say, made application, both through Lichtenstein and directly to his majesty, asking—as a reward of his services to the late queen of Denmark—for *remuneration or employment*. Of these repeated applications no notice was taken:—

‘ And the whole transaction had long ceased to occupy my thoughts, when, in the last days of February, 1781, nearly six years subsequent to the demise of Caroline Matilda, it most unexpectedly revived. In 1780, *I came into Parliament* ; and some months afterwards, as I was seated nearly behind Lord North in the House of Commons, only a few members being present, and no important business in agitation, he suddenly turned round to me. Speaking in a low tone of voice, so as not to be overheard, “ Mr. Wraxall,” said he, “ I have received his majesty’s commands to see and talk to you. He informs me that you rendered very important services to the late Queen of Denmark, of which he has related to me the particulars. He is desirous of acknowledging them. We must have some conversation together on the subject. Can you come to me to Bushy Park, dine, and pass the day?” I waited on him there, in June, 1781, and was received by him in his cabinet alone. Having most patiently heard my account of the enterprise in which I engaged for the Queen Matilda’s restoration, he asked me what remuneration I demanded? I answered, one thousand guineas, as a compensation for the expence which I had incurred in her Majesty’s service, and an employment. He assured me that I should have both. Robinson, then secretary to the treasury, paid me the money soon afterwards; and I confidently believe that Lord North would have fulfilled his promise of employing me, or rather of giving me a place of considerable emolument, if his administration had not terminated early in the following year 1782.’—vol. i. pp. 417-418.

Now, we do not say that Wraxall should have been so chivalrous as to have declined a pecuniary remuneration for his voluntary services to the unhappy queen—nor will we say that 1000*l.* was an extravagant remuneration for his journeys to and from Zell

—but we should like to know, considering the spirit in which these ‘*Posthumous Memoirs*’ are written, *what Wraxall would have said of any other man*, who, after six years of contemptuous silence, should, on his *coming into Parliament*, find his Hanoverian claim suddenly recognized by the English ministry, and promptly satisfied by the sum of 1000*l.*, paid out of secret service, by Mr. Robinson, the celebrated manager of the House of Commons, under the orders of the ministerial leader? Would he not have intimated, at least, a suspicion that this was an instance of those ‘*arts of government*,’ which the pamphlet before quoted stated that Lord North used to employ, and which Wraxall advised Mr. Pitt to practise?

These considerations lead us to express a wish that he had told us by what ‘*arts*’ he procured his own creation of baronet. We, though we have made careful inquiries, have never been able to discover by what influence a man of no fortune—no public services—no talents—no connexion—obtained that honour; and it would have been satisfactory if one, who is so prone to wonder at elevations much less surprising, and to attribute them to the most disreputable causes, had shown us that his own was not liable to imputations of the same class.

After so ample a discussion of the more important and characteristic part of Wraxall’s work, it seems hardly necessary to descend to smaller matters; yet we feel that we should not do justice to our readers nor to the work itself, if we did not add a few specimens of the author’s taste and talents in some other branches of the art of memoir-writing.

On the kind of topics with he might be supposed the most conversant, the anecdotes of social life and small history, he is grossly ignorant and inaccurate. It seems as if the collecting of such small ware was the gravest occupation of his life, yet somehow he contrives to mistake every fact, and mar every story he has to tell. When he records the death of the old Lady Townshend, he adds:—

‘She attained nearly her eighty-seventh year, but her intellectual faculties had suffered little or no decay. In the *empire of the mind*, she might be said to have occupied the place left vacant by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and by Lady Hervey. At her house in Whitehall, George Selwyn, and a number of other men eminent for wit and talent, were usually to be found.’—vol. iii. pp. 46-47.

We know not where this *empire of mind* was situated, over which it seems Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Hervey successively reigned, and in which Lady Townshend succeeded them. If he means that those ladies kept a *bureau d’esprit*, after the manner of Mesdames Geoffrin and Du Deffand in France,

France, nothing can be less true: Lady Mary's empire was of a very different kind, and she lived abroad the last five-and-twenty years of her life. Lady Hervey never set up for a wit, nor even for what is now called a *blue*. She had been beautiful in her youth:—in her maturity respectable—a lady of excellent taste and sense, but who made no pretension to any *empire of mind*,—she spent her twenty-five years of widowhood, as she had spent her married life, in the 'noiseless tenor' of her domestic circle. Nor could Lady Townshend—a woman of as opposite a character as possible—be in any sense said to have succeeded, though she survived her, for Lady Townshend was nearly of the same age as Lady Hervey—their marriages being within about two years of each other—the birth of their eldest sons at a like interval—and, in short, they may be said to have been, in all respects, contemporaries. As to Lady Townshend's *empire of mind*, we know of none, except that she was a woman of a ready but somewhat coarse style of humour, which sometimes approached to wit, but her talents or temper had no kind of affinity either with the lettered eccentricities of Lady Mary, or the sober and amiable good sense of Lady Hervey. Wraxall, it is clear, knew nothing about any of them!

The mention of George Selwyn here reminds us of an anecdote which Wraxall nowhere tells, although, in his former volumes, he boasts of great intimacy with George Selwyn, and entertains his readers with some very apocryphal anecdotes of his familiar life. George Selwyn was what was called the patron of the borough of Luggershall, and Wraxall had contrived, on the defeat of the coalition, to ingratiate himself so far with Mr. Pitt, that on the dissolution in 1784—the Nabob of Arcot being too far off to be applied to—Mr. Pitt was induced to recommend him to George Selwyn for a seat at Luggershall. Selwyn complied, though he did not much relish his nominee, but took his revenge by affecting never to be able to pronounce his name, and by going about inquiring, 'Who is this *Rascal* that Pitt has recommended to me—I dare say he may be a very good man—but I wish he had a better name.'

An *historian*, from the necessity of contracting events into practical limits—and a *panegyrist*, in the disorder of enthusiasm—may be forgiven for slight anachronisms which do not alter the substantial truth: but when a memoir writer, affecting to *journalize from day to day*, makes any such mis-statements, it is clear that the presumed accuracy of his daily journal is no better than a fraud; for instance, Wraxall, in reference to Sheridan's celebrated Speech against Hastings, says—

'In

'In the capital of Great Britain, *on one and the same day*, he has spoken for several hours in Westminster Hall, during the course of Hastings's trial, to a most brilliant and highly-informed audience of both sexes, in a manner so impressive, no less than eloquent, as to extort admiration even from his greatest enemies. Then repairing to the House of Commons, he has exhibited specimens of oratory before that assembly, equalling those which he had displayed in the morning, when addressing the peers as one of Hastings's accusers: while, on the same evening, "The Duenna" has been performed at one theatre, and "The School for Scandal" at the other, to crowded audiences, who received them with unbounded applause. This is a species of double triumph, of the tongue and of the pen, to which antiquity, Athenian or Roman, can lay no claim, and which has not any parallel in our own history.'—vol. i. p. 41.

We do not need Wraxall's evidence that Sheridan was a wonderful combination of talent—that he made a most extraordinary speech on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th June, 1788, in Westminster Hall—that he was for twenty years an eminent orator in the House of Commons—that he had previously, and has ever since, delighted the theatrical world with 'The School for Scandal,' and 'The Duenna.' Such varied genius, and such universal success, needed no petty fraud to enhance them. Yet all the *details* of Wraxall's foregoing eulogy are false, and false to no purpose. Sheridan did not exhibit those high specimens of senatorial oratory on one and the same day that he had delighted and astonished Westminster Hall, nor was 'The School for Scandal' nor 'The Duenna' played at the rival theatres on any of the three nights.* It might have been so, and we really wonder that it was not so managed; it would have been a great and yet an easy triumph, for they were frequently acted about that time. Wraxall's statement is, therefore, an exaggeration very pardonable in any but a *journalist* who chooses to stickle for the minute precision of '*one and the same day*.'

Sometimes Wraxall's observations are of the most childish kind. When discussing the proceedings against Sir Elijah Impey, of whose conduct Wraxall professes to have disapproved (perhaps because the Nabob of Arcot might not much relish the execution of Nundcomar), he dwells on the support that Sir Elijah received from the Bar, and concludes by the sapient observation, that 'if

* See the lists of plays in the publications of the day, and the 'Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration to 1800,' lately published at Bath—a work, which we are inclined to think we spoke of with too much disrespect on its first appearance; as, notwithstanding our wonder that any man, not a player, should produce a book of so many volumes, on such a subject and plan, we have subsequently had more than once occasion to discover the value of its accurate details and dates for purposes of reference.

he had not been a *lawyer* he would probably have been impeached,'—vol. iii. p. 81; whereas, in fact, if he had not been a lawyer he never could have been accused,—for it was for conduct as a *lawyer* that he was arraigned!

If wit be properly defined as the bringing distinct ideas unexpectedly together, Wraxall's book is in its gravest parts full of wit, for he certainly surprises one by the odd combinations he makes:—

'The greatest defect in Lord Lansdown's intellectual composition was his reputed insincerity: a vice which, more than any other, brought Charles I. to the block.'—vol. iii. p. 241.

The turn from Lord Lansdown to Charles I. is a perfect specimen of the kind of wit we alluded to, but we know not by what name to describe the assertion that Charles I. was brought to the block by *insincerity* more than by *any other of his vices*!

Lord Loughborough has the good fortune,—for it is in good company—to find disfavour in Wraxall's eyes—but our readers will hardly guess of what crime the *Lórd Chancellor* is specially accused:—

'In 1793, when he held the great seal, and sat in cabinet, it was universally believed that the siege of Dunkirk, one of the most fatal measures ever embraced by the allies, originated with Lord Loughborough.'—*ibid.* p. 184.

The following are almost as good:—

'Alderman Sawbridge was a stern *republican* in his principles, almost hideous in his aspect, which always reminded me of *Tiberius*, as drawn by Tacitus.'—vol. i. p. 105.

'The late Duke of Dorset perished at twenty-one, in an *Irish fox-chace*: a mode of dying not the most glorious or distinguished, though two sons of William the Conqueror, one of whom was a King of England, terminated their lives in a similar occupation.'—*ibid.* p. 426.

'Notwithstanding the late Duke of Queensbury's very advanced age, he would have lived longer, if he had not accelerated his end by imprudence in eating fruit. Of *him* it might have been said, as of Augustus, "*Causam valetudinis contraxit ex profluvio alvi.*"'—vol. ii. p. 166. This last piece of pedantry is the more ridiculous because there is no reason,—indeed, quite the contrary,—to suppose that Augustus's death was hastened by any such cause as Wraxall states of the duke.

His ignorance of the commonest things is sometimes very surprising.

He says of Dr. Johnson,—

'He has no monument erected to him in Westminster Abbey; nor did he indeed need any sepulchral honours, inscriptions, or panegyrics: Boswell

Boswell has transmitted him to the latest posterity.'—vol. i. pp. 234, 235.

Wraxall, it seems, did not know of the long discussion which took place about the fittest place for erecting a monument to Johnson, or that it was at length decided by placing a very fine statue of him in another, and (as it was erroneously thought) more appropriate, situation—under the dome of *St. Paul's*.

His judgment on measures of policy is, as might be expected, very superficial. When, on the discussion of the Irish propositions in 1785, Lord Sackville threw out a hint of a Union between Ireland and England, Wraxall observes that,—

'Pitt, though beaten, did not then perceive the wisdom of the suggestion, or wanted sufficient magnanimity and expansion of mind to adopt the union recommended by Lord Sackville, in preference to his own rash as well as ill-digested system—yet ultimately realised the plan pointed out by that nobleman. Fifteen years did not elapse without his recurring to the expedient which in 1785 he treated with neglect.'—vol. i. p. 352.

The very facts here are distorted: Mr. Pitt's *Propositions* passed the House of Commons in May—Lord Sackville's recommendation of a *Union* was pronounced on the 18th July,—so that it is nonsense to talk of Mr. Pitt's having *neglected it* in framing 'his own rash system.' We know, however—as indeed, without any positive information, might be naturally inferred—that the advantages of a Union had not escaped Mr. Pitt's consideration, but it was justly considered as at that moment utterly impracticable: and indeed when we find that he was not able to carry even his *Propositions* in the Irish parliament, what chance was there that he could have then accomplished the Union? 'Fifteen years later,' the rebellion of 1798, and the terrors of French ascendancy, were barely sufficient to induce the Irish Parliament to accept the Union as the alternative of civil war and total separation; in 1785 we doubt whether any Irish member could have been found, in either house, to have even brought in the bill. It is really nauseous to hear such a person as Wraxall taxing *Mr. Pitt*, on such a subject, with want of magnanimity and expansion of mind.

In the same presumptuous, yet purblind style, he judges of the conduct of Louis XVI. and the French Cabinet, in bringing Cardinal de Rohan and the subordinate accomplices in the audacious fraud of the *necklace*, to trial:—

'Unquestionably, it would have been wiser if Louis had drawn a veil over the transaction, and had left the imprudent prelate to the consequences of his own fatuity.'—vol. i. 371.

Now nothing, we think, can be more 'unquestionable' than that the King acted wisely and justly. We look back with equal sur-

prise and disgust at the results of that base conspiracy, and at the audacity and success of the faction, which, out of so clear a case of innocence and candour on the part of Marie-Antoinette could conjure up suspicions against her. Yet much worse, and, if possible, more fatal, would it have been, if, instead of boldly referring the case to public justice, an endeavour had been made to stifle or conceal it: such an attempt must have eventually failed, but the very design would have been ruin to the character of the Queen. Wraxall himself adds,—

‘Notwithstanding the palpable ignorance and innocence of the Queen relative to every part of the affair, yet such was the malignity of the Parisians, and through so prejudiced a medium were all her actions viewed, that a numerous class of society either believed, or affected to believe, her implicated in the guilt of the whole transaction.’—p. 372.

In such a morbid state of the public mind, what would her situation have been if, to the circumstances which malice and faction chose to represent as suspicious, had been superadded intrigues to hush the matter up? We insist on this point, the rather because we are aware that better judgments than Wraxall's have entertained the same opinion.

It would be idle to take any detailed notice of that,—though much the larger portion,—of Wraxall's work, which deals with the public events and parliamentary contests of the day. The former may be read, without the addition of Wraxall's mendacious embroidery, in the *Annual Register*; to which we do not recollect that he adds any new fact, or produces any additional light. In his report of some of the debates at which he was present, there is occasionally more spirit than is to be found in the *Parliamentary History*, and in a few instances he sketches scenes not elsewhere preserved. If he had not at every page interrupted the course of these reports by gross and unfounded personal attacks on individuals, this part of his *Memoirs* would have been acceptable; and it seems to us, that when he confines himself to the character of a reporter, he exercises it with fidelity and a certain degree of power. He does not, indeed, give such vivid, such living pictures, as Horace Walpole, in his letters to Lord Hertford, (the cleverest and most valuable, by the way, of all his letters,*) gives of the House of Commons in *his* day; but Wraxall had attained a certain loose facility of style, and probably made occasional notes at the moment, so that many of his sketches are both lively and valuable, and particularly some of Mr. Burke, to whose talents he seems willing to do justice, while he maligns his integrity.

* We wonder that they have not been reprinted in octavo, like those to Mr. Montagu and Sir H. Mann.

If any one be curious about that *procès monstre* of the last age, —Hastings's impeachment—they will find in these volumes a tolerable summary of its commencement—coloured, indeed, by the partialities and prejudices of Wraxall, who was an avowed, and; perhaps, considering his Indian connexions, we may say a retained advocate for Hastings,—whom personally, however, as well as his wife, he does omit to *asperse* occasionally with some sprinklings of his habitual malignity.

To the subject of the illness of George III. in 1789, and the Regency question which it produced, Wraxall dedicates a large space; and although all that can be called his own share in the narrative—such as opinion, conjecture, and anecdotes—are of his usual gossiping inaccuracy, his account of what actually passed before his eyes in parliament, though it throws no new light on the matter—and is, indeed, very far from explaining the true spirit of the parties—may be read with amusement and that degree of interest which, even after a lapse of so many years, is still excited by the peculiar circumstances and the splendid names involved in that strange episode of our domestic history.

We might here conclude—but as so many *characters* are maligned in these volumes, we are tempted to add some further testimonies in their general vindication.

Wraxall has thought proper, in his preface, to quote the following testimony in favour of *his* veracity:—

‘All these clamorous and calumnious efforts were nevertheless far overbalanced, in my estimation, by one testimony to its veracity which I received, and which I may now communicate to the world. The most prejudiced reader will contemplate it with respect. It was given by a gentleman of ancient descent, of high character, and of large property; a near relative of Lord North, who had held a place in George the Third's family, as one of the grooms of his bedchamber, during nearly forty years, from 1775 down to the king's final loss of reason. I allude to the late Sir George Osborn. In a letter which he addressed to me from his residence at Chicksand's Priory, in Bedfordshire, dated on the 2nd of June, 1816, only eighteen days after my commitment to the King's Bench, he thus expresses himself:—“I have your *first* edition here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon.”’

We, too, knew and respected the worthy baronet alluded to, and certainly never expected to see him appear as a compurgator in such a case as this; but if his good-natured lenitive, applied to the hurts of a sick acquaintance languishing in prison, is to be seriously adduced as matter of conclusive testimony, we must ob-

serve, that Sir George Osborn stands in this respect, as Wraxall admits, *alone*; that Sir George, though a man of fashion and a member of parliament, could not pretend to speak from his own knowledge as to the great majority of Wraxall's topics—least of all to that, the most malignant class of the whole, in which Wraxall quotes *his own personal knowledge and his own private sources* of intelligence:—of these, of course, Sir George Osborn could know nothing. But *valeat quantum*—as Wraxall has chosen to adduce this solitary testimony, we feel it to be our duty to rebut it with the evidence, *clarissimorum virorum*, which we have happened to receive in the course of our inquiries concerning these volumes. The following are extracts from letters written by *peers and privy councillors*, to which ranks we confine our selections, in order that—as we do not think proper to give the individual names—the station of the parties should afford some guarantee of the weight of the authorities; some of them are written by noble lords who are cited by Wraxall on particular points, and it so happens that they are persons of whom he has spoken with the least disfavour, and who could have no personal bias against him. Now hear what they say:—

I.

‘I have read with indignation Wraxall’s statements.’

II.

‘I found Wraxall’s book at a house where I was visiting for a day or two, and was enabled to observe that there are *several downright inventions*, though very likely they may have formed part of the gossip of the time; and many others of the anecdotes,—when not wholly untrue,—are so discoloured in the way of stating them as really to amount almost to untruths.’

III.

‘The whole statement—[a particular one referred to]—is as great a falsehood as ever was written. The fact is, that Wraxall was evidently a worldly man acting on *low*, if any, principle, and therefore fond of imputing to others motives which appeared to his own mind adequate causes of them, but which had no foundation except in his own paltry imagination.’

IV.

‘Wraxall I do not recollect ever to have even spoken to. I remember hearing that he had been pressed upon Mr. Pitt by the Duke of Dorset as an active man who might be made useful,—this Mr. Pitt never thought, and Wraxall was disappointed at not being employed, and became soured in consequence; and I cannot believe, while there is a speck of justice in the public mind, that a character like Mr. Pitt’s can be affected by the malignant insinuations of disappointment and envy.’

‘Wraxall

V.

'Wraxall was a shallow, presumptuous, impudent, adventuring fellow—whose name George Selwyn would always mispronounce, calling him *Mr. Rascall*. His Memoirs are a kind of masquerade, where you find yourself amongst men and women perfectly well known to you, but whom it is impossible to recognize in the travesty.'

VI.

'Wraxall was so paltry a fellow that he would have escaped my memory but for one circumstance. You say you knew him twenty years ago,—what think you of fifty years having passed since I spent several weeks in the same house with him at * * *. Wraxall was there; so was —; one well remembers what passed in one's early youth, and the cringing and flattering to and of Lord * * *, by both, could only be equalled by their inveterate hatred of each other. But Wraxall was the better flatterer of the two, for with a malignant heart he had an oily tongue, but — would have equalled him in servility if there had not been such venom and vanity in his composition as to make him sour and ill-tempered in spite of himself.'

VII.

'The present volumes are a repetition of the calumnies for which their author was before so deservedly punished.'

VIII.

'I have run through the two first volumes of Sir N. W. Wraxall's work; they abound with misrepresentations, falsehoods, and calumnies; interspersed, however, with instances, that struck me forcibly, of accurate descriptions of some interesting proceedings in parliament during the time he was a member of the House of Commons.'

IX.

'I have seen Wraxall's Memoirs with very great indignation; he attempts by some fulsome praises to disguise his malignity to Mr. Pitt, but his insinuations are infamously and grossly false and wicked. I myself knew him only by sight. He was held in no estimation, and before I came into parliament he had made a ridiculous speech, which obtained for him the name of Travelling Tutor to the House of Commons, and gained him the honour of a niche in the *Rolliad*, &c.'

X.

'Had I expected to have been referred to, I should have paid more attention to Wraxall's Memoirs than on their own account I thought it necessary to bestow; and I am now sorry that I happen not to have the book here, as I am confident I could have pointed out to you the incorrectness, to use no stronger expression, of many of his assertions. Under a pretence of truth and candour, his object seems to have been to malign and calumniate Mr. Pitt and all those about him. I was convinced, as I read the book, that his mis-statements and misapprehensions were innumerable.'

XI.

'I am glad to learn that you have undertaken the uninviting task of exposing and refuting this fresh outpouring of Sir W. Wraxall's store-house of calumnious impostures, since I am told that, though certainly entitled to no better treatment than silent contempt, it is in a fair way of reaching a second edition, such is the *fames accipetrina* of the reading public for gossip and scandal. I was but slightly acquainted with him, but well remember my having met him one morning at the late Lord ———'s soon after the publication of his former volume, and my having pointed out to him the utter incredibility of some of the scandalous stories which he had picked up abroad, and which, though grossly injurious to the parties concerned, he had not scrupled to set down with the names at full length. This expostulation he seemed to take in good part, and without attempting any reply, yet showing no signs of contrition, but, on the contrary, exhibiting a certain air of triumph, like a street blackguard exulting at the success of some mischievous trick, or a monkey chattering and grinning over the havoc he had been committing in a china-closet.'

With these general testimonies from contemporaries—from noblemen and gentlemen speaking with reference to the whole work, as well as to the class of facts within the personal knowledge of each—coming in aid of the detailed examples of malignity and falsehood which we have given—we think we might flatter ourselves that we have deprived Wraxall's literary character of all confidence or respect, and his *Memoirs* of all historical authority; and we believe that most of our readers will, by this time, begin to doubt whether George Selwyn's joke was a mere mispronunciation.

There is, however, one point to which we have already alluded, but which, for reasons that will be presently obvious to our readers, we have reserved for a distinct consideration in this place—we mean, the unfavourable and disparaging view which Wraxall pertinaciously gives of Mr. Pitt's personal manners, domestic habits, and literary attainments. We are well aware that the public *fame* of that great man can suffer no obscuration from the breath of this slanderer, but his private *character* might, if his friends and associates, who are alone competent to speak to those points, were to suffer this obloquy to pass without contradiction.

'Pitt's manners were stiff, retired, without unction or grace.'—vol. iii. p. 7.

'Fox found room in his bosom for many pursuits besides ambition and thirst of glory. History and poetry each attracted, soothed, and delighted him. Pitt was always a minister, or aspiring and meditating to become a minister. Nature had intended him for the cabinet and for no other situation. Fox, at his retreat on St. Anne's Hill, could derive amusement from his garden, from his library, from conversation, in
a variety

a variety of domestic or of literary avocations. But Pitt, when compelled, from 1801 to 1804, to reside during many months of each year in solitary grandeur with Lady Heister Stanhope, at Walmer Castle, listening to the waves of the German Ocean; while Addington, whom he had raised from comparative obscurity to the highest offices, filled his vacant seat;—Pitt *only supported life* by the anticipation of his speedy return to power. On that object, and on that object alone, was his mind constantly fixed. During his exile from Downing Street to the Kentish shore, a period of nearly three years, he underwent *all the torments of mortified ambition*. I saw him frequently at that time, and his countenance always seemed to say,—

“Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode

In bare and desolate bosoms.”—vol. iii. p. 225.

‘I know from persons who had most frequent access to Pitt’s private hours, that after 1793, down to his decease, in January 1806, *he scarcely enjoyed any settled tranquillity of mind*, either in or out of office. *Devoured by ambition*, accustomed to dictate his will to Parliament, and habituated to power ever since he had attained to manhood; *incapable of finding consolation* for the loss of public employment, either in marriage or in literary researches, or in cultivating his Kentish farm, or in drilling refractory Cinque Port Volunteers.’—vol. ii. p. 362.

To these statements, and several hints of a similar tendency throughout the volumes—though we knew enough of Mr. Pitt to know that they were untrue—we felt that *we* could not give so satisfactory an answer as those who had had the honour of his private friendship. We therefore thought it our duty to look for testimony of that higher degree, and fortunately we have obtained it—with permission to lay it before our readers—from a nobleman, himself a great statesman, a fine scholar, and a most accomplished man; who was an early, constant, and intimate friend of Mr. Pitt, and who is, we believe, of all men now living, that *one* whose evidence in every point of view would be considered as the most authoritative on this interesting subject—we mean LORD WELLESLEY. We subjoin his admirable letter, which does equal honour to himself and to his illustrious friend, not without some degree of personal pride at being the channel through which it is made public, but with the still higher gratification of feeling that it puts Mr. Pitt’s private life in a more amiable and truer light than that in which the world, dazzled with the overwhelming effulgence of his public character, had before seen it.

‘Hurlingham, Fulham, Nov. 22, 1836.

***** —In attempting to convey to you my recollection of Mr. Pitt’s character in private society, I cannot separate those qualities which raised him to the highest public eminence

from those which rendered him a most amiable companion. Both proceeded from the same origin, and both were happily blended in the noble structure of his temper and disposition.

‘ Mr. Pitt’s mind was naturally inaccessible to any approach of dark, or low, or ignoble passion. His commanding genius and magnanimous spirit were destined to move in a region far above the reach of those jealousies, and suspicions, and animosities, which disturb the course of ordinary life. Under the eye of his illustrious father he had received that “complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.”

‘ Such an education, acting on such a natural disposition, not only qualified him to adorn the most elevated stations in the counsels of his country, but furnished him with abundant resources to sustain the tranquillity and cheerfulness of his mind.

‘ He had received regular and systematic instruction in the principles of the Christian religion, and in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and in every branch of general ecclesiastical history. His knowledge in those subjects was accurate and extensive. He was completely armed against all sceptical assaults, as well as against all fanatical illusion; and, in truth, he was not merely a faithful and dutiful, but a learned member of our Established Church; to which he was most sincerely attached, with the most charitable indulgence for all dissenting sects.

‘ No doubt can exist in any rational mind that this early and firm settlement of his religious opinions and principles was a main cause of that cheerful equanimity which formed the great characteristic of his social intercourse, and which was never affected by adversities nor troubles.

‘ He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek. The accuracy and strength of his memory surpassed every example which I have observed; but the intrinsic vigour of his understanding carried him far beyond the mere recollection of the great models of Antiquity in Oratory, Poetry, History, and Philosophy: he had drawn their essence into his own thoughts and language; and, with astonishing facility, he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use.

‘ Those studies were his constant delight and resort; at Holwood, in Kent (his favourite residence), and at Walmer Castle, his apartments were strewed with Latin and Greek classics; and his conversation with those friends who delighted in similar studies, frequently turned on that most attractive branch of literature; but he was so adverse to pedantry or affectation of superior knowledge, that he carefully abstained from such topics in the presence

of those who could not take pleasure in them. In these pursuits; his constant and congenial companion was Lord Grenville; who has often declared to me that Mr. Pitt was the *best Greek scholar* he ever conversed with. Mr. Pitt was also as complete a master of all English literature as he was undoubtedly of the English language. I have dwelt on this branch of Mr. Pitt's accomplishments because I know not any source from which more salutary assistance can be derived, to chase from the spirits those clouds and vapours which infest vacant minds, and, by self-weariness, render retirement melancholy and intolerable.

‘But Mr. Pitt amply possessed every resource which could enliven retirement. No person had a more exquisite sense of the beauties of the country. He took the greatest delight in his residence at Holwood, which he enlarged and improved (it may be truly said) with his own hands. Often have I seen him working in his woods and gardens with his labourers for whole days together, undergoing considerable bodily fatigue, and with so much eagerness and assiduity, that you would suppose the cultivation of his villa to be the principal occupation of his life.

‘He was very fond of exercise on horseback, and when in the country frequently joined the hounds of his neighbourhood, both at Holwood and Walmer Castle.

‘At the latter place he lived most hospitably, entertaining all his neighbours, as well as the officers of the neighbouring garrisons and of the ships in the Downs; and he was most attentive to his duties of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which called him frequently to Dover, and sometimes to the other ports.

‘But in all places, and at all times, his constant delight was society. There he shone with a degree of calm and steady lustre which often astonished me more than his most splendid efforts in parliament. His manners were perfectly plain, without any affectation; not only was he without presumption or arrogance, or any air of authority, but he seemed utterly unconscious of his own superiority, and much more disposed to listen than to talk. He never betrayed any symptom of anxiety to usurp the lead or to display his own powers, but rather inclined to draw forth others, and to take merely an equal share in the general conversation: then, he plunged heedlessly into the mirth of the hour, with no other care than to promote the general good humour and happiness of the company. His wit was quick and ready, but it was rather lively than sharp, and never envenomed with the least taint of malignity; so that, instead of exciting admiration or terror, it was an additional ingredient in the common enjoyment. He was endowed, beyond any man of his time whom I knew, with a gay heart and a social spirit. With these qualities he was the life and soul of his own society: his appearance dispelled all

all care ; his brow was never clouded, even in the severest public trials ; and joy, and hope, and confidence, beamed from his countenance in every crisis of difficulty and danger.

‘ He was a most affectionate, indulgent, and benevolent friend, and so easy of access that all his acquaintance, in any embarrassment, would rather resort to him for advice than to any person who might be supposed to have more leisure. His heart was always at leisure to receive the communications of his friends, and always open to give the best advice in the most gentle and pleasant manner.

‘ It is a melancholy but a grateful task to pay this tribute to the memory of my departed friend. “ Aut me amor negotii suscepti fallit ”—or the character which I have endeavoured to draw is not less just and true than it is amiable and excellent ; and I cannot resist the conclusion that a pure and clear conscience must have been the original source of such uniform cheerfulness and gaiety of spirit. The truth which I have asserted I possessed ample means of knowing. From the year 1783 to 1797 I lived in habits of the most confidential friendship with Mr. Pitt.

‘ In the year 1797 I was appointed Governor-General of India, and in the month of September in that year I went to Walmer Castle to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, and to receive my last instructions. I found Mr. Pitt in the highest spirits, entertaining officers and country gentlemen with his usual hospitality. Amongst others, Admiral Duncan was his constant and favourite guest. His fleet was then in the Downs, preparing for the memorable victory of Camperdown. The admiral was a lively and jovial companion, and seemed to be quite delighted with Mr. Pitt’s society. I embarked for India early in the month of November, 1797, and I returned to England in January, 1806.

‘ Not wishing to state anything beyond my own personal knowledge, I will not attempt to relate the history of Mr. Pitt’s social habits during the period of my absence ; but I cannot believe that, during that time, the whole frame of his magnificent mind had been so broken and disjointed, that he could not endure the temporary loss of power, nor reconcile himself to that retirement, and to those recreations, which were his relief from the labour of official business, and his consolation in the hour of political solicitude and care. But I know that the first summer after his resignation was passed with Mr. Addington at Wimbledon, and that soon afterwards Mr. Pitt was closely occupied at Walmer Castle in forming a corps of volunteer cavalry, living with his officers, and passing the greater part of his time on horseback, under the firm expectation of a French invasion. This does not well agree with the story which represents him wrapped in sullen seclusion,

sunk in despondency, shunning all society, and yet unable to relieve the gloom of solitude by any mental resource.

‘ On my arrival in England in January, 1806, Mr. Pitt was at Bath; I wrote to him, and I received from him a very kind invitation to meet him at Putney Hill. It may interest you to see this, one of the latest letters Mr. Pitt ever wrote, and I therefore subjoin a copy*. I met him accordingly, in the second week in January, and I was received by him with his usual kindness and good humour. His spirits appeared to be as high as I had ever seen them, and his understanding quite as vigorous and clear.

‘ Amongst other topics, he told me with great kindness and feeling that, since he had seen me, he had been happy to become acquainted with my brother Arthur, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of commendation. He said, “I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service; but none after he has undertaken it.”

‘ But, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt’s kindness and cheerfulness, I saw that the hand of death was fixed upon him. This melancholy truth was not known nor believed by either his friends or opponents. In the number of the latter, to my deep affliction, I found my highly respected and esteemed friend Lord Grenville, and I collected that measures of the utmost hostility to Mr. Pitt were to be proposed in both Houses at the meeting of Parliament.

‘ I warned Lord Grenville of Mr. Pitt’s approaching death. He received the fatal intelligence with the utmost feeling, in an agony of tears, and immediately determined that all hostility in Parliament should be suspended. Mr. Pitt’s death soon followed.†

‘ If any additional evidence were required of the excellence of his social character, it would be found abundantly in the deep sorrow of a most numerous class of independent, honest, and sincerely attached friends, who wept over the loss of his benevolent and affectionate temper and disposition, with a degree of heartfelt grief,

‘ Putney Hill, Sunday, January 12th, 1806.

* ‘ My dear Wellesley,—On my arrival here last night, I received, with inexpressible pleasure, your most friendly and affectionate letter. If I was not strongly advised to keep out of London till I have acquired a little more strength, I would have come up immediately for the purpose of seeing you at the first possible moment. As it is, I am afraid I must trust to your goodness to give me the satisfaction of seeing you here, the first hour you can spare for that purpose. If you can without inconvenience make it about the middle of the day (in English style, between two and four) it would suit me rather better than any other time; but none can be inconvenient.

‘ I am recovering rather slowly from a series of stomach complaints, followed by severe attacks of gout, but I believe I am now in the way of real amendment.

‘ Ever, most truly and affectionately yours,

W. PITT.’

† Parliament met on the 21st, Mr. Pitt died on the 23rd of January, 1806.

which no political sentiment could produce. Many of these were assembled at the sad ceremony of his funeral; with them I paid the last offices to his honoured memory. We attended him to Westminster Abbey. There the grave of his illustrious father was opened to receive him, and we saw his remains deposited on the coffin of his venerated parent. What grave contains such a father and such a son? What sepulchre embosoms the remains of so much human excellence and glory?

‘Always yours, faithfully and sincerely,

‘WELLESLEY.’

ART. IX.—*Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula.*
(Article Third.)

SINCE the publication of our last Number, the fifth volume of Colonel Napier's ‘History of the War in the Peninsula’ has appeared; and amongst the articles prefixed to it, there is one which is headed ‘*Answer to some Attacks in the Quarterly Review.*’ We purpose to expose hereafter the flippancy, the want of temper, and, above all, the want of candour—to use no less courteous expression—by which Colonel Napier's ‘*Answer*’ is characterised; but in the mean while we shall steadily proceed with our examination of the original work, which we fear will not be at all more palatable to Colonel Napier than our previous observations appear to have been. He is, we find, not an exception to the general rule, that those who are the most profuse of censure towards others, are always the most sore under anything like freedom of comment upon themselves. But as freedom of comment is a privilege which we cannot part with, Colonel Napier must perforce bear with our exercise of it; while we shall deal with him as fairly as if he had been *well-bred* and *well-founded* in his reclamation—and—until the time arrives for examining his *pretence* at an *answer*—suppose, as he may, by and by, perhaps, himself wish, that it never had been written.

Colonel Napier's second volume begins as follows:—

‘The effect produced in England, by the unfortunate issue of Sir John Moore's campaign, was not in proportion with the importance of the subject. The people, trained to party politics, and possessed of no real power to rebuke the folly of the cabinet, regarded both disasters and triumphs with factious rather than with national feelings, and it was alike easy to draw their attention from affairs of weight or to fix it upon matters of little moment.’—vol. ii. p. 1.

It is easy to trace in these few lines that general and indiscriminating discontentment with whatever does not harmonize with his own prejudices and passions, which contributes so much to disqualify

disqualify Colonel Napier for writing history. He is exceedingly dissatisfied that 'the folly of the British cabinet' was not rebuked—he laments the supposed want of power in the people to administer such a rebuke—and yet he reproaches the people with being wholly unqualified for that office, being at once factious and frivolous, absorbed by party politics, and destitute of patriotism in their feelings and in their opinions. In the page following, he proceeds to condemn the parliament as he has already condemned the people.

'It is true that the misfortunes of the campaign were by many orators, in both houses of parliament, treated with great warmth, but the discussions were chiefly remarkable as examples of astute eloquence without any knowledge of facts.'—p. 2.

It will occur, we suspect, to some of the readers of Colonel Napier's work, that 'orators in both houses of parliament' are not the only cultivators of astute eloquence unaccompanied by an accurate knowledge of facts.

Having given vent to his dissatisfaction with the ministers, with the people, and with the parliament, Colonel Napier proceeds next to make us aware that the allies of Britain were also very little suited to his taste.

'While the dearest interests of the nation were thus treated in parliament, the ardour of the English people was somewhat abated; yet the Spanish cause, so *rightful in itself*, was still popular, and a treaty was concluded with the supreme junta by which the contracting powers bound themselves to make common cause against France, and *to agree to no peace except by common consent*. But the ministers, although professing unbounded confidence in the result of the struggle, already looked upon the Peninsula as a *secondary object*; for the warlike preparations of Austria, and the reputation of the archduke Charles, whose talents were foolishly said to exceed Napoleon's, had awakened the *dormant spirit of coalitions*; and it was more agreeable to the *aristocratic feelings* of the English cabinet, that the French should be defeated by a monarch in Germany, than by a plebeian insurrection in Spain. The obscure intrigues of the Princes of Tour and Taxis, and the secret societies on the continent, emanating as they did from patrician sources, excited the sympathy of the ministers, engaged their attention, and nourished those *distempered feelings* which made them see only weakness and disaffection in France, when throughout that mighty empire few desired and none *dared* to oppose the emperor's wishes; when even secret discontent was confined to some royalist chiefs and *splenetic republicans*, whose influence was never felt until after Napoleon had suffered the direst reverses.'—p. 3.

If the British ministers had unbounded confidence, as Colonel Napier states, in the success of the struggle in Spain, that very confidence, if well founded, would have fully justified their mak-

ing the struggle which was about to commence in Germany their *primary* object. But how can Colonel Napier pretend that ministers made the cause of the Peninsula a '*secondary object*,' when he has just told us that they had signed a treaty not to accept peace but by joint consent? Such a stipulation is the highest of all guarantees, and proves that the Spanish cause was not made a '*secondary object*,' but was identified, as far as it could be identified, with the cause of Britain.

The most effectual aid, as we shall find Colonel Napier himself presently acknowledging, was afforded to *Spain* by the preparations of Austria, whilst, at the same time, England continued to send troops, stores, and equipments into the Peninsula; and the sentiments of the English people concurred most fully with the policy of the ministers in thus closely connecting them with a '*cause so rightful in itself*.' But Colonel Napier would have us believe that it was not to sustain a *rightful cause* in Spain that the English cabinet saw with satisfaction the warlike preparations of Austria;—it was, according to our author, because their '*aristocratic feelings*' led them to desire 'that the French should be defeated by a monarch in Germany' rather 'than by a plebeian insurrection in Spain!' And this aristocratic feeling, generating such absurdities, is made a charge by Colonel Napier against a cabinet which he has before represented as being too much dazzled, in common with the whole British nation, by the efforts of the Spanish people; and as having 'forgot, or felt disinclined to analyse, the real causes of this *apparently* magnanimous exertion.'—(Vol. i. p. 37.)

To have '*awakened the dormant spirit of coalitions*' is another of the crimes which the British ministers are charged with in the passage above quoted; as if it would have been a proof of wisdom to have abstained from forming a combination of those states of Europe, which still retained some degree of independence and magnanimity, to resist the ambition of a conqueror who had already effected a *coalition* of the '*French empire, the kingdom of Italy, the confederation of the Rhine, the Swiss cantons, the duchy of Warsaw, the dependent states of Holland and Naples, and who forced the populations of all these countries into the field through the medium of the CONSCRIPTION*.'—(Col. Napier, vol. i. p. 5.)

Where was Colonel Napier's sympathy for the plebeian insurrection—where his antipathy to coalitions—when Napoleon was leaguings himself with the autocrat of Russia, that he might be undisturbed in his endeavours to crush the insurgent Spaniards '*to atoms*'—and when the English ministers were blamed by our author himself for not being duped into the coalition of these two

despots? But the climax of our author's inconsistencies is that—whilst blaming the English cabinet for not placing all its reliance upon the plebeian insurrection in Spain—he is enamoured of the system of government then existing in France, where there could be seen no weakness, because '*none dared to oppose the emperor's wishes,*' and secret discontent was confined to '*royalist chiefs and splenetic republicans.*'*

Before our author ridiculed the *folly* of placing any reliance upon the reputation of the Archduke Charles, the most successful general who had yet appeared at the head of the Austrian armies, he would have done well to recollect that only six years afterwards the genius of Napoleon was baffled, and his power overthrown, by a general who had at this period but just begun to appear as a candidate for fame in European warfare.

The following is the description which Colonel Napier gives of the state of Spain in the month of January, 1809:—

'The cause of Spain, at this moment, was in truth lost, if any cause, depending upon war, which is but a succession of violent changes, can be called so; for the armies were dispersed, the government bewildered, the people dismayed, the cry of resistance hushed, and the stern voice of Napoleon, answered by the tread of three hundred thousand French veterans, was heard throughout the land. But the *hostility of Austria arrested the conqueror's career*, and the Spanish energy revived at the abrupt cessation of his terrific warfare.'—p. 5.

Here we have an acknowledgment of the vital importance to Spain of the Austrian war, although only two pages before the English cabinet has been condemned for nourishing their '*distempered feelings*' by combining the efforts of a German monarch in favour of national independence, with those of the British and the Spanish people.

But although our author, under the misguidance of his blind prejudices, and headlong passions, becomes frequently entangled in such inconsistencies, he has still sight enough to urge his erratic way towards certain prominent objects. One of these is the exclusive exaltation of the abilities of Napoleon, to which, even Colonel Napier's general admiration for whatever is *French*, is occasionally sacrificed. Thus in the following passage the marshals, the army, even the monarch so recently selected by the emperor to go into Spain with the Bayonne constitution in his hand, for the purpose of effecting a *regeneration*, so *blindly* rejected by the Spanish nation, are all sacrificed to the attainment

* It is not uninteresting to observe, that although, with the multitude, ultra-democracy may often originate in the love of true liberty, it has its source, almost always, in those who seek to be leaders of the multitude, merely in an insatiable thirst for power, which is generally followed by the abuse of it when acquired.

of the above object, and to save the Emperor from the imputation of having ever committed a mistake.

‘The iron grasp, that had compressed the pride and the ambitious jealousy of the marshals, being thus relaxed, the passions which had ruined the patriots began to work among their enemies, producing indeed less fatal effects, because their scope was more circumscribed, but sufficiently pernicious to stop the course of conquest. The French army, no longer a compact body, terrible alike from its massive strength and its flexible activity, became a collection of independent bands, each formidable in itself, but, from the disunion of the generals, slow to combine for any great object; and plainly discovering, by irregularities and insubordination, that they knew when a warrior and when a *voluptuous monarch* was at their head. These evils were however only felt at a later period, and the distribution of the troops, when Napoleon quitted Valladolid, still bore the impress of his genius.’—p. 6.

Poor Joseph has thus, in Colonel Napier's estimation, already become, even in the first year of his elevation to the throne of Spain, as little fit to be a *regenerator* of the monarchy as though he had descended from a long race of kings. Another of the favourite objects which Colonel Napier never loses sight of, which is, to deprive the Spaniards, at whatever cost, of all claim to any participation in the honour of having averted the conquest of their country, also shows itself in the above passage. It is never the efforts or the perseverance of the Spaniards, but only the faults of the French, in the absence of their Emperor, which impede the accomplishment of the plans that bear “the impress of his genius.”

After stating what the distribution of the French armies was which still bore the impress of Napoleon's genius, Colonel Napier proceeds:—

‘Thus, Madrid being still the centre of operations, the French were so distributed, that by a concentric movement on that capital, they could crush every insurrection within the circle of their positions; and the great masses, being kept upon the principal roads diverging from Madrid to the extremities of the Peninsula, intercepted all communication between the Provinces: while the second corps, *thrust out*, as it were, beyond the circumference, and destined, as the fourth corps had been, to *sweep round from point to point*, was sure of finding a supporting army, and a good line of retreat, at every great route leading from Madrid to the yet unsubdued provinces of the Peninsula. The communication with France was, at the same time, secured by the fortresses of Burgos, Pampeluna, and St. Sebastian, and by the divisions posted at St. Ander, Burgos, Bilboa, and Vittoria; it was also supported by a reserve at Bayonne.’—pp. 7, 8.

Here a great plan is shadowed out, certainly; but Colonel Napier forgets, or rather, we fear, seeks to conceal from his

readers, what the French were daily experiencing ; namely, that the Spaniards were anything but subdued, and that the concentration of the French force to crush insurrection in one quarter, afforded immediately an opportunity for it to raise its head in another. We shall see hereafter how the second corps "*thrust out to sweep round from point to point*" performed its part, and to what degree it was *sure of finding* a supporting army and a good line of retreat. In the mean time we may remark, that the very arrangements which the French found it necessary to make in order to protect their lines of communication, prove, in the clearest manner, what a formidable people the Spaniards were, and how much Napoleon had miscalculated the efforts of which they were capable. The impress of genius, and of courage, also, is more truly exhibited in effecting great things with small means, than in employing *enormous means without success*.

' All the lines of correspondence, not only from France but between the different corps, were maintained by fortified posts, having greater or lesser garrisons, according to their importance. Between Bayonne and Burgos there were eleven military stations. Between Burgos and Madrid, by the road of Aranda and Somosierra, there were eight ; and eleven others protected the more circuitous route to the capital, by Valladolid, Segovia, and the Guadarama. Between Valladolid and Zaragoza the line was secured by fifteen intermediate posts. The communication between Valladolid and St. Ander contained eight posts ; and nine others connected the former town with Villa Franca del Bierzo, by the route of Benevente and Astorga ; finally, two were established between Benevente and Leon. At this period the force of the army, exclusive of Joseph's French guards, was *three hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and eleven men, about thirty-nine thousand being cavalry*.—pp. 8, 9.

Notwithstanding that this enormous force was pressing upon the *now unaided* Spanish people with all its weight, and acting against them with its utmost energy, it proved wholly unable to put down resistance. Yet our author would have it supposed that the Spaniards contributed very little to the success of the war. It has been said of history, that it is philosophy teaching by examples ; but unless the examples produced have truth for their foundation, and unless philosophy has cast off all companionship with *partiality, prejudice, and irritability*, before she undertakes the office of instructress, her pupils will have been grievously imposed upon.

Colonel Napier proceeds—

' More than two hundred and forty thousand men were in the field ; while the great line of communication with France (the military reader will do well to mark this, the *key-stone of Napoleon's system*) was protected

ted by above fifty thousand men; whose positions were strengthened by three fortresses and sixty-four posts of correspondence, each more or less fortified.'—p. 9.

Colonel Napier here bids his military readers remark the *key-stone of Napoleon's system*. In so far, however, as we have been able to make ourselves acquainted with the character and the career of Napoleon as a general, it appears to us that—confiding in his great natural abilities for war; in his vast fund of military knowledge; and in the immense power which circumstances had placed in his hands—he never cramped his genius within the trammels of a system. But if it could be shown that he was ever the slave of a system, it would still be extremely difficult to prove that the '*key-stone*' of that system was the securing of his lines of communication. For, although he was perfectly aware of the general importance of that essential principle of the art of war, as old as the art itself, he had the hardihood to put it aside sometimes without disadvantage, when he was aiming at great immediate results; and his too rash disregard of it at other times led to some of his greatest reverses—the most signal which have occurred to any general possessed of so much power, and who had earned so high a reputation.

We shall not dwell long upon Colonel Napier's account of the second siege of Zaragoza. A very few extracts will suffice to show that it is written in the same spirit of detraction, as regards the Spaniards, which is so conspicuous in his account of the first attack made by the French upon that patriotic city.

'Deprive the transaction of its dazzling colours, and the outline comes to this: Thirty-five thousand French, in the midst of insurrections, did, in despite of a combination of circumstances peculiarly favourable to the defence, reduce fifty thousand of the bravest and most energetic men in Spain.'—pp. 48, 49.

A moral action has its proper features and its proper colours, as well as a natural object, and, in either case, if you take away these, leaving only the outline, you deprive them not merely of their beauty, but almost of their identity. And if you go so far as to substitute features or colours which do not belong to them, you render them ridiculous or even disgusting. The way to see the moral conduct of the defenders of Zaragoza, with truth both as to features and colours, is to look at the sufferings they were contented to endure and to brave, rather than succumb to the enemies of their country. Colonel Napier is perfectly aware of this, and he employs all his art therefore in the first place to deprive the action of its proper moral colouring, next to turn our eyes from the merits of the besieged to those of the besiegers, and,

and, as he becomes more confident of success, or more a slave to his prejudices, we shall find him substituting in the place of heroic virtues whatever is most loathsome and disgusting.

'There are *no miracles in war*! If the houses of Zaragoza had not been nearly incombustible, the bombardment alone would have caused the besieged to surrender, or to perish with their flaming city.'—p. 49.

Wonderful discovery! But has it never occurred to Colonel Napier, that if there had been no mountains in Switzerland, or no rivers, canals, and inundations in Holland, the people of those countries, in many an awful crisis of their fortunes, could have found no other alternative but submission, or destruction by the fire and sword of their enemies? And if these things have occurred to our historian, has he therefore ceased to pay that tribute of admiration to the Swiss and to the Dutch which they have never ceased to receive from all other men? 'There are *no miracles in war*'—nor are there in peace, we believe, in our times. But it is exactly in the absence of miraculous interference that a claim is established upon our admiration for the great achievements of men. The discoveries of Newton would have conferred no honour upon human genius, if an angel had disclosed to him the system of the universe.

Colonel Napier's observations on the second siege of Zaragoza conclude with the following tribute of defamatory malignity, supported, it would seem, only by *anonymous hearsay authority*:—

'Palafox was only the nominal chief of Zaragoza;—the laurels gathered in both sieges should adorn plebeian brows, but those laurels dripped with kindred as well as foreign blood. The energy of the real chiefs, and the cause in which that energy was exerted, may be admired; the acts perpetrated were, in themselves, atrocious, and Palafox, although unable to arrest their savage proceedings, can claim but little credit for his own conduct. For more than a month preceding the surrender, he never came forth of a vaulted building, which was impervious to shells, and in which, there is too much reason to believe that he and others, of both sexes, lived in a state of sensuality, forming a disgusting contrast to the wretchedness that surrounded them.'—p. 51.

Our historian is here caught, we think, in a dilemma. If Palafox, when reduced to no other residence than a vaulted cave, could still excite and guide the enthusiasm of the defenders of Zaragoza, great praise is due to such a leader; and if, on the other hand, the courage and patriotism of the defenders of the city sustained themselves in spite of the seclusion and bad example of the chief, we cannot think too highly of the people. One or other must deserve applause; but our inconsistent, illogical, and, we believe, calumnious historian, insists upon debasing both.

Colonel Napier's account of the military transactions in Catalonia betrays the same spirit of injustice. The following insinuation

ation of the Catalonians wanting courage we believe to be most completely unfounded :—

‘ They were pursued all the 17th, yet the French returned the next day with few prisoners, because, says St. Cyr, “ *the Catalans are endowed by nature with strong knees.* ” ’—pp. 85, 86.

This observation, it is true, is found in St. Cyr’s Journal, but Colonel Napier has adopted it, and has given it a place in the pages of history ; of which it appears to us to be very undeserving.* Other passages occur a little further on, all having for their object to depreciate the Spaniards. Thus we are told—

‘ St. Cyr’s position of the morning of the 16th would have been very dangerous, if he had been opposed by any but *Spanish generals and Spanish troops.* ’

Our author seems desirous that we should forget here, what he has himself told us before (vol. ii. p. 66), viz., that ‘ two-thirds of the Migueletes carried pikes, and many were *without any arms at all.* ’ Yet these were a kind of enrolled force ; the Somatens were even less soldiers than the Migueletes.

Again, when Colonel Napier is speaking of General Reding’s death at Tarragona, of the wounds which he had received in the battle of Valls, he says—

‘ In his last moments he complained that he had been ill served as a general ; that the Somatenes had not supported him ; that his orders were neglected, his plans disclosed to the enemy, and that he could never get true intelligence ; complaints which the experience of Moore, Baird, Cradock, Murray, and, *above all, of Wellington,* proved to be applicable to every part of Spain, at every period of the war.’—p. 95.

Here is a sweeping and widely extended accusation. But in the first place, Colonel Napier does not mention upon what authority

* The pettish remark which the French general, forgetting his usual candour, has here suffered to escape from him, and which Colonel Napier finds so congenial to his own taste that he seeks to embalm it in the pages of his great work, is amply compensated however by the tribute which St. Cyr offers to the courage, the skill, and the patriotism of the Catalonians, in many other parts of his ‘ Journal.’ Speaking of the conduct of the Catalans on the appointment of General Reding to the command, St. Cyr says, ‘ He (Reding) made an appeal to the Catalans, who worthily responded to his confidence. They took arms, in all parts, under the direction of Brigadier Yrns. and executed religiously whatever the general had prescribed by his proclamation of the 30th of December (1808). There was hardly a day in which combats did not take place between our troops and the Migueletes or the Somatens ’ (p. 89). St. Cyr says of the Migueletes, in another place, p. 33, ‘ They are the best light troops that are known ; and the most proper for the service of advanced-guards and flanking-parties.’ Again, at page 54, he speaks of the Somatens—‘ Who did not leave,’ he says, ‘ a moment of repose to the French army, astonished to find them on the flanks, and in the rear, after having dispersed them in front.’ Finally, when speaking of the taking of Gerona, after a long and most gallant defence, St. Cyr says, ‘ The taking of Gerona had sunk the spirits of the Spaniards, and especially of the Catalans’ (it was their capital, and principal stronghold) ; ‘ but perseverance and patience being the distinctive qualities of that nation, they did not yet lose all hope ’ (p. 279).

he rests his statement of the above complaints having been uttered by General Reding in his last moments. By placing St. Cyr's name in the margin a few lines higher up, he leaves it to be inferred indeed that the statement is taken from the journal of that officer, where it is not to be found; and if we look a little way back in Colonel Napier's own history for an account of the character and professional abilities of Reding, we shall be inclined to doubt the title of that General to attribute to others the chief blame of his own want of success in his military operations. Colonel Napier says

'Reding himself was a man of no military talent—his activity was of body, not of mind; but he was brave and honourable; and popular, because, being without system, arrangement, or deep design, and easy in his nature, he thwarted no man's humours, and thus floated in the troubled waters until their sudden reflux left him on the rocks.'—vol. ii. p. 82.

With respect to Colonel Napier's assertion that the complaints which he has here put into the mouth of Reding, were confirmed by the experience of the British generals whom he names, we will venture to say that it is not only altogether unfounded in the general application given to it by Colonel Napier, but even in its more limited application, as respecting their never getting *true intelligence*. For there never was displayed, perhaps, in any war, more diligence, more fidelity, or more disinterestedness than was shown by the Spaniards in procuring information respecting the enemy, whenever circumstances admitted of their doing so, and in communicating it promptly to their allies; and we shall hereafter prove this—*above all, by Wellington's* despatches. There are occasions, indeed, when the advance of armies is so rapid that, unless some previous knowledge has been obtained through other sources with respect to the probable object of their movements, nothing very important can be learnt and communicated in time by the people of the country. And this must more especially occur when a numerous hostile cavalry has the entire command of an open country, through which the movements of an army are made, as was the case when Napoleon invaded Spain. The imputation which Colonel Napier has cast upon the Spaniards at that time, in the following passage, would be unjust, therefore, even if it had a better foundation to rest upon than we shall show to have been the case. He has told us in vol. i. p. 458, that

'the accidental information thus obtained was the more valuable, as neither money nor patriotism had hitherto induced the Spaniards to bring any intelligence of the enemy's situation, and each step the army had made was in the dark.'

We shall say nothing respecting the reflection here cast upon Sir

Sir John Moore's prudence, for if we prove that the accusation against the Spaniards is unfounded, that reflection falls also to the ground. Now independently of the information furnished to Sir John Moore by the Spanish authorities in Salamanca, there were officers of the quarter-master-general's department in advance as far as it was possible to penetrate. We have seen that Lord Proby was at Tordesillas when an enemy's patrol entered the place, and that he owed his safety to the fidelity of the Spaniards. Lieutenant-Colonel Offeney and Captain Campbell (both of the quarter-master-general's department) incurred nearly equal risk, the one towards Arevalo, the other at Toro. All these officers experienced from the Spaniards, as their correspondence showed, every assistance in obtaining intelligence. But besides that, it happened also whilst Sir John Moore was at Salamanca, that a courier coming from France to the emperor was intercepted by the Spaniards, and everything of which he was the bearer was immediately brought unexamined to the British head-quarters. If the information obtained did not relate immediately to the operations of the French troops directly opposed to Sir John Moore, that circumstance detracts nothing from the vigilance and the fidelity of the Spaniards.*

* The documents obtained by this capture were particularly curious and important. There were returns of the French forces in various parts—amongst them a complete return of the army in Italy. There were also returns from Bordeaux, Bayonne, and other stations on the roads leading to Spain, of the troops, stores, clothing, and other equipments in daily progress toward the Peninsula. There were likewise official reports (periodical), under a prescribed form, from the prefects of the departments and from the commanders of the military districts of the empire, these being checks upon each other. There were also reports from the several departments of the government at Paris, and despatches from the French ministers in foreign countries. That from the French minister in Holland had been deemed of so much importance that it was transmitted *wholly* in cyphers from Amsterdam to Paris; but the cypher having been underwritten throughout, in the foreign office at Paris, the capture of the despatch disclosed at once both its contents and the key of the cypher. But the documents which developed, in the most striking manner, the watchfulness and the prying jealousy of Napoleon's government, were those very appropriately denominated '*Visites de la Poste*.' These consisted of entire copies of some letters, and ample extracts from others, which had been opened in their passage through the several post-offices in France, or in the countries which were at that time in the occupation of French troops. The most interesting of those found in the bag were furnished by the post-offices of Bayonne, of Strasburg, and of Berlin. The first disclosed the correspondence of many persons serving in the French army in Spain, and amongst the documents supplied from the last there were found copies of despatches from the Danish government to the minister of that court at St. Petersburg. It is very easy to comprehend how it came about, under a government so watchful and so prying, that in the '*mighty empire few dared to oppose the emperor's wishes*.' There was still another article, however, in the bag of the French courier, which our readers will not expect to hear of. It contained two bottles of wine from the emperor's cellar, with the imperial crown, and the letter N. upon the seal of each cork. These too were brought unopened by the Spaniards to Sir John Moore, and they were drunk at his table.

It ought to be recollected, also, towards the refutation of the general charge brought by Colonel Napier against the Spaniards in the above passage, that the intelligence received at Sahagun so opportunely on the 23rd of December was partly supplied by Spaniards spontaneously to General Hope, who transmitted it to the quarter-master-general, and partly transmitted by the Marquis of Romana to Sir John Moore himself.

Colonel Napier endeavours to deprive the people of Catalonia, as well as the other Spaniards, of the fame to which their indefatigable exertions against the enemies of their country justly entitle them; and being much dissatisfied with the French general St. Cyr for some occasional commendations of the people of that province, he tries to refute them by Lord Collingwood's correspondence. But with all our respect for the abilities, the professional services, and the private character of Lord Collingwood, we can give only the same weight to his opinions respecting mountain-warfare in Catalonia that we should give to the opinions of General St. Cyr with regard to naval affairs.*

There is a curious specimen of unfairness and of bad reasoning in the following passage relating to the Catalonians. Colonel Napier, wishing to depreciate the Spaniards by depreciating the soldiers who fought against them, and by whom they were defeated, says, 'Who were those soldiers?'

'Not the select of the imperial guards, the conquerors in a hundred battles, but raw levies; the *dregs and scrapings of Italy*, the refuse of Naples and of Rome; states which to name as military was to ridicule. With such soldiers, the battles of Cardadeu, Molino, Igualida, and Valls, were gained; yet St. Cyr does not hesitate to call the Migueletes, who were beaten at those places, the best light troops in the world. The best *light troops* are neither more nor less than the *best troops* in the world; but if, instead of fifteen thousand Migueletes, the four thousand men composing Wellington's light division had been on the heights of Cardadeu, St. Cyr's sixty rounds of ammunition would scarcely have carried him to Barcelona.'—vol. ii. p. 103.

There is no country in Europe which does not produce men

* It is worthy of remark, that as Lord Collingwood has criticised the conduct of Spaniards on land, Marshal St. Cyr has also not hesitated to censure that of the English at sea. In speaking of the siege of Roses, after commending very highly the conduct of the Spanish garrison in the defence of the place, and after stating that the English sailors had defended Fort la Trinité in a manner superior even to that in which the French troops had attacked it, he adds, 'But what shall we think of the English navy having abandoned the Spanish garrison to its fate, when it was so easy to have removed it to the other side of the Fluvia, only two leagues distant from the roadstead. A Spanish squadron had set them the example by having effected this in the winter of 1794-5. What a difference of conduct in a situation exactly similar! What a difference between one man and another!' Now we have not the least doubt of St. Cyr being in error in blaming the British navy; and Lord Collingwood is, we are convinced, not a bit less so in his censure of the Catalanian soldiers.

capable of being made good soldiers under a good military system, and such certainly the French system was under Napoleon. St. Cyr, speaking of the 6th Italian regiment, which he describes as having been formed of the worst characters in the army of Italy, and as having caused, by its misconduct on the march through France, the most unfavourable impressions, says,—

‘This regiment, notwithstanding its bad composition, became so speedily disciplined after joining the army, that many occasions offered in which its good conduct merited eulogium, as did almost always the courage and the steadiness of its superior officers.’—*St. Cyr's Journal*, p. 39.

Such was the *scum* even of ‘the dregs and scrapings of Italy.’

But further—these ‘*dregs of Italy*’ were regular troops habituated to military control, and fully equipped and armed, whereas their opponents were for the most part ill-equipped and ill-armed peasants, and probably quite as ill supplied with ammunition as with everything else. It is no reproach to these men that they were less efficient for a regular action than one of the divisions of Wellington's army, any more than it would be a reproach to that division that neither its discipline nor the physical powers of its soldiery would have been proof for ten days against the kind of warfare carried on by the Catalonians. But Colonel Napier tells us, that ‘*the best light troops*’ is a term synonymous with ‘*the best troops* in the world.’ Now this is a mere *jeu de mots*; the term, as used by St. Cyr, has reference to a particular kind of service in the field; and what that General means is that the qualities of the Catalonian peasants adapted them in an especial manner for that kind of service. Colonel Napier might as well lay down, as a general maxim, that the *best hussars* are the *best cavalry*, or that the *best frigates* are the *best ships* in the world, as that ‘*the best light troops are neither more nor less than the best troops in the world.*’ We will also add, for the information of those unacquainted with the fact, that ‘Wellington's light division’ was not a division consisting exclusively of, or which ever acted exclusively as, light troops. The proportion of *light troops, properly so called*, was much too small in the British part of the Duke of Wellington's army; and to have allotted four thousand such troops to one division, would have been a mistake which the duke was incapable of committing. In ‘*Wellington's light division*’ were the 43rd and 52nd regiments, which had been trained and armed with particular care by Sir John Moore, not especially for light troop service, but after the manner in which that distinguished officer thought that the British infantry in general ought to be trained and armed.*

In

* Captain Kinaird, in his admirable little book, entitled *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*,
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In the chapter before us Colonel Napier adds another example of the great facility which theoretical writers have in making everything conform to their own speculations. By the account which he has given of the state of Spain at the *end of the month of January, 1809*, we learn that her 'armies were dispersed,' her 'government bewildered,' her 'people dismayed' (vol. ii. p. 5); that a concentric movement of the French 'could crush any insurrection within the circle of their positions' (p. 7); that they '*intercepted all communication between the provinces*' (p. 8); and that the force of the army, exclusive of Joseph's French guards, was 'three hundred and twenty-four thousand, about thirty-nine thousand being cavalry' (p. 9). Such is the information which we have received from Colonel Napier as an *historian*. But when he drops the part of *historian* and assumes that of a *speculating strategist*, or military projector, and tells us what ought to have been done by the Spaniards only a few days later, viz. in the *beginning of the month of February, 1809*, if '*the Supreme Junta had acted for a moment upon a rational system*,' he entirely alters the face of things, and says,—

'But it is not with reference to the seventh corps alone that Lerida was the proper base of the Spanish army. Let us suppose that the Supreme Junta had *acted for a moment upon a rational system*; that the Valencian troops, instead of remaining at Morella, had been directed on Lerida, and that the Duke of Infantado's force had been carried from Cuenca to the same place instead of being routed at Ucles. Thus, in the beginning of February, more than fifty thousand regular troops would have been assembled at Lerida, encircled by the fortresses of Monzon, Balaguer, Mequinenza, Tarragona, and Tortosa. *Its lines of operations would have been as numerous as the roads*. The Seu d'Urgel, called the granary of Catalonia, would have supplied corn, and the communication with Valencia would have been direct and open. From this central and menacing position, such a force might have held the seventh corps in check, and even raised the siege of Zaragoza; nor could the first corps have followed Infantado's movements without uncovering

Brigade, shows the distinction which exists between *Light Infantry*, properly so called, and other infantry, at the same time that he pays a well-merited tribute to the character and conduct of the 43rd and 52nd regiments.

"In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to other regiments [viz. not to speak of any but his own], I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates the 43rd and 52nd, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in every thing, and I love them as I hope to do my better half (when I come to be divided); wherever we were, *they* were; and although the nature of our arm generally gave us more employment in the way of *skirmishing*, yet whenever it came to a pinch, independent of a suitable mixture of them among us, we had only to look behind to see a line, in which we might place a degree of confidence almost equal to our hopes in heaven; nor were we ever disappointed. There never was a corps of riflemen in the hands of such supporters."—*Kinaird's Adventures*, pp. 16, 17.

Madrid

Madrid and abandoning the system of the emperor's operations against Portugal and Andalusia.'—pp. 106, 107.

Every measure which ability could suggest, or artifice resort to, had been employed by Napoleon to paralyze the power of Spain, for a considerable time before he made use of open force to establish his brother Joseph as his viceroy in that kingdom. The means of governing the country, and the means of defending it, had both been undermined; and after that an immense military force was poured in to complete the work of disorganization, and to sweep away or exterminate whatever should dare to oppose his designs. Colonel Napier has informed his readers of all this—he has told them what was the result up to the period we are now speaking of, and yet he would have them to expect, from a chance-constructed government, whose power was weak and scattered, under circumstances which needed its utmost strength and concentration, a degree of efficiency which a well-constituted, long-established, and energetic political system could scarcely have exhibited, under an accumulation of difficulties such as then pressed upon the Supreme Junta. And he suggests plans of military operations to be carried into effect by hastily collected bands of raw recruits and half-armed peasants, which regular armies, provided with a well-organized and experienced staff complete in all its branches, could alone have undertaken with any prospect of success. He has laboured to explain to his readers (vol. i. p. 331) how many difficulties Sir John Moore had to contend against, and with how little help, on assuming the command of a British army complete in all its departments, and recently victorious in two actions: but all things appear in a quite different aspect when it suits our author to bring forward his crude and impracticable projects for the purpose of censuring the Spaniards.

But we must now quit Catalonia, and also Colonel Napier's theories, to attend to transactions on the western side of the Peninsula, of greater interest to English readers—

'Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had nominated the regency; Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, to local knowledge and powerful talents, added the influence of a victorious commander, Burrard, Spencer, were all removed from Portugal at the very moment when the presence of persons acquainted with the real state of affairs was essential to the well-being of the British interests in that country. And this error was the offspring of passion and incapacity; for, if the convention of Cintra had been rightly understood, the ministers, appreciating the advantages of that treaty, would have resisted the clamour of the moment, and the generals would not have been withdrawn from the public service abroad, to meet unjust and groundless charges at home.'—p. 111.

We shall not return with our author to the convention of Cintra,
nor

nor to the nomination of the regency in Portugal, having discussed both these points already in our first article. It is necessary, however, that we should occasionally caution the readers of Colonel Napier's work against that habit of misrepresentation which he so frequently indulges, *even in small matters*, as well as in those of greater importance—and of which a sample here presents itself. Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Spencer were not '*removed from Portugal*,' as is stated by Colonel Napier. These officers *applied for leave* of absence to go to England, the first upon *indispensable business* connected with the office which he then held in the Irish government, and the second on account of *ill health*. And in the spring of 1809, even, when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to the Peninsula, General Spencer's health was not yet sufficiently re-established to admit of his going upon service.* The real cause of the return of those officers to England was stated (as is usual) in the public orders of the army, and could be no secret, therefore, to Colonel Napier. The whole passage is an exhalation of party spleen quite unworthy of an *historian*. Every person who has any knowledge of the state of public feeling in England with regard to the Convention of Cintra, must be aware that an inquiry (however disagreeable it might be to the ministry) was unavoidable. The return to England of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard was, therefore, indispensable,—whether detrimental or not to the affairs of Portugal we need not inquire. But Sir Arthur Wellesley's and General Spencer's return originated, as we have shown, in other causes, and took place *before* the inquiry was determined upon. Another charge against the British government immediately follows:—

'It was a miserable policy that, neglecting such an occasion, retained Sir Arthur Wellesley in England, while Portugal, like a *drunken man*, at once weak and turbulent, was reeling on the edge of a precipice.'—p. 112.

But how inconsistent this is; for had Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, whose removal from Portugal our author has just been censuring, remained in that country, it would not have rested with Sir Arthur Wellesley, at that time a junior officer to them and several others, to prevent Portugal from *reeling like a drunken man*. Besides which, if Sir Arthur could have remained with the army, he would not have been in Portugal, but in Spain, with and under Sir John Moore.

The plan which Colonel Napier has laid down for himself in

* 'As Lord William Bentinck is employed, I imagine in Germany, and General Spencer's health is in such a state as to prevent him from joining, and General Paget must necessarily be absent for some time,' &c. &c.—*Sir Arthur Wellesley's Letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated Abrantes, 26th June, 1809.*—*Gerrard*, vol. iv. p. 643.

writing his book has rendered it not only a history of the war in the Peninsula, but also a *treatise upon military science*. The following passage belongs to this latter branch of the work :—

‘ Sir John Moore having now relinquished his communications with Portugal, Sir John Cradock had to consider how, relying on his own resources, he could best fulfil his instructions and maintain his hold of that country, without risking the utter destruction of the troops intrusted to his care. For an inferior army Portugal has no defensible frontier. The rivers, generally running *east and west*, are *fordable in most places*, subject to sudden rises and falls, offering but weak lines of resistance, and, with the *exception of the Zézere*, presenting *no obstacles* to the advance of an enemy penetrating by the eastern frontier.* The mountains, indeed, afford many fine and some *impregnable positions*, but such is the *length of the frontier line* and the *difficulty of lateral communications*, that a general who should attempt to defend it against superior forces would risk to be cut off from the capital if he concentrated his troops; and if he extended them his line would be immediately broken. The possession of Lisbon constitutes, in fact, the possession of Portugal, south of the Duero, and an inferior army can only protect Lisbon by keeping close to the capital.’—p. 126.

We will just remark, in passing, that to speak of rivers running *east and west* is not very correct language. A range of mountains, or a line of frontier, may be said to run *east and west*, or *north and south*, or in any other opposite directions, because these run *figuratively*, but as a river runs *naturally*, it cannot run in two opposite directions at the same time. According to Colonel Napier the rivers of Portugal ‘*are fordable in most places*,’ and offer ‘*but weak lines of resistance*.’ This is a very surprising statement to come from an officer who has served in that country; for Colonel Napier must mean, by this statement, that the rivers in Portugal offer in *most places* no considerable obstacles to military movements. Now so far is this from being true, that many, even of the minor streams in Portugal, present in the greater part of their course very considerable obstacles to all the operations of war, and their importance in that respect is frequently mentioned in the Duke of Wellington’s letters and despatches. This is not in general occasioned, indeed, by the volume of water which flows in these minor streams, except in the rainy season, but in a great measure by their rocky channels, or by the steep and

* We find the following observation respecting the Zézere, in a letter from Lord Wellington to General Smith, dated at Celerico, on the 1st September, 1810 :—

‘ Colonel Murray has communicated to me Captain Williams’s report upon the Zézere, which is very satisfactory. . . . In this season of the year, however, it is in the power of the enemy to turn the line of the Zézere in so many different ways, that I should hesitate to disperse or fatigue the troops in any great degree, in order to reform the works, as Captain Williams proposes.’—*Gurwood*, vol. vi. p. 373.

rugged nature of the valleys or ravines in which they run.* But with respect even to the volume of water, our author is here greatly misleading his readers, when he represents the Tagus and the Douro as rivers '*fordable in most places*;' for they are, on the contrary, almost nowhere fordable during the greater part of the year. Colonel Napier appears to be of opinion, also, that a river can contribute little or even nothing to the security of a frontier, or of any line which is to be defended, unless its course be parallel to that line: in which opinion, as we shall presently show, our military instructor has fallen into a very important professional mistake.

But whilst Colonel Napier thus undervalues very much the importance of the rivers of Portugal, both in a physical and military point of view, he tells us that 'the mountains indeed afford many fine and *impregnable* positions.' He has not mentioned, however, where these *impregnable* positions are to be found.† Busaco is a fine position certainly; but it cannot properly be called impregnable with reference to the defence of the country, for it may be turned; and the error committed by Massena seems to have been, that he did not at once march from his right to turn that position, masking his movement by the force with which he drove in the British advanced guard from Mortagna on the evening of the 25th of September, in place of risking a direct attack upon a position of such great natural strength.

The next impediment to the defence of Portugal arises, according to Colonel Napier, from the '*length of the frontier line and the difficulty of lateral communications*.' As to the frontier line—it will be found upon examination that, although it is long in proportion to the breadth of the country, it is however broken into parts, in such a manner that an enemy must either limit his attack, as Massena did his, to one of those parts—and thus give occasion to the union of the whole defensive means of the country against him; or he must divide his force into separate armies, and thus become exposed to be attacked separately, as was the case in the projected, but precarious and unsuccessful co-operation of Soult and of Victor, planned by Napoleon. But to have two invading armies, strong enough to admit of distant co-operation, requires a very great command both of number of troops and

* Marshal Suchet remarks of the rivers in that part of Spain in which he was employed, as also of all their tributary streams, that 'they are rapid in their course, causing deep and precipitous crevices; and that their ravines, even at the season of the rivers being dried up, are often impassable.'—*Mémoires de Suchet*, vol. i. pp. 46–7.

† Impregnable positions, as also passes where a *handful* of men could stop an army, are often enough mentioned both in books and in conversation; but we incline to think that those who have had most experience in war will be most apt to doubt of their being often to be found.

other military means, as well as a favourable combination of circumstances, to insure success.

With respect to the obstacles which exist in Portugal to lateral communications, it will also be found, upon consideration of them, that they are much more adverse to the invading than to the defending army. The Tagus and the Douro are the first and likewise the principal impediments which present themselves to lateral communication, with reference to the attack and defence of the eastern frontier of Portugal. The ridge of mountains, called the Serra d'Estrella, comes next to those rivers in situation and in importance. And after these comes the river Mondego. The Zezere is however the *only river* which, according to Colonel Napier, is an exception to the general character of the rivers, namely, that of their '*presenting no obstacles to the advance of an enemy penetrating by the eastern frontier*,' we suppose because this is the only *considerable* river which crosses the direct advance of the enemy on the south side of the Serra d'Estrella.

We proceed now to show the very superficial character of Colonel Napier's military opinions, or *strategical doctrines*, if that term be more acceptable to him; and it appears to us that the mode of doing so, most intelligible to the generality of our readers, will be by a practical example.

Massena having become master of the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida in the autumn of 1810, his next operation was to advance to Lisbon. The following are the routes by which an army may move from the neighbourhood of Almeida towards the capital.

First, by crossing the Tagus at Villa Velha, and recrossing it again, either at Abrantes or lower down the river. On this line of march, however, we find the Tagus, instead of opposing '*no obstacle*,' opposes itself twice in such a manner as must have been quite sufficient to dissuade the French general from taking this first route to Lisbon.

Secondly, Massena might have marched by the route of Sazedas and Cortiça, after having forced or turned, by the mountain-road called the *Estrada Nova*, the formidable position on the rivers Ocreza and Alvitó. But this route leads through a narrow and unproductive country; and Lord Wellington, making use of the '*lateral communication*' by Espinhal, at the western extremity of the Serra d'Estrella, could have easily united his whole army in front of the enemy, in a position protected by the Zezere, at a part of its course where it is a formidable obstacle; whilst Massena, *excluded from lateral communication* upon one flank by the Tagus, and on the other by the Serra d'Estrella, would have had no alternative but to starve or to retreat. Here, therefore, we find the Tagus, and also the Serra d'Estrella, to be features of the greatest importance

ance towards the defence of Portugal against an enemy penetrating by '*the eastern frontier*,' and we find also '*the difficulty of lateral communication*' adverse *only* to the invader.

Thirdly, the only other course which Massena could take to march towards Lisbon was that by the valley of the Mondego. Here there are two roads, the one by the northern, the other by the southern side of the valley. But as the Mondego presents *difficulties to lateral communications* of a very important nature, it was impossible for Massena to use both of these roads without exposing his army to be beaten in detail. He determined therefore to move solely by that on the northern side of the valley. Lord Wellington marched *necessarily* by the road on the southern side of the valley of the Mondego, both that he might preserve his communications with the corps under General Hill and General Leith, the first of which he had placed on the Sarzedas road, and the second behind it on the Zezere; and likewise that he might keep always between the enemy and the capital. But when the head of the allied column, which was retreating by the southern side of the valley of the Mondego, arrived in the vicinity of Coimbra, Lord Wellington, with a union of foresight, skill, and promptitude, which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, profited by the '*lateral communication*' of Espinhal (which he had beforehand purposely caused to be improved) to bring his army together, and by the '*lateral communications*' of which he had the command over the Mondego, to place himself in the formidable position of Busaco, directly across the line of march of the enemy, having, at the same time, a small body of troops left in the position of Ponte Murcella on his right flank, to watch the road which he had quitted by crossing to the northern bank of the Mondego.

We shall not extend this digression by dwelling on the very great additional advantages towards the defence of Portugal against '*an enemy penetrating by the eastern frontier*,' which result from the water-conveyance afforded by the rivers Tagus, Douro, and Mondego, *in consequence of* the direction of their course being from *east to west*; a circumstance which renders them available in this most important respect to the defending army, whilst they occasion embarrassment only to the invader, as none of them are navigable in the upper part of their course.

Our author is so very confident, we might perhaps say arrogant; a critic of men who have commanded armies, and offers himself with so little diffidence as an instructor of those whose lot it may be to command armies hereafter, that we must crave pardon for investigating, from time to time, his claims to be relied upon in both, or in either, of these capacities.

At page 129 of Colonel Napier's second volume, we meet with an article headed—'NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE OCCUPATION OF CADIZ,' which begins with these words:—'While it was still unknown in England that the Supreme Junta had fled from Aranjuez'—

We should hardly have thought it worth while to notice this passage, had not Colonel Napier before expressed himself in like terms of the removal of the seat of government from Aranjuez, when the near approach of the French armies, under Napoleon, rendered that step necessary.

'The junta, flying with *indecent haste*, spread a thousand false reports, and with more than ordinary pertinacity, endeavoured to deceive the people and the English general; a task in which they were strongly aided by the weak credulity of Mr. Frere, the British plenipotentiary, who accompanied them in their flight toward Badajos. Mr. Stuart, however, being endowed with greater discretion and firmness, remained at Madrid until the enemy had actually commenced the investment of that town.'—vol. i. p. 416.

A moment's reflection might have satisfied Colonel Napier that the conduct of a single foreigner, not then even at the head of an embassy, and perhaps ordered to remain to the last by his superior, who was himself, by his office, bound to accompany the Government to which he was accredited, can form no just criterion for judging of that of a body of persons charged with the actual government of a country. What would Colonel Napier himself think of an historian of the American war who should speak in *reproachful terms* of the removal of the Congress from Philadelphia, when the English army approached that city? But perhaps our author thinks that the Spanish Junta ought to have emulated those ancients of Rome, who are said to have waived in their curule chairs for the arrival of the Gauls.

Several pages which follow are remarkable only for captiousness of reasoning and for asperity of style; the objects of attack being the English cabinet, the Spanish junta, and the British minister in Spain. We shall extract the following passage, because it shows with what pliancy Colonel Napier recommends that governments should accommodate national faith to seeming temporary expediency:—

'The object [the occupation of Cadiz] was one that England had a right to seek, the Spanish rulers *no right to refuse*, for the people wished to further it, and the threat of an appeal to them would soon have silenced the feeble negative of such a despicable and suspected government.'—vol. ii. p. 135.

Colonel Napier, we learn by this passage, is not disposed to be a very scrupulous observer of the principle of *non-interoction*.

According

According to his doctrine, the people, or, to speak more correctly, the *mob* of a single town have a right to place their town in the occupation of foreigners (that town being the strongest fortress, and commanding the best harbour of their country), without having any sanction for so doing from the nation at large, and even against the will of the national government!

That it was incumbent upon the British ministers to exercise the utmost vigilance to prevent Cadiz from falling into the hands of the common enemy, cannot be doubted; and that it was the duty of the Spanish rulers not to transfer that place to any foreign garrison whatever, except in a case of the last extremity, appears to us equally undeniable. Colonel Napier, we see, censures both. But to any one who has given the smallest attention to the national feelings of every people, and especially to any one who is aware of the *ardent nationality* of the Spaniards, it must be quite obvious that an attempt by the British to seize upon Cadiz, in the manner proposed by Colonel Napier, whether it had been *successful* or *unsuccessful*, would have done more to loosen the ties by which the allies were mutually bound together, than the greatest disaster they could have encountered in the field.

We come now to the operations of Marshal Soult in Galicia and the north of Portugal; and we shall show that in our author's account of those operations, there is a marked partiality for the French, and an obsequious admiration of the Duke of Dalmatia, both of which prove extremely adverse to the cause of truth. Colonel Napier has told us in his preface that he should neglect the '*narrow winding currents of Spanish warfare*,' and we shall not here have recourse to these *currents*, therefore, in the proofs we bring forward of the partiality and the inaccuracy of our author's narrative.

'Having described the unhappy condition of Portugal, and given a general view of the transactions in Spain, I shall now resume the narrative of Soult's operations; thus following the main stream of action; for the other marshals were appointed to tranquillize the provinces already overrun by the emperor, or to *war down* the remnants of the Spanish armies, but the Duke of Dalmatia's task was to push onward in the course of conquest. Nor is it difficult to trace him through the remainder of a campaign, in which, traversing all the northern provinces, fighting in succession the armies of three different nations, and enduring every vicissitude of war, he left broad marks of his career, and certain proofs that he was an able commander, and of a haughty resolution in adversity.'—vol. ii. p. 158.

Whilst the other French marshals were employed to *war down* the remnants of the armies of a '*bewildered government and a dismayed people*,' and to tranquillize the provinces, the Duke of Dalmatia

Dalmatia had assigned to him the task of pushing further the course of conquest. In the performance of this task he fought in succession, Colonel Napier says, the *armies* of three different nations. We must, however, remind our readers that the *armies of Spain* and of *Portugal* were represented in these battles almost entirely by *half-armed peasants*, and that when the Marshal encountered the army of the *third nation*, first at Corunna on the 16th of January, and next at Oporto on the 12th of May, he experienced defeat on both occasions. Next we have the Marshal celebrated by Colonel Napier for the reduction of fortresses which were *not defended*.

‘And thus in ten days were reduced two regular fortresses, which with more resolution might have occupied thirty thousand men for several months.’—vol. ii. p. 159.

We are very far from intending, by these remarks, to detract from the merits of Marshal Soult; on the contrary, we acknowledge his distinguished abilities and his eminent services to his Sovereign. What we find fault with is, the *false colouring* used by the historian in painting the Marshal's exploits. We have before had occasion to observe, that when Colonel Napier is desirous of placing the general of an army in an advantageous light, he takes great pains—copying rather the arts of painting or poetry, than adhering to the truth of history—to throw everything that is near him very much into shade. We have, accordingly, a wretched account given us of the state of Soult's army in every respect at the time when he received the emperor's orders to invade Portugal. However,

‘in six days the Marshal thought himself in a condition to obey his orders.’—vol. ii. p. 162.

Soult's first attempt was to enter Portugal by passing the Minho near the mouth of that river, in the night between the 15th and 16th of February. This attempt having been repulsed, however, by the Portuguese militia and *ordenança*,* the French general then marched up the right bank of the Minho, in order to gain a passage over that river by the bridge of Orense. Colonel Napier thinks fit to represent this movement as displaying extraordinary ability in Marshal Soult:—

‘The Duke of Dalmatia's situation was now, although not one of imminent danger, extremely embarrassing, and more than ordinary quick-

* Besides the regular army, there is in Portugal a militia force, and also an organization, by districts, of the peasantry, known by the name of *Ordenança*. These admirable defensive arrangements are of very long standing in Portugal, for we find an account of them so far back as the year 1662, in the despatches addressed to Marshal Turenne by a French agent then at Lisbon.—*Turenne's Letters*, vol. i. p. 572.

ness and vigour were required to conduct the operations with success. Posted in a narrow, contracted position, he was hemmed in on the left by the Spanish insurgents, who had assembled immediately after La Houssaye passed Orense, and who, being possessed of a very rugged and difficult country, were, moreover, supported by the *army of Romana*, which was said to be at Orense and Ribidavia.'—vol. ii. p. 169.

We shall show presently what was the degree of efficiency of this formidable array of Spanish insurgents, and what was the amount of the *army of Romana* which was said to be at Orense and Ribidavia:—

'La Houssaye, with his dragoons, quitted Salvatierra, and, keeping the edge of the Minho, was galled by the fire of the Portuguese from the opposite bank, but before evening, he twice broke the insurgent bands, and, in revenge for some previous excesses of the peasantry, burnt the villages of Morentan and Cobreira.

'Between Franquera and Canizar the route was cut by the streams of the Morenta and Noguera rivers, and, behind those torrents, eight hundred Gallicians, having barricadoed the bridges and repulsed the advanced parties of cavalry, stood upon their defence. The 17th, at daybreak, the leading brigade of Heudelet's division forced the passage, and pursued the Spaniards briskly, but, when within a short distance of Ribidavia, the latter rallied upon *eight or ten thousand insurgents, arrayed in order of battle, on a strong hill*, covering the approaches to that town. At this sight the advanced guard halted until the remainder of the division and a brigade of cavalry were come up, and then, under the personal direction of Soult, the French assailed and drove the Gallicians, fighting, through the town and across the Avia. The loss of the vanquished was very considerable, the bodies of *twenty priests* were found amongst the slain, and either from fear or patriotism, every inhabitant had quitted Ribidavia.

'The 18th, a brigade of infantry scouring the valley of the Avia, dispersed three or four thousand of the insurgents, who were disposed to make a second stand on that side; a second brigade, pushing on to Barbantes, seized a ferry-boat on the Minho, close to that place, and being joined, the same evening, by the infantry who had scoured the valley of the Avia, and by Franceschi's cavalry, on the 19th entered Orense in time to prevent the bridge over the Minho from being cut.

'Thus, in three days, the Duke of Dalmatia had, with admirable celerity and vigour, extricated his army from a contracted unfavourable country, strangled a formidable insurrection in its birth, and at the same time opened a fresh line of communication with St. Jago, and an easy passage into Portugal.

'The 20th, a regiment being sent across the Minho, by the ferries of Barbantes and Ribidavia, defeated the insurgents of the left bank, advanced to the Arroyo river, and took post on the heights of Merea. The army, with the exception of the division guarding the guns, was concentrated the *same day at Orense*.'—vol. ii. pp. 170, 171.

In these paragraphs we have an account of the *achievements*

by which Marshal Soult extricated himself from the difficulties in which Colonel Napier represents him to have been involved, and by which he opened for his army a new route into Portugal. We shall now enable our readers to form some notion of the *authenticity* of Colonel Napier's narrative, as also of the character of the *exploits* which he commemorates, by submitting to them a few extracts from Count Heudelet's *original register* of the transactions of his division; a document which we have already referred to as being in our possession.

Heudelet writes to Soult on the 16th of February, announcing the arrival of his division on that day at Tuy, and his intention to proceed on the following day (17th of February) to La Guardia, in conformity with the instructions which had been given to him; but in concluding his letter he acknowledges a verbal order, that moment communicated to him from the Marshal, to put his division in march immediately towards Orense, in place of marching on the 17th to La Guardia.

We have next the order which Heudelet immediately issued for the march of his division. The first brigade was ordered to march two and a half French leagues to Corzanes, there to halt for the night, and cause bread to be baked for several days. The second brigade was ordered to Entienza and Puente de Phillaboa, places less distant from Tuy, but likewise in the direction of Ribidavia. All these places are at a very considerable distance from those where Colonel Napier tells us that the division became engaged at *daybreak* on the morning of the 17th, and fought a battle with *eight or ten thousand* Spaniards in the course of the day. There is no mention of this battle of the 17th, however, nor the slightest allusion to it in Heudelet's register. General Heudelet left Ribidavia on the 19th, and on the same day he writes to Soult from St. Jago de Trasazier, as follows :—

‘ I have the honour to inform your Excellency that we have dispersed an assemblage of about a thousand peasants and Spanish soldiers, who occupied the crest of the mountains in front of Ventoseta: about sixty of them were killed. I have had some men wounded, about five or six. In the affair of yesterday I had about twenty wounded, almost all of the 15th regiment. A serjeant of that regiment was killed, and Major Du Long had his horse shot under him.’—*Heudelet's Register*.

There is a letter from Heudelet to Soult from Barbantes, dated at half-past two P. M. on the 20th, and another from Untes of the same day. The first of these mentions that certain ferry-boats on the Minho had been brought from the other side of the river, some soldiers having swam over to bring them, although they had been fired at by the peasants. The second speaks of the difficulty and

narrowness of the roads, and of some shots having been exchanged with the peasants, and three men of the 15th regiment having been wounded. On the 21st Heudelet writes from Orense, at mid-day, reporting to Soult his having entered that place :—

‘ My division entered Orense this morning at ten o’clock without finding an enemy. A great part of the population is in the town. I am establishing order and inspiring confidence amongst them, and the whole almost will come in. The sick of the 6th *corps d’armée* [Ney’s], who were left here, have been respected by the soldiers of Romana’s army—they are in the hospitals.* . . . There came forward to Orense *only one hundred and fifty of Romana’s light troops*, and they went away yesterday. Their object was to induce the people to defend the town, in which, however, they were not successful.’—*Heudelet’s Register*.

Here, then, is the whole real amount of the nearest portion of that ‘*army of Romana*,’ which our author tells us, in enumerating the Duke of Dalmatia’s embarrassments, was *said to be* at Orense and Ribadavia, whilst the French marshal was at the same time *hemmed in* on the left by Spanish insurgents.

In a letter of the 22nd to Marshal Soult, Heudelet enumerates the causes which were diminishing the effective strength of his division; and after mentioning the prevalence of sickness, and stating that he had left a detachment behind with the park, between Pontevedra and Tuy, and another with the artillery of the division near Tuy, he says, ‘ I have had also about *forty* men killed or wounded in *all the little affairs* which have lately taken place.’ Heudelet’s reports to Soult are very minute; and the result of an attentive perusal of them, and of the other documents in the register relating to the same period, has been to create in our minds a very *considerable doubt* of any *such affair* as Colonel Napier mentions, having occurred on the 17th, or any other day of February—with ‘ *eight or ten thousand insurgents arrayed in order of battle on a strong hill* ’—from whence they were driven by *Heudelet’s division*, under the personal direction of Soult—in which there was fighting afterwards, ‘ through the town and across the Avia ’—and in which ‘ the loss of the vanquished was very considerable ’—and ‘ the bodies of *twenty priests* were found amongst the slain.’ For, as Heudelet mentions each individual casualty almost in his letters, and so accounts for very nearly the total amount of loss which he states his division to have sustained during the *whole* of the *late movements*, without the slightest allusion to *Colonel Napier’s battle* of the 17th, we must conclude, either that the division suffered no loss on that occasion, or that no such battle took place.

* These men, eighty in number, were incorporated with Heudelet’s division, it being deemed unsafe to leave them at Orense, or that they should attempt to join *Ney’s corps d’armée*.

Colonel Napier informs us (page 171) that 'the army, with the exception of the division guarding the guns, was concentrated on the 20th at Orense.' The mistake is not a very important one, but it is an additional proof of our author's habitual want of accuracy with respect to dates.

The following passage is *Colonel Napier's account* of the conduct of the French general towards the inhabitants of the country, and of that of the Spaniards towards the French soldiers :—

'Soul endeavoured to soften the people's feelings by kindness and *soothing proclamations*; and as he enforced a strict discipline among his troops, his humane and politic demeanour, joined to the activity of his moveable columns, abated the fierceness of the peasantry.* The inhabitants of Ribidavia soon returned to their houses, those of Orense had never been very violent, and now becoming friendly, even lent assistance to procure provisions. It was not, however, an easy task to restrain the soldiers within the bounds of humanity; the frequent combats, the assassination, the torturing of isolated men, and the privations endured, had so exasperated the French troops, that the utmost exertions of their general's authority could not always control their revenge.'—vol. ii. p. 173.

We should be unwilling to doubt Marshal Soult's good intentions, nor will we dispute the fact of his having issued *soothing proclamations*; but we shall show our readers that this passage affords a fresh example of Colonel Napier's partiality, and of that unaccountable, we had almost said unnatural bias, by which he appears to be at all times inclined to take part against the injured inhabitants of the Peninsula, and to frame excuses, the most plausible he can, for the devastations, outrages, and massacres which these intruders carried with them, even into the most remote valleys of an unjustly invaded country. But besides the inexcusableness of the general partiality which we here allude to, there appears to be much disingenuousness, as we shall presently show, in the endeavour made, in this particular place, to cast the chief blame upon the Spaniards. Fortunately Count Heudelet enables us to correct the injustice of Colonel Napier's imputations against the Spaniards, by submitting to our readers that general officer's report to Marshal Soult himself respecting the conduct of Franceschi's cavalry on entering the town of Orense—

'Before entering Orense, I had taken measures to insure good order. Select companies had been placed everywhere, and patrols had been sent to take up pillagers, and restore by that means the confidence of the inhabitants. The cavalry division of *General Franceschi* arrived soon afterwards, and halted at the gate of the town, but an order being given to go for forage, nails, and bread, the bad soldiers of these regiments

* Marshal St. Cyr says of the system of *moveable columns*, "that it ruins the discipline of the troops so employed; and that it tends much more to excite than to calm insurrections."—*St. Cyr's Journal*, p. 206.

availed themselves of that pretext to commit several disorders. A great many complaints were made to the commandant of the town and to myself, and officers were obliged to hasten to different houses to redress them. A lieutenant of grenadiers of the 66th regiment having entered a house and desired a hussar to go out of it, the latter drew his sword against the officer, who, being armed, killed the hussar. Two more of the cavalry soldiers were wounded by other officers. . . . I am aware that when regular distributions are not made to troops, it is necessary to close our eyes to their irregularities in the field; but in an enclosed town, and one destined for the head quarters of your excellency, I thought it my duty to give strict orders for the maintenance of discipline, and to enforce these orders both against my own soldiers and against those of other divisions.’—*Heudelet’s Original Register*.

It is a tribute justly due from us to Count Heudelet to state, that he appears to have been at all times the zealous advocate of order and of humanity. In writing to Marshal Soult from Allaritz on the 23rd February, he says,—

‘The irregularities are continually increasing, and even persons who remain tranquil in their houses are put to death. This conduct causes us to be abhorred, and fills all the best of the people with disgust. I can assure your excellency that my division does not carry its excesses to such a pitch, for all the officers exert themselves, and the generals have made their sentiments on the subject known in the strongest manner.’

In another letter, dated at Jinzo, on the 1st March, Heudelet writes to the Duke of Dalmatia—

‘There is hardly an inhabitant remaining—the troops of the advanced guard have killed even the women.’

The above report shows what sort of treatment the people of Spain were exposed to from the French troops, even when every precaution was used and every endeavour made for their protection. What the conduct of Franceschi’s cavalry must have been in the remote villages, or in single houses, may easily be inferred from that which it was in the town of Orense, already under the protection of a general commanding a division of infantry, and the place destined for the head-quarters of the Marshal.*

Colonel

* We have inserted these extracts, because they supply from sources the least liable of any to suspicion, a picture very different from Colonel Napier’s, of the conduct towards the peaceable inhabitants even of the Peninsula, of that army which our author has represented as having been deprived of a portion of its accustomed military energy, by a painful sense of the iniquity of the cause in which it was engaged. Vol. I. p. 7. We think it right likewise to show, upon Colonel Napier’s own authority, that Franceschi’s division, which was, as appears by Heudelet’s register, pre-eminently distinguished for cruelty towards the defenceless inhabitants, had a congenial delight in pushing the carnage of the field also to the utmost extremity against an adversary less trained to, and less practised in war. Colonel Napier tells us, that Franceschi, having overtaken a body of two or three thousand Spaniards retreating from Verim, assailed their rear with a battalion of infantry, and surrounded them with his cavalry. “The Spaniards trusting to the roughness of

Colonel Napier, in his zeal to compliment Soult, and his anxiety, perhaps, to display his own knowledge of the history and military affairs of the '*Romans*,' of which we have already had some examples, gives the following account of the Duke of Dalmatia's arrangements with respect to the sick of his army:—

'The fourth division of infantry remained at Villa del Rey, to cover the passage of the sick and wounded men from Orense, for the Duke of Dalmatia, having no base of operations, transported his hospitals, and other incumbrances, from place to place as the army moved; acting in this respect after the manner of the *Roman generals when invading a barbarous country*.'—vol. ii. p. 181.

It is not more the duty than it is the interest of every general to provide, in the best manner he can, for the sick of his army; and it is especially incumbent upon him to place them in security against outrage in a barbarous country, or in a country where the *barbarous conduct of his own soldiers*, caused by the system of warfare adopted by himself, or by his government, has forced the inhabitants to have recourse to acts of retaliation. Marshal Soult, having all these motives for taking care of the sick of his army, had collected in Tuy, a place of some strength, all the sick who could be brought together when he was in that neighbourhood. But as there was again an accumulation of sick, and Orense was not a fortified place, and as it would not, at any rate, have been expedient to have left behind in Galicia the sick of a *corps d'armée* about to transfer its operations to Portugal, and endeavour to penetrate to Lisbon, Marshal Soult had the sick conveyed, in the first instance, to Monterey, which was a place affording some security for them, and afterwards from Monterey to Chaves, as soon as the latter place had been taken from the Portuguese. Such is the plain history of Marshal Soult transporting the sick of his army '*after the manner of the Roman generals when invading a barbarous country*.'*

We

the ground, drew up in one large square. Franceschi had four regiments of cavalry, each regiment settled itself against the face of a square, [*Qy. against a face of the square?*] and then the whole with loud cries bore down upon their opponents. Those who escaped the horses' hoofs and the edge of the sword became prisoners, but twelve hundred bodies were stretched lifeless on the field of battle, and Franceschi continued his movements on La Gudina." Vol. II. p. 181.

A body of Portuguese, retreating from the rout of their motley army at Braga, experienced a similar treatment. "Franceschi placed his horsemen on either flank, [of the Portuguese], a brigade of infantry in front, and, as at Verim, making all charge together, strewed the ground with the dead." Vol. II. p. 194.

We may form some notion of the kind of enemy Franceschi had to deal with on these occasions, from Colonel Napier's own acknowledgment, that "of the 25,000 men composing the whole of the Portuguese force [near Braga], 18,000 were only armed with pikes." Vol. II. p. 190.

* General St. Cyr speaking of a treaty which he had concluded with General Reding, by which it was stipulated that the sick and wounded taken in hospitals should

We cannot afford to follow Colonel Napier in his account of Marshal Soult's combats with the Portuguese peasants and militia in his march towards Oporto, which city, our author informs us, with his usual topographical inaccuracy, '*is built in a hollow*'* (vol. ii. p. 198). The result of the fruitless attempt of the Portuguese to defend Oporto is described as follows:—

'The frightful scene of rape, pillage, and murder, closed not for many hours, and what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, it is said that ten thousand Portuguese died on that unhappy day! The loss of the French did not exceed five hundred men.'—vol. ii. p. 203.

Such were the '*broad marks of his career*' which the Duke of Dalmatia left in pursuing his allotted task of conquest—such were the accompaniments of the '*soothing proclamations*,' the '*strict discipline*,' the '*humane, and politic demeanour*,' eulogized by our historian—such the results of a system founded upon intimidation and revenge—and such the barbarous massacres by which the ruler of France and the instruments of his tyranny endeavoured to stifle the patriotism, and to prostrate the independence of nations.

Leaving Marshal Soult in his new conquest, Colonel Napier proceeds to trace the operations of the first and of the fourth French corps d'armée in Spain. We shall, however, only notice, and that very briefly, the account given of the battle of Medellin.

'The plain on the side of Don Benito was bounded by a high ridge of land, behind which Cuesta kept the Spanish infantry concealed, showing only his cavalry and some guns in advance.'—vol. ii. p. 217.

If we had not already had so many examples of Colonel Napier's inaccuracy in describing the features of ground which he

should not be looked upon as prisoners of war, but should be mutually sent back by the two armies as soon as cured, says—'On our part we feared to place much confidence in this treaty, because it was not supposed that any Spanish commander-in-chief whosoever possessed sufficient authority over the excited population of that country to cause it to be respected; and the *practice* was therefore *continued* of employing every possible means to remove the sick and wounded capable of being transported, whenever the movements of the army required any district of country to be evacuated.'—*St. Cyr's Journal*, p. 128. This shows that the '*manner of the Romans*' was not peculiar to the Duke of Dalmatia.

We must not omit to mention, that St. Cyr states, a little further on in his journal, that the above treaty was scrupulously observed on the part of the Spaniards. 'We owe it to truth to state,' says General St. Cyr, 'that the small number of sick left at Valls, as also those left at a later period at Vich, were well taken care of, and were punctually sent back to our outposts as soon as they were cured, conformably to the stipulations of the convention.'—*St. Cyr's Journal*, p. 147.

* Those who are acquainted with Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and its steep streets, may be able to form to themselves a pretty accurate notion of what Colonel Napier means by a city being situated in a *hollow*. Lieutenant-Colonel Badcock says of Oporto, 'The city rises abruptly from the river; in some places the ascent is by 134 steps.'—*Journal in Spain and Portugal*, p. 140.

must have seen, we should at once set it down as certain that he had never seen the field of battle of Medellin. But however that may be, there is no feature in the situation he here mentions to which the epithet of '*a high ridge of land*' can with any propriety be applicable. The ground near the Ortigosa, above Medellin, is indeed elevated and broken, but, as it extends in the direction of Don Benito, its elevation gradually decreases, and its slopes become easy on every side. All the ground between this feature and the river Guadiana is an open and level plain. No field of battle could have been anywhere selected, in which a veteran army might act with more advantage against an army composed, as that of Cuesta was, of raw levies under inexperienced officers. This old general therefore, although a brave man, and zealously attached to the cause which he served, had the misfortune to be a second time the ostensible author of a great calamity to his country.

On our author's return to the north of Portugal, he proceeds to give an account of Soult's mode of administering the affairs of the portion of that kingdom which he had occupied at the cost of so much bloodshed to its unfortunate inhabitants.

'But his ability in the civil and political administration of the Entre Minho e Douro produced an effect which he was *not prepared for*. . . . His victories, and the evident vigour of his character, contrasted with the apparent supineness of the English, promised permanency for the French power, and the party, formerly noticed as being inimical to the house of Braganza, revived. The leaders, thinking this a favourable opportunity to execute their intention, waited upon the Duke of Dalmatia, and expressed their desire for a French prince and an independent government. They even intimated their good wishes towards the duke himself, and demanded his concurrence and protection, while, in the name of the people, they declared that the Braganza dynasty was at an end. . . . He acted with so much dexterity that in fifteen days the cities of Oporto and Braga, and the towns of Bacellos, Viana, Villa de Conde, Povoia de Barcim, Feira, and Ovar, sent addresses, containing the expression of their sentiments, and bearing the signatures of thirty thousand persons, as well of the nobles, clergy, and merchants, as of the people.

'This transaction formed the ground-work of a tale, generally credited even by his own officers, that Soult perfidiously aimed at an independent crown. . . . On the other hand, the policy of Soult's conduct on this occasion, and the great influence, if not the numbers of the Portuguese malcontents, were abundantly proved by the *ameliorated relations* between the army and the peasantry. The fierceness of the latter subsided; and even the priests abated of their hostility in the Entre Minho e Douro. The French soldiers were no longer assassinated in that province; whereas, previous to this intrigue, that cruel species of warfare had been carried on with infinite activity, and the most malignant passions called forth on both sides.'—vol. ii. pp. 228-230. The

The following extracts from Count Heudelet's register will throw some light upon the matters to which the above passages refer. Count Heudelet writes to Marshal Soult on the 11th of April, from Barcelos, as follows:—

‘One of the emissaries sent by your excellency with letters and proclamations to Braga, Guimarens, Viana, and Valença, has come to me this evening, and told me that at Guimarens he had not found any of the authorities; that he had been unable to deliver your despatch, as no one would receive it; and that he could not go to Viana or to Valença as he would infallibly be arrested by the insurgents.’

On the 17th of April Heudelet writes from Viana to Soult—

‘I have given orders that to-morrow the oath shall be administered to all persons in employment, both civil and military; and a declaration required *in writing* expressive of assent or *dissent* to serve under the Portuguese colours united with our eagles.’

In a letter of the 20th April, from Viana, Heudelet says to Marshal Soult—

‘The authorities present have given in their oaths *in writing*. I shall have the honour to send these oaths to your excellency. . . . Of the persons whom I proposed to arrest at Viana there remained but five; the rest had fled. . . . The *well-disposed* inhabitants are only desirous of tranquillity, but *the people* have so much ascendancy over these timid persons, that we cannot reckon much upon them in a military way.’

Then Count Heudelet writes on the 25th April, from Barcelos, to the Chef d'Escadron Bedat, commanding at Viana, as follows—

‘I beg you will let me know, by return of the bearer of this letter, what progress has been made with respect to the operation going on in the Comarca of Viana; and on what day the deputation from that town is to set out for Oporto. His excellency the marshal requires this information from me with much earnestness, and is aware that you are giving your whole attention to it. . . . The wishes of the inhabitants of Oporto are manifesting themselves with *enthusiasm*; on the 23rd there were already more than six thousand signatures.’

After having perused these extracts, our readers will be pretty well able to judge of the accuracy of Colonel Napier's information, when he tells us that the policy of the Duke of Dalmatia ‘*produced an effect which he was not prepared for*’; and they will discern pretty clearly also by whose suggestion, or rather by what *compulsion*, it was ‘declared *in the name of the people* that the Braganza dynasty was at an end,’ and an intimation was given of their ‘*good wishes towards the duke himself*.’ We can see no reason for supposing that the course pursued in the other places mentioned by Colonel Napier as having ‘*sent addresses*,’ was different from that followed in the Comarca of Viana. It is obvious that fraud and force were, in the north of Portugal, as in other

places, the two fundamental principles employed to forward all those projects of French ambition, whether general or individual, to which Colonel Napier is so desirous to give the character of a *regenerating system* friendly to the interests of public liberty.* It remains for us to show the nature of the '*ameliorated relations between the French army and the peasantry*,' which were brought

* Besides the register of Count Heudelet, we have had access likewise to the original register of general Riccard, chief of the general staff of marshal Soult's *corps d'armée*. In that register there is a circular letter to the generals of division, which seems to have been written to prepare them for the accomplishment of the marshal's dreams of sovereignty. It is dated at Oporto, on the 19th of April, 1809. We shall here give some extracts from it.

'His Excellency Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia charges me to write to you, to make you acquainted with the disposition manifested by the great majority of the inhabitants of the province of Entre Mifio e Douro.

'The town of Braga, which was one of the foremost in insurrection, has been likewise the first to pronounce itself in favour of a change of system, which may secure the future repose and tranquillity of families, and the *independence* of Portugal. . . . At Oporto and at Barcelos the inhabitants have also manifested the same sentiments. . . . deputations have presented themselves to his excellency, to supplicate "that he will approve of the people of the province of Mifio manifesting, in an *authentic* manner, their desire for the dethronement of the house of Braganza, and that his majesty the Emperor and King should be solicited to designate a prince of his house, or of his selection, to reign in Portugal. But that until his majesty the Emperor should be enabled to make known his intentions upon this subject, a prayer should be addressed to his excellency the Duke of Dalmatia, that he would take into *his own hands* the reins of government, represent the sovereign, and invest himself with all the attributes of *supreme authority*—the people promising and swearing to be faithful to him, to support him, and defend him against all opposition, and even against the *insurgents* of the other provinces, until the entire submission of the whole of the kingdom should be effected."

'The marshal has given a *favourable reception* to these propositions, and has authorised the corregidores of the comarcas (districts) to call together their Chambers, and to assemble deputies from all the orders,—from the corporations, and from the country people,—for the purpose of framing an authentic instrument (*pour dresser l'acte*), to which the signatures of all the citizens are to be affixed. I have been ordered to communicate to you these arrangements, that you may favour their execution in the district in which you command. . . . The marshal has not dissembled to himself that an act of such great importance may astonish many persons, and produce various impressions. . . . The task which the marshal imposes upon himself is immense,—he has the courage to undertake it, and he is confident of success, provided you are pleased to assist him in the execution of it. He desires that you will spread abroad the ideas which I have communicated to you, and that you will cause protection to be afforded, in a *marked manner*, to the authorities, and to all inhabitants, of whatever description, who shall embrace the new order of things, (*le nouveau système*).'

The Duke of Dalmatia did not however place his reliance wholly upon words to render the *new order of things* acceptable in his army, for we find in General Riccard's register several orders and decrees issued by the marshal, granting, until the Emperor's pleasure should be known, very liberal additions to the pay and allowances of the general officers, and many other individuals; to take place from the date of the entrance of the army into Portugal (the 16th of March, 1809.) There is an order also for taking possession of the four printing presses which there were in Oporto, that they might be employed in reconciling the minds of the Portuguese to the *new system*. Colonel Napier keeps his readers as much in the dark as he is able with regard to all the transactions above referred to.

about by the conjoined influence of the sword and the policy of Marshal Soult.

Count Heudelet, who was at Barçelos, and commanded a division of infantry, had been ordered to make a forward movement against Ponte de Lima in concert with General Lorge, who commanded a brigade of cavalry, and was at Barca de Lago, only *two leagues* distant from Barçelos. The following report, made by Heudelet to Soult on the 5th April, will show how little progress had been made at that time, either by the marshal's victories or by his '*dexterous policy*,' in subduing or in conciliating the Portuguese :—

'I had the honour of writing to your excellency this morning, and I wrote at the same time to General Lorge to propose to him to march to-morrow towards Ponte de Lima. I sent my despatch by a party of dragoons, who had not observed in going any trace of an enemy, but on their return they fell into an ambuscade—six men were killed and two wounded, and I have not got General Lorge's reply to my letter. I shall write to inform him of what has occurred. My despatch will be taken to him by a *company of voltigeurs*, which will be waited for on its return by a *battalion*, which I have ordered to proceed, at the same time with the *voltigeurs*, to the place where the dragoons were attacked; and if the neighbouring village shall be found to have been implicated in the affair, they are to *sack and burn it*. . . . I am very anxious to receive despatches from your excellency, but they must be accompanied by a *strong escort*.'

In a letter of the 25th April from Barçelos, Count Heudelet reports to Soult the outrages committed by French detachments at Barçelos and at Braga, in consequence of which many of the inhabitants of both these towns had fled. 'On the other hand,' he adds, 'the Portuguese continue to assassinate such individual soldiers as they find a little separated from the rest, and even to attack detachments.'

On the 27th April Heudelet writes from Amaranthé that his rear guard, consisting of a strong company of grenadiers, had been fired upon near the villages of Fafé and Pica; that the officer commanding had not ventured to attempt entering the former place, but that he had returned to Pica, put to death *twenty of the inhabitants*, and set fire to the village. In the same letter Heudelet says—

'The country which I have traversed between Braga and this place is in no respect subdued. . . . All the villages are deserted, the peasants have *videttes* on the heights, who watch all our movements; they fly on our approach, and return afterwards and massacre any of our people who chance to have lagged behind.'

It is superfluous to offer any further remarks upon Colonel Napier's account of the '*ameliorated relations* between the French army and the Portuguese peasantry.'

We have now arrived at that period in the history of the war when the return of Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal, and his resumption of the command of the allied British and Portuguese armies, inspired the troops with confidence, and communicated activity and energy to every branch of the service. Before entering upon a narrative of the military operations which were undertaken by Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his arrival in the Peninsula, Colonel Napier makes the following observations with respect to the plans of campaign which the state of affairs placed at the option of the British general :—

‘ In a *strategic point of view*, to fall upon Victor was best, because he was the most *dangerous neighbour to Portugal*; because his defeat would prove most detrimental to the French, most advantageous to the Spaniards; and because the *greatest body* of troops could be brought to bear against him. On the other hand, Soult held a rich province, from whence the chief supply of cattle for the army was derived; he was in possession of the second city in the kingdom, where he was forming a French party; the feelings of the Regency and the people were greatly troubled by the loss of Oporto, and their desire to regain it was strongly expressed.

‘ To attack Victor, it was indispensable to concert operations with Cuesta; but that general was ill disposed towards the British, and to insure his co-operation would have required time, which could be better employed in expelling Soult. For these reasons, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to attack the last-named marshal without delay.’—vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.

Colonel Napier begins here by stating to his readers rather dogmatically, as a military writer, what was best to be done in a ‘ *strategic point of view*,’—that is to say, what would be most in conformity with the principles which ought to regulate all great military movements. It is to these principles, therefore, that we must appeal, in order to test the soundness of the military opinion which our author has here enunciated.

One of the most general and established principles of the art of war is, that in every military movement the base from which it proceeds, and the communications with that base, ought to be secured. The only exceptions to this principle are—when the object of the movement contemplated is to form a new base; or when final success is so certain, or so probable, as to justify the neglect of the principle. Now Lisbon was the base, in this instance, of Sir Arthur Wellesley’s operations, and it is easy to show that that base, and the communications with it, would have been much more exposed by marching first against Victor, who was at Merida, than by acting first against Soult, who was at Oporto; supposing the same protecting force to be left behind in each case. For, first, the natural obstacles which existed to aid

that force in opposing the march of Soult towards Lisbon, were much less considerable than those which intervened between Victor and the same place; and, secondly, Victor was exposed to experience much more serious annoyance from the Spanish army under Cuesta, following and acting in the rear of the French, and having Badajos and Elvas to give support and security to its operations, than Soult had to apprehend from the militia and ordenança of the north of Portugal under Silveira—a force ill suited for any but local warfare.

Another important principle in the art of war is, to prefer a definite to an indefinite object. Now the enterprise against Soult was definite, for he could be compelled in a very short time either to fight a battle or to evacuate Portugal. But the situation of Victor was quite different; for as Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta were not strong enough, at that time, to march against him separately by both sides of the Tagus at once, they must have attempted to form a junction, with the risk, however, of being attacked separately. And even if they should succeed in joining their forces, Victor could manœuvre upon the Tagus, or retire a few marches up the valley of that river, without abandoning any object of importance; and Sir Arthur Wellesley could not possibly have followed him, leaving Soult in Portugal.

A third principle in war is, that when two enterprises of equal, or nearly equal, importance present themselves, that enterprise should be undertaken first, the accomplishment of which will most favour the successful issue of both. Now it is obvious that to march against Victor, under the circumstances we have stated, afforded much less prospect of final success in both the enterprises which were before Sir Arthur Wellesley, than was afforded by marching first against Soult. There was also another advantage in the latter plan, which was, that the operation against Soult could be carried much nearer to its accomplishment before it became disclosed to Victor, than the operation against Victor could before it was known to Soult. For the arrival of the British army at Abrantes would have decidedly indicated its march against Victor, although it could not from thence reach Merida, where Victor was, in less than ten or twelve days, supposing no delay; but its arrival at Coimbra would be the first certain indication of its movement against Soult, and it could thence reach the banks of the Douro on the fourth or fifth day, and with much less risk of delay.

These are the arguments which we have to oppose to Colonel Napier's first proposition, that '*in a strategic point of view it was best to march against Victor.*' If these arguments be of any value, we may save our readers and ourselves the trouble of a special

refutation of our author's second proposition—that Victor was '*the most dangerous neighbour to Portugal.*'

Colonel Napier's third proposition is, that Victor's *defeat would prove most detrimental to the French, and most advantageous to the Spaniards.*' We have shown, however, that there was no probability of being able to bring Victor to action, unless that general saw that he could fight a battle upon advantageous terms; and it would have been anything rather than advantageous to the common cause, or even,—since Colonel Napier seems to make such a distinction,—to the Spaniards themselves, that Sir Arthur Wellesley should march into Spain, and be obliged to return into Portugal without having been able to effect anything, not even to bring his adversary to a battle.

Colonel Napier has further stated, however, that the greatest body of troops could be brought to bear against Victor. But in this, also, Colonel Napier is in error, and his error arises partly from his having very greatly overstated Cuesta's force—which he makes to amount to '*six thousand cavalry and thirty thousand infantry*' (vol. ii. p. 263);—whereas Sir Arthur Wellesley, in a letter from Villafranca of the 29th of April, to Mr. Villiers, says, 'He [Cuesta] has only *nineteen thousand* infantry and *fifteen hundred* cavalry, as he tells me in his letter of the 23rd.' (*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 260).

It may further be remarked, that the state of hostility between Soult's troops and the population of the mountainous country in which the operations of his *corps d'armée* would necessarily have to be carried on, gave the allies an additional advantage over him which they could not expect to have over Victor. In every point of view, therefore, in which Colonel Napier's *strategic* speculations upon this question can be placed, they will be found, we believe, to be utterly erroneous.

We have before had occasion to remark upon the proneness which there is in Colonel Napier to accommodate what he calls facts to the arguments which he is himself desirous to support; a proneness which, when his facts are disproved, must wholly undermine the credit of his history. Thus, when he is endeavouring to make out that Victor was a more dangerous neighbour to Portugal than Soult was, he tells us (vol. ii. pp. 261, 262) that the latter could not force his way alone to Lisbon 'in a season when the waters were full, and through a country *tangled* with rivers, mountains, and defiles;' and in the very next paragraph, and in the same page, he tells us that Victor 'might march straight upon Lisbon and through an open country, the only barrier being the Tagus, a river *fordable in almost all seasons.*' Now Soult's line of march towards Lisbon did not lie through a country tangled

with rivers, mountains, and defiles ; and even if it were true that the Tagus is a river *fordable in almost all seasons*—which is most assuredly not the case—by what piece of good fortune was Victor to find that river fordable, at the *same time* that Soult was to find all the *minor* waters full ? But we need only oppose to Colonel Napier's *facts*, and also to his arguments upon those matters, the following extracts from Colonel Gurwood's invaluable compilation. Writing to Mr. Villiers on the 2nd of May, from Coimbra, on the subject of the instructions given to Major-General Mackenzie, Sir Arthur Wellesley says—

‘ All the measures ordered in those instructions have in view the ultimate defence of Lisbon itself, if Portugal should be invaded by a part of Victor's corps during my absence to the northward. I should not be at all surprised if a small corps were pushed in, but nothing but a large one will answer to oblige General Mackenzie to retire. If the government look well after the boats, the whole of Victor's army would not be able, *at present, or I believe for a month to come*, to cross the Tagus.’—*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 270.

And in writing to General Mackenzie from Ruivães, on the 19th of May, Sir Arthur Wellesley says—

‘ If you should be menaced on the side of the Alemtejo, break up the bridge of Abrantes, and secure the boats upon the Tagus ; and if you have had only half the rain we have had, I defy the French to cross.’—*Ibid*, vol. iv. p. 319.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon our last extract from Colonel Napier. It has, however, appeared to us to be of considerable importance that those readers who have not themselves a knowledge of military affairs, should be cautioned against relying implicitly upon our military historian's professional opinions ; and also that those, even of our military readers, who have not been in Portugal, should receive another hint as to the real value of his much-vaunted local information.

We shall not advert to the intrigue projected by some officers in Soult's army, and communicated to Sir Arthur Wellesley through D'Argenton, further than to observe, that its importance has been exaggerated by Colonel Napier, for the purpose, as would seem, of making it serve as an apology for the French Marshal's remissness in guarding the Douro against the British General. The following is the account given by Colonel Napier of the position of the French army when Sir Arthur advanced against it from Coimbra in May, 1809 :—

‘ The French army was thus extended in detachments from that river (the Vouga) to the Tamega, occupying two sides of a triangle, its *flanks* presented to the enemy, the *wings* separated by the Douro, and without communication, except by the boat-bridge of Oporto. It required three

days to unite on the centre, and five days to concentrate on either extremity.'—p. 273.

Here is, again, one of those statements of which there are so many in Colonel Napier's work, calculated to mislead rather than to instruct the reader. The words *flanks* and *wings* are not used here in their proper and ordinary military signification, and our author's object evidently is, to represent the French army as being more separated and disjointed, and consequently less easily to be assembled to act on the defensive than was in fact the case. The order (which is found in General Riccard's register) for General Mermet to move forward the infantry and artillery of his division from Oporto and Villa Novo, is dated on the 8th of May only; at which time no more than one battalion of the 31st regiment was so far advanced as Grijáo. And when Mermet was ordered forward, he was at the same time directed to be prepared for a movement—to have a supply of provisions on hand—and to have all the spare carriages collected which he could procure in the country where he was. The troops between the Douro and the Vouga occupied, therefore, merely a temporary post of observation, and did not form the *wing* or the *flank* of an army in position.

We come now to the passage of the Douro—the first important achievement which took place after Sir Arthur Wellesley's return to the Peninsula. We have already alluded to the excuse which Colonel Napier finds for Marshal Soult's surprise in the intrigue hatched amongst some of his officers: which intrigue, be it observed, had been disclosed, and the principal agent in it imprisoned, three days ere the British General appeared before Oporto. Our author finds also another excuse—which can hardly be admitted, however, but at the expense of some portion of the French Marshal's professional ability, as well as his local knowledge.

'The Duke of Dalmatia's attention was now principally directed,' says Colonel Napier, 'to the river in its course *below* the city; for the reports of his cavalry led him to believe that Hill's division had been disembarked at *Ovar from the ocean*; and he expected that the *empty vessels* would come round to effect a passage at the mouth of the Douro.'—pp. 280, 281.

Even supposing Marshal Soult to have given credit to these reports of his cavalry, if indeed such reports were really made, he must have been aware that the empty transports could not approach the entrance of the Douro *unobserved*—that the bar, and the fort at the mouth of the river, would occasion some delay in their entrance—and that even when all other obstacles should be overcome, the passage of troops across the river by transports could not be a very rapid operation. But independently of all this, how is it possible to believe that Marshal Soult could regard

the part of the river *below* Oporto as the quarter most requiring to be attended to, when he had already made all his preparations for effecting his retreat in the opposite direction by Valonga; which retreat could be disturbed only by the enemy passing at *Oporto or above it?*

Colonel Napier proceeds to give an account of Sir Arthur Wellesley's passage of the Douro.

'The ultimate object of the campaign, and the immediate safety of Beresford's corps, alike demanded that the Douro should be quickly passed.* But how force the passage of a river, deep, swift, more than three hundred yards wide, and with ten thousand veterans guarding the opposite bank! *Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!*'—pp. 281, 282.

We do not know whether our author intends this passage as a compliment to the Douro at the expense of the Indus, or as a compliment to the British General at the expense of the Macedonian monarch. Happily, however,—

'A poor barber, evading the French patrols, had during the night come over the water in a small skiff. Colonel Waters, a staff-officer, a quick, daring man, discovered this, and aided by the barber, and by the prior of Amarante, who gallantly offered his services, immediately passed the river, and in half an hour returned unperceived with three large barges. Meanwhile eighteen pieces of artillery were got up to the convent of *Sarea*, and Major-General John Murray was directed, with the German *brigade*, some *squadrons* of the 14th dragoons, and two guns, upon the Barca de Avintas, *three miles* above. He had orders to seek for boats and effect a passage there also if possible, and when Waters returned, some of the English troops were pushed towards Murray in support, while others cautiously approached the brink of the river under *Sarea*.†

'It was now ten o'clock; the French were still tranquil and unsuspicious; the British wondering and expectant. Sir Arthur was informed that one boat was brought up to the point of passage. "*Well, let the men cross,*" was his reply, and at this simple order an officer with twenty-five soldiers of the Buffs embarked, and in a quarter of an hour silently placed themselves in the midst of the enemy's army. The Seminary (a large stone building) was thus gained. . . . The British

* The hope of effecting the passage of the Douro at Oporto, notwithstanding the destruction of the bridge, was suggested by the consideration that, in war, the most perilous enterprises have often succeeded, in consequence of the remissness occasioned by their seeming impracticability. The British general marched from Grijão to Villa Nova with that impression on his mind; and the result proved the reasonableness of his anticipations. A French officer of considerable rank, who had belonged to Marshal Soult's *corps d'armée* at Oporto, and was subsequently made prisoner in Spain, stated at Lord Wellington's head quarters, that the Marshal received with ridicule the first reports brought to him that the English soldiers were crossing the Douro.

† We do not know why Colonel Napier gives the name of *Sarea* to the convent called *Santo Agutinho da Serra*.

army instantly crowded to the bank of the river; Paget's and Hill's divisions collected at the point of passage, and Sherbrooke's division where the boat bridge had been cut away from Villa Nova. Paget himself had passed in the third boat, and having mounted the roof of the Seminary was already struck down with a dangerous wound. Hill took his place. . . . The remainder of the army kept passing the river at different points, and the artillery, from the height of Sarea, still searched the enemy's columns as they hurried along the line of retreat. If General Murray had then fallen boldly in upon the disordered crowds, their discomfiture would have been complete; but he suffered column after column to pass him, without even a cannon shot, and seemed fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river. General Charles Stewart and Major Hervey, impatient of this timidity, charged with the two squadrons of dragoons, and riding over the enemy's rear-guard, as it was pushing through a narrow road to gain an open space beyond, unhorsed Laborde and wounded Foy; but on the English side Hervey lost an arm, and his gallant horsemen, receiving no support from Murray, had to fight their way back with loss.'—pp. 285-286.

We know nothing of the barber, and have nothing to say about him, except that we very strongly suspect that, like Don Quixote's friend of the same calling, he has had no existence except in military romance. But if there really was such a person, we think our author ought, in justice to this *plebeian* patriot, to have found out and recorded his name, as he has allotted to him so important a part. The statement which is made respecting General Murray and the German *brigade*, and *some* squadrons of the 14th Dragoons, implies that those troops were sent *from Villa Nova* to Avintas, whilst the artillery was bringing up to the Serra convent. But why has Colonel Napier departed here from the account given in the despatch of Sir Arthur Wellesley? which is as follows:—

'On the night of the 11th the enemy crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge over that river. It was important, with a view to the operations of Marshal Beresford, that I should cross the Douro immediately: and I had sent Major-General Murray *in the morning* with a *battalion* of the Hanoverian Legion, a *squadron* of cavalry, and two 6-pounders, to endeavour to collect boats, and, if possible, to cross the river at Avintas, about four miles above Oporto; and I had as many boats as could be collected brought to the ferry, immediately above the towns of Oporto and Villa Nova.'—*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 298.

We annex below* the original instruction given in the afternoon of

* 'Head-quarters, Convent of Grijão, 11th May, 1809.

'Order of march for the 12th of May.

'The troops upon the heights of Grijão, under Lieutenant-General Paget, will move forward to-morrow morning at six o'clock along the great road to Oporto by Carvalhaos.

'The troops in advance upon the heights of Carvalhaos, under Major-General Murray, will hold themselves in readiness to move forward on the arrival of the troops from Grijão at Carvalhaos,

of the 11th of May for the march of the army on the day following. The enemy having crossed the Douro, however, and destroyed the bridge that night, a separate order was subsequently given to General Murray to proceed *direct to Avintas* from the ground on which he had halted the day before, taking with him the force mentioned in the despatch; but the other three battalions of the German Legion marched to *Villa Nova*. Colonel Napier misleads his readers in the above passage therefore in three particulars:—1st, as to the time when the order was given to Sir John Murray to march to Avintas, and the place he marched from; 2nd, as to the force which he took with him; and 3rd, as to the distance of Avintas from Oporto, which is not *three miles*, but two Portuguese leagues, which make about *nine English miles*.* But Colonel Napier is not only guilty of misleading his readers as to facts; he proceeds to found, upon his own misstatement of facts, what we must call, and shall prove to be, most unwarranted calumnies. Before we proceed, however, to refute these calumnies, we must add another, which occurs a few pages further on.

‘If General Murray had attacked vigorously, the *ruin of the French army* would have ensued. It was an opportunity that would have tempted a blind man to strike; the neglect of it argued want of military talent and of military hardihood.’—p. 300.

It would be difficult to bring a heavier charge against a general officer than is here brought by our historian against Sir John Murray; and the charge having been brought against that officer after his death,† if we show that it is a groundless calumny, we shall have imposed upon Colonel Napier—in the opinion, we are convinced, of every impartial person and of every friend to truth—the necessity of either disproving the evidence which we shall bring forward on the subject, or of acknowledging to the public the error he has fallen into, and making amends, in so far as it

‘Two squadrons of cavalry will continue to be attached to the infantry under Lieutenant-General Paget.

‘Lieutenant-General Payne with the cavalry will follow the troops under General Paget.

‘Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke will move at day-break with the troops under his orders, and will follow those already mentioned along the great road to Oporto.

‘Major-General Hill, with the troops under his immediate orders, and the Portuguese troops under Colonel Trant, will march at five in the morning and proceed along the main road which leads from Ovar to Oporto.

‘(Signed)

G. MURRAY,

‘Quarter-Master General.’

* The despatch of the 12th of May states erroneously the distance at *four miles*; but Colonel Napier has differed from the despatch to augment a mistake.

† General Sir John Murray, Bart., died at Frankfort in October, 1827—long before even the first of Colonel Napier’s volumes made its appearance. His attack on Sir John is, the reader sees, in the second volume, which followed the first after a considerable interval.

may be in his power to do so, for the calumny to which he has given circulation.

We have already shown that the force which really marched to Avintas, under Sir John Murray, consisted, not of a *brigade* and *some* squadrons, but of *one* battalion (1st of the Legion),* and *one* squadron; and have stated that the remainder of the German Legion (2nd, 5th, and 7th battalions) marched to Villa Nova. We have now to state that the three battalions of the Legion which marched to Villa Nova, did not proceed from thence up the left bank of the Douro, but crossed the ferry from Villa Nova to Oporto *after* the brigade of Guards and some other troops had passed, and then proceeded by the Valonga road *without seeing* the enemy. These three battalions joined General Murray in the afternoon not far from Valonga, which is two leagues from Oporto on the road to Amaranthé.

The battalion which crossed the Douro at Avintas became engaged, soon after passing the river, with a part of the French force which had been stationed in that neighbourhood, but it never came within some miles even of the Seminario, which was defended by General Paget; and nothing could have been more faulty in every point of view on the part of General Murray than to have brought his single battalion (about six hundred men), at a distance from all support, into collision with Soult's whole force in its retreat. It is obvious, that instead of the '*ruin of the French army*' being effected by such an inconsiderate step, the ruin of the 1st battalion of the German Legion would have been the consequence. As to Major Hervey's dragoons having 'to fight their way back with loss,' the cause of it was that the French infantry in the rear of the column, being panic-struck † by the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of the British dragoons, threw themselves into the enclosures and broken ground on each side of the road, and it was by some of these men that Major Hervey's detachment was fired upon on its way back.

Colonel Napier has given a *plan* of the passage of the Douro, which corresponds to his narrative, but unhappily, both plan and narrative, as in the case of his plan and narrative of the battle of Vimiero, are at variance with the localities and with the real events. The plans in Colonel Napier's book are indeed the very worst we recollect to have seen in any considerable military publication of modern date. That of the affair which we have

* The 1st line battalion of the Legion, which marched to Avintas, consisted of about six hundred men.

† We have heard General Foy himself state, that he was riding along without the smallest expectation of an enemy coming upon him from the rear of the column, as there was a considerable body of French infantry behind him, when suddenly he received a sabre cut from an English dragoon.

now been discussing is rendered particularly confused in consequence of its being made to represent both the capture of Oporto by Marshal Soult on the 29th of March, and its recapture by Sir Arthur Wellesley on the 12th of May. But, besides that, it is inaccurate in other respects, and like many of Colonel Napier's plans, it has nothing to indicate the points of the compass, and is without a scale. This last defect may be in some degree remedied however, because—as Colonel Napier states that the Douro is more than three hundred yards wide at Oporto—that *given distance* may be used to ascertain other distances upon the plan. Taking then the breadth of the river between Villa Nova and Oporto, and applying it to the distance between Avintas and Oporto, we shall find the latter to be about *one English mile and three quarters*, in place of being, as it is in reality, *nine English miles*. And if we advert to the situation assigned in the plan to the troops under Sir John Murray, we shall find them placed within seven hundred yards of the Seminario, and at rather a smaller distance from the French column issuing from the streets of Oporto; although it is very certain that the troops sent to Avintas under Murray, were not at any time of the day within a distance less than several miles from that place. We must also remark that these troops are denominated in the plan '*Murray's DIVISION*,' although we have seen that the troops with Murray on the 12th of May consisted of only *one* battalion, *one* squadron, and *two* guns.* All this *may* result from mere

* Having had it in our power to refer *very recently* to several officers who served in the King's German Legion, and who were present at the passage of the Douro on the 12th of May, 1809, we have obtained from those officers a full confirmation of all the facts stated by us with respect to these troops.

But if the imputation which Colonel Napier has cast upon Major-General Murray had had *any foundation*, how would it be possible to account for the manner in which Sir Arthur Wellesley has on various occasions expressed himself with reference to the conduct of that officer at the period alluded to? In Sir Arthur's despatch from Oporto, as also in the general orders issued to the troops there, Murray is spoken of with *marked commendation*, both for his conduct on the 11th of May near Grijão, and in the operations of the 12th at the passage of the Douro. (*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 297.) Murray is again mentioned in a letter from Sir Arthur to Mr. Villiers, of 30th May, as an officer whose departure from the army would be a loss. (*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 343.) And in a letter to the Secretary of State, dated at Abrantes, 26th June, Sir Arthur Wellesley says, 'If Major-General Murray had not quitted the army, because he did not choose to serve with it, General Beresford having been made a lieutenant-general in Portugal, though junior to him, I should likewise have requested your lordship to have him appointed as lieutenant-general.' (*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 439.) And, finally, in a letter to Major-General Murray himself, dated at Badajoz on the 10th of September, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley says, 'I regret that you were not with us at Talavera, your presence would have been most useful.' (*Gurwood*, vol. v. p. 138.) Sir Arthur Wellesley would never have expressed himself in the terms he has made use of on the above occasions, all *subsequent* in date to the affair at Oporto, of a general officer who had allowed a French army to escape when he might have ruined it, and whose neglect '*argued want of military talent and military hardihood.*'

ignorance

ignorance and mistake—but it is curious that all the mistakes should combine in forming a foundation for a charge against General Murray which has no foundation in fact.

Colonel Napier's 'OBSERVATIONS' upon the military operations in the north of Portugal exhibit their full share of that self-sufficiency, imperfect information, and injustice, which so often characterize that branch of his labours. He says—

'Had Sir Arthur Wellesley followed Soult *headlong*, there is no doubt that the latter would have been overtaken on the Souza river and destroyed. . . . Nevertheless, seeing that he detached General Murray by that route at last, it would appear that he should have ordered him to press the enemy closer than he did; but there a political difficulty occurred. The English Cabinet, although improvident in its preparations, was very fearful of misfortune; and the General dared not risk the safety of a single brigade, except for a great object, lest a slight disaster should cause the army to be recalled.'—p. 301.

Pope has said of historians, that it becomes often their 'task to prove' something very different from the simple matter of fact. That Colonel Napier has verified the sarcastic remark of the poet on this occasion will appear from the following extracts, all clearly showing that Sir Arthur Wellesley was detained at Oporto—neither by the instructions of the English Cabinet—nor by his own want of generalship—but simply by the want of provisions. Sir Arthur says, in a letter to Marshal Beresford of the 12th of May—

'I am much afraid that we shall not be able to march till the day after to-morrow.'—*Gurwood*, vol. iv. p. 302.

The following instruction from the Quarter-Master General to Major-General Murray shows, however, that it was intended to follow Soult without any further delay than necessity imposed:—

'*Oporto, 13th May, 1809.*

'Major-General Murray will move this afternoon, with the King's German Legion, two squadrons of cavalry, and a brigade of artillery, into Vallonga, two leagues from Oporto, on the Amaranthe road; he will continue his march to-morrow, the 14th, halting, however, at Baltar, two leagues from Vallonga, until he is joined by the commander of the forces.

'*G. MURRAY, Quarter-Master General.*'

Information having been received, however, that Soult, after destroying his artillery and other carriages, had turned off to the left from the Amaranthe road, it became uncertain whether he would direct his march by Braga and Ponte de Lima, with the view of crossing the Minho from Valença to Tuy, or endeavour to effect his retreat along the same road by which he had entered Portugal, viz., by Ruivães and Chaves. Under these circumstances,

stances, the following instructions were issued respecting the march of the army on the 14th of May :—

‘ Oporto, 14th May, 1809.

‘ Major-General Murray, with the King’s German Legion, two squadrons of cavalry (of the 16th and 20th regiments), and a brigade of three-pounders, will proceed under the *separate* instruction which has been furnished to him.

‘ Major-General Hill with his own brigade, Brigadier-General Alexander Campbell’s brigade, two troops of cavalry (one British one Portuguese), and half a brigade of light six-pounders, will march this day by the road to Ponté de Lima, under the *separate* instruction which has been communicated to Major-General Hill, and likewise to Brigadier-General Campbell.

‘ Lieutenant-General Sherbroke, with the remainder of the cavalry and artillery, the brigade of guards, Brigadier-General Sontag’s and Brigadier-General Cameron’s brigade, will march this day (*each corps as soon as it is supplied with provisions and forage*, according to the orders of yesterday), by the road to Braga. Brigadier-General Richard Stewart’s brigade will follow to-morrow by the same route.*

‘ Head quarters will move with the column which marches towards Braga, and will be this day at Villa Nova de Famalicão.

‘ G. MURRAY, *Quarter-Master General.*’

Colonel Napier’s account of the retreat of the French from Oporto has much more the character of romance than of history. This, however, is not surprising, as our author appears to have taken as his authority for most matters relating to the French in this part of his book, the same *Le Noble* whom we had occasion to quote with reference to the *inscription cut upon the rock* on the field of battle of Corunna. Our readers may judge of the degree of dependence to be placed upon this *veracious* French writer, by the following account which he gives of the force (British and Portuguese) which marched against Marshal Soult, and in which he makes it, in each case, at least *double* of what it really was. He says,—

‘ General Beresford took the command of the Portuguese army encamped at Pedro de Sul. It consisted of *fifteen thousand* troops of the line, and *the same number* of militia. He was to pass the Douro near Lamego, where he arrived on the 10th of May, and to attack the left of the French army—whilst Silveira moved upon Chaves and Ruivaes, &c.

‘ As for Sir Arthur Wellesley, he was moving upon Oporto from

* It may perhaps create some surprise that there should be delay and difficulty in procuring supplies for the British troops in so large a city as Oporto. It should be recollected, however, that the port had been blockaded ever since the entrance of the French, and that whilst their presence increased the consumption in the town, it obstructed also the entrance into it of the supplies usually derived from the surrounding country, which had become a theatre of violence and devastation.

Coimbra, with thirty thousand English troops organized in three divisions of infantry.'—*Le Noble*, p. 233.*

As Sir Arthur Wellesley was so fortunate as to find a Portuguese barber to assist him in passing a river which 'Alexander the Great might have turned from without shame'—Marshal Soult had the good luck also to fall in with a Spanish pedlar to extricate him from his difficulties, at the moment when he heard of Loison's determination to withdraw from the bridge of Amarante.

'The news of this unexpected calamity reached Soult at one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, just after he had passed the rugged banks of the Souza river; the weather was boisterous, the men were fatigued, voices were heard calling for a capitulation, and the whole army was stricken with dismay; then it was that the Duke of Dalmatia justified, by his energy, that fortune which had raised him to his high rank in the world. Being, by a Spanish pedlar, informed of a path that, mounting the right bank of the Souza, led over the Sierra de Catalina to Guimaraens, he, on the instant, silenced the murmurs of the treacherous or fearful in the ranks, destroyed the artillery, abandoned the military chest and baggage, loaded the animals with sick men and musket ammunition, and repassing the Souza, followed his Spanish guide with a *hardy resolution*.'—*Napier*, vol. ii. p. 290.

This trait of *hardy resolution* in the French Marshal in following his guide was succeeded by others displaying, Colonel Napier, tells us, 'sagacity and judgment, happy reach of generalship—an inspiration of real genius'—The first of these 'inspirations of genius' was that Soult, 'with a long reach of mind, calculated that the bulk of the English army must be on the road to Braga'—and took therefore a short cut, leaving Braga to the left, and thus gaining 'a day's march in point of time,' but at the *sacrifice of the remainder of his artillery*. The Marshal's next 'inspiration,' according to Colonel Napier, was to draw up his forces on the ground where two months before they had overcome the Portuguese militia and peasants, the recollection of which exploit '*aroused all the sinking pride of the French soldiers*.' And by a third 'inspiration'—'he (Soult) now re-organized his army, taking the command of the rear-guard himself, and giving that of the ad-

* It is not unworthy of remark that this French author, like Colonel Napier, was an *eye-witness*, and he had probably the advantage, likewise, of a reference to some of Marshal Soult's '*original documents*.' *Le Noble's* name occurs both in Heudelet's and in Riccard's register. His original situation was that of *Commissaire Ordennateur* in Soult's *corps d'armée*; but during the short period of the Duke of Dalmatia's anticipated sovereignty of the kingdom of Portugal, *Le Noble* was elevated to the dignity of Intendant General of the army, and was very liberally endowed by those decrees already mentioned, by which the marshal raised the pay and allowances of his generals and others. *Le Noble*, we must confess, has amply repaid his patron by praise in his '*Memoirs of the Military Operations in Galicia, Portugal, and the Valley of the Tagus in 1809*.'

vanced guard to General Loison. Noble, the French historian of this campaign, says, *the whole army was astonished.*—vol. ii. p. 291.*

But the great difficulties, as also the great exploits of the retreat, were yet to come, and Colonel Napier opens the way for these by the following description of localities :—

‘ From Carvalho Soult retired to Salamonde, from whence there were two lines of retreat ; the one through Ruivaens and Venda Nova, by which the army had marched when coming from Chaves two months before ; the other, shorter, although more impracticable, leading by the Ponte Nova and Ponte Miserella into the road running from Ruivaens to Montalegre. But the scouts brought intelligence that the bridge of Ruivaens, on the little river of that name, was broken, and defended by *twelve hundred Portuguese, with artillery*, and that another party had been, since the morning, destroying the Ponte Nova on the Cavado river. The destruction of the first bridge blocked the road to Chaves ; the second, if completed, and the passage well defended, would have cut the French off from Montalegre.’—p. 292.

Here, however, as so frequently happens to him, our military historian’s topographical knowledge is imperfect. The main road from Salamonde to Montalegre is by the Ponte Miserella, and it passes through Ruivaens. That route was used by the main body of the French, as also by the British when in pursuit of Soult. The road by Ponte Nova is only a short cut from Salamonde to the Ponte Miserella, and by it the French rear-guard, which was attacked by the British at Salamonde on the evening of the 16th

* It is obvious that Loison is made a scape-goat for Soult in Colonel Napier’s account of these operations, and we are told, in page 298, ‘ it was not General Loison’s fault if England did not triumph a second time for the capture of a French marshal.’ Whom Col. N. considers as the first French marshal captured we do not know. If Junot is meant, he was not a marshal, nor was he a captive. It is pretty clear, however, that the idea of casting so much blame upon Loison has been an after-thought of Marshal Soult, or an ingenious device of our historian himself ; for it is very improbable that a general who had behaved so ill, as Colonel Napier has represented Loison to have done, should be selected to command the advanced guard during a very critical movement, when there was as much reason to apprehend that the head of the column would have to fight its way through very strong passes, as that the rear would have to defend itself against the pursuing enemy. Colonel Napier says, indeed (p. 292), that ‘ *Maneta (Loison) dared not surrender.*’ But was there such a scarcity of men of fortitude in Soult’s army that it was necessary to place in an honourable station, requiring much intelligence, promptitude, and courage, an individual who had recently misconducted himself, but in whom a dread of the vengeance of the Portuguese peasantry was to be a substitute for more honourable sentiments ? Colonel Napier, in the motives which he assigns for Soult’s arrangements, does injustice, we believe, to the marshal’s judgment, to Loison’s reputation, and to the character of the other general officers in Soult’s army. Loison had incurred, it is true, the hatred of the Portuguese to a very high degree from the nature of the duties allotted to him under Junot in Portugal, but he served with much distinction in the field both before and after the retreat from Oporto. In the battle of Busaco, in September, 1810, the attack on the strongest part of the position was assigned to Loison’s division.

May,

May, effected its retreat. The torrent which passes at Ruivaens, and that which passes under the Ponte Nova, is the *same torrent*—although Colonel Napier supposes them to be different, and calls the one the '*little river*' of Ruivaens, and the other the *Cavado river*. It is obvious, therefore, from what has been said, that, to cut the French off from Montalegre, it was necessary to stop them effectually *both* at the bridge called Ponte Nova, and at the bridge of Ruivaens, which is about a mile and a half higher up the same stream. But neither of these bridges was completely destroyed, and an assemblage of peasants with a few fowling-pieces—for that was the real composition of the Portuguese force, and the quality of their arms—was very unequal to the defence of these bridges—even had they been both cut through.

Colonel Napier proceeds—

'The night was setting in, the soldiers were harassed, barefooted, and starving; the ammunition was injured by the rain, which had never ceased since the 13th, and which was now increasing in violence, accompanied with storms of wind; the British army would certainly fall upon the rear in the morning; and if the Ponte Nova, where the guard was reported to be weak, could not be secured, the hour of surrender was surely arrived. In this extremity, Soult sent for Major Dulong, an officer justly reputed for one of the most daring in the French ranks. Addressing himself to this brave man, he said, "I have chosen you from the whole army to seize the Ponte Nova, which has been cut by the enemy. Select a hundred grenadiers and *twenty-five horsemen*, endeavour to surprise the guards, and secure the passage of the bridge. If you succeed, say so, but send no other report; your silence will suffice." Thus exhorted and favoured by the storm, Dulong reached the bridge unperceived of the Portuguese, killed the sentinel before any alarm was given, and then, followed by twelve grenadiers, began crawling along a *narrow slip of masonry*, which was the *only part* undestroyed. The Cavado river was flooded and roaring in its deep channel; one of the grenadiers fell into the gulf, but the noise of the waters was louder than his cry, and Dulong with the eleven reaching the other side surprised the nearest post; the remainder of his men advanced at the same moment close to the bridge, and some crossing and others mounting the heights, shouting and firing, scared the poor peasantry, who imagined the whole army was upon them; thus the passage was gallantly won.'—pp. 292, 293.

We have not the least doubt of Major Dulong's bravery, nor of his having executed with intelligence and with courage the part allotted to him. Neither shall we object to Soult's *theatrical* speech, although we are a little at a loss to know what use the *twenty-five horsemen* could be of in the proposed enterprise. We know that the torrent which passes under the Ponte Nova—whether Colonel Napier may call it the '*little river*' of Ruivaens, or the '*deep and roaring Cavado*'—is quite noisy enough, when flooded, to

drown the voice of a man who has fallen into it; but we know, likewise, that at day-break on the morning after the affair at Salamonde two officers of the British staff, with a party of dragoons, passed the bridge of Ponte Nova—and that, although the bridge is very narrow, and the parapets had been thrown down, and the stones of the arch itself had been laid bare of their covering of earth and gravel, and no subsequent repairs had been made, the officers and dragoons rode over the bridge, notwithstanding that, by Colonel Napier's account, '*a narrow slip of masonry was the only part undestroyed.*'

'Beyond the Ponte Nova there was a second obstacle still more formidable. For the pass in which the troops were moving being cut in the side of a mountain, open on the left for several miles—[four miles]—at last came upon a torrent called the Miserella, which, breaking down a deep ravine, or rather gulph, was only to be crossed by a bridge constructed with a single lofty arch, called *Saltador*, or the leaper, and so narrow that only three persons could pass abreast. Fortunately for the French, the *Saltador* was not cut, but *entrenched* and defended by a few hundred Portuguese peasants, who occupied the rocks on the farther side, and here the good soldier Dulong again saved the army.'—pp. 293, 294.

The pass at the bridge of Miserella is very strong, for there is a steep and rugged rock of considerable elevation on the right bank of the river, and immediately fronting the bridge. There were not, however, any *entrenchments* there, nor was there indeed much occasion for them, had there been well-armed troops to defend the pass. The bridge itself was, however, sufficiently broad to admit of the passage of the British artillery; and it was very little injured. So much for the romance which *Le Noble* and Colonel Napier together have composed upon Marshal Soult's retreat from Oporto.

We do not recollect to have met with any other author who departs so much in the body of his work from the promises, professions, and expectations held out in his preface, as is done by Colonel Napier. He professes, in his *preface*, to make *truth* the object of his search; avoiding equally the 'mists of prejudice,' and the 'false lights of interest.' He holds out to his readers, that to remedy the 'injustice done,' and 'justice left undone,' has been one of the chief motives of his undertaking. He professes to have 'corrected his own recollections and opinions' by those of others of 'superior knowledge;' and he claims confidence partly as an 'eye-witness,' and partly as possessing the advantage of access to 'original documents, placed without reserve at his disposal.' But in the *body of his work*, the mists of prejudice appear to be his natural element; and his own glaring partialities are the lights held out by him for the guidance of his readers.

readers. To distribute an undue share of praise to some, and to load others with bitter reproaches unsupported, nay, contradicted, by *facts*, is Colonel Napier's mode of doing justice, and of redressing injustice. In place of amending his own recollections and opinions by those of others, and adding further information, by means of original documents, to the stock already possessed, he has departed, without giving any explanation of his motives, or any notice even of the fact, from records of unquestionable authenticity already before the public; and has represented, on the authority of interested parties, many transactions in a very different point of view from that in which they appear when the light of unbiassed contemporaneous testimony is made to fall unexpectedly upon them.

We shall, at our leisure, continue our examination of this equally pompous, flagitious, and shallow *History*.

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TO

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